

## 1996 Journal

January 4, 1996

Mom asked if Frank and I would like to come to Kauai again, because sometimes she and Dad have extra tickets. Told her that, although we want to see them, that's the only reason why we would want to go there. Frank's vacations are work related, and if we were able to take a non-work-related vacation, we would like to go to Seattle or Charleston, South Carolina, etc. That was the reason why we didn't want to take land in Kauai, because we wouldn't be able to appreciate it like Ann and Nicki do. That led to an explanation of how Mom and Dad have set up a trust for me which would be made from the equivalent of what the land amounted to, and which would pay me until my death. Then, if there is any left, it would go to my relatives, meaning Ann and Nicki's descendants. If there is any estate besides that when Mom and Dad die, there will be another trust to take care of that. Mom also expressed concern that we see each other at least once a year, and I concurred and reassured her that that is easy for Mom and Dad because they are constantly travelling back and forth, meaning that I expect them to visit us here.

January 20, 1996

*The Magic Flute* production, directed by Nicholas Hytner and designed by Bob Crowley (the same brilliant collaboration which produced *Carousel*) was a revelation. Wept with joy throughout, from Papageno's first aria when white birds flew out to him, landing on his birdcage each time he called them on his flute, to the end, when Papagena descended from the heavens in a giant nest. The English translation was terrific, and I never thought I would feel that way. So glad we saw it. What a great first day in London!

January 22, 1996

We were on our way to Kew Gardens about 10:30, but we got on the wrong train, so we were there later than we hoped. Thank goodness it wasn't a rainy day. I was wearing six layers of clothing today, so I wasn't cold, but I was too warm whenever we went indoors. Kew Gardens was great. First, we went to the Temperate House and Evolution House, and then walked to Queen Charlotte's Cottage. All the houses were closed unfortunately, but if they had been open, we couldn't have seen it all. Looked at Marianne North's Gallery. A 19<sup>th</sup> century woman who travelled around the world, painted botanical pictures and landscapes, and then gave a house to display it all. Two rooms with all the walls covered with her paintings. Like a library of paintings. Went to the Orangerie to rest and eat lunch. Needed the break. Lots of walking for us both. Then we went to Kew Palace, which Frank loved instantly the first time he saw it fifteen years ago. Warm and

intelligent looking red bricks and lots of windows. Walked through the Alpine House and Rock Gardens. Then the Princess of Wales Conservatory where we both began to seriously flag. My back was hurting a lot. But the Palm House, with its Marina Display, was a special treat. Such wonderful fish—beautiful colors and unearthly looks. So glad to have been there, and wished Grandma could have seen it.

January 24, 1996

Raced from the Young Vic's *Grimm Tales* to see Barbara Cook's show. Wonderful to see her again. Beautiful room. She saw Frank as she entered and blew him a kiss, so I guess she remembers him from 25 years ago when they were in *Enemies* together at Lincoln Center. Her singing really opens my heart. I thought how she has made a difference in my life, showing me how one can generously give a part of oneself in singing or performing. So lucky that we were able to make her show.

February 8, 1996

Frank was home awhile after having an appointment with his urologist. He's been trying testosterone patches as a treatment for his inability to have an erection, but it hasn't been working. It is confirmed that the reason is his diabetes, which kills nerve endings. Alternatives are shots into the penis, which is totally out of the question, or an implement which pumps you up when having sex. This is also not something he or I are interested in. He feels sad but mostly concerned for me. We talked, and I assured him that I don't care about whether he is erect or not, as long as he's feeling loved and satisfied. And he assured me that we can still be loving, tender, and have sex without him having an erection—just a different kind of sex.

February 19, 1996

Frank is going to the urologist tomorrow morning for a demonstration of the "pumper-upper" gadget which I thought Frank wasn't interested in. But he says that it may be something that we wouldn't mind using. He talked about how he regretted that we haven't had sex in our relationship in so long. He attributed it to not feeling good about making love when he can't have an erection. But he also said that he always feels under pressure because he's so overworked. Glad we're talking about it. I do hope that, one way or another, we will start having a sexual relationship again. I want more tenderness between us.

February 25, 1996

A review of *Seagull* came out in the New England Theatre Journal raving the translation. Great. Frank has paid off some of our credit cards with the



money Army loaned us and is feeling really relieved about it. We'll have a significant amount of extra income each month, and he's resolved that we will get out of our credit card debt. Once out, we won't get back in. Good. Feel very lucky that Frank has a good job that, so far, he can tolerate, and that I'm able to relax a little right now and go back to school in the Fall, if it works out. Meanwhile, I feel much less anxious about what will happen to me if Frank dies suddenly. I'll be very sad to have lost him, but I won't be so saddled with terrible debts anymore.

March 10, 1996

Had a disturbing dream about falling in love with someone named Ethan (I think). No resemblance to anyone I know. Jewish looking and a lovely man like Michael Ewing. The name may be from Ethan Coen, the director of *Fargo*, a film I want to see which stars the filmmaker's wife. So maybe it was a combination of Frank as he would be if he used me in his plays. Felt like I was betraying Frank but I wanted to pursue the desire of the affair.

April 19, 1996 [San Francisco weekend with Mom and Dad.]

Daddy gave me a check for \$600 to cover the expenses of college for me so far. That plus the extra cost of this room is a lot that he's putting out. Frank tried to share the cost of the room, but they refused. He also attempted to pay for dinner, but was unsuccessful at that too, although they appreciated his offering. Frank was so charming, and Mom was wanting to have fun, but Daddy, as usual, was decidedly unpleasant. He's so cranky and nasty when he's criticizing Mom. He does it with a smile, not attempting to hide his delight in laying into her. Really hate that behavior and love it when Frank is able to, sweetly and with humor, defuse his bad humor. We tried to make plans for tomorrow. Mom wants to see a museum, and Dad actually bragged that he had seen enough museums, and he never wants to go to another museum in his life. So sad! Relieved when we went back to our room. Settled in. Talked with Frank about Daddy. Frank feels tenderness for him and tried to explain how he gets to that emotion. So grateful for Frank, our love, and our happiness.

April 20, 1996

Had breakfast at the buffet, and Frank joined me. Then Mom came down too. Sang "Happy Birthday" to her. Later we gave her the baroque CD set Frank bought for her. As Frank predicted, the first thing Daddy said was to complain about how they would have to travel with it now. Left about 11:30 for Golden Gate Park and the DeYoung Museum. Saw the Japanese craft show and another show on "exoticized" women. Liked being there, even though I forgot my chair. Daddy was really disagreeable. He didn't want to go to the museum, so we met afterwards to go to the Japanese Tea Garden.

Admission was a couple of dollars, which I was paying, but Daddy protested and said he wasn't going to go in. So foolish and anti-social. Pure acting out. Don't know how Mom puts up with it. The garden was beautiful. Really lovely walk. Daddy decided he wanted to go to Seal Rock, and so we did. Glad he was expressing a desire to do something. Beautiful view of the ocean. Then headed to Nob Hill and the Fairmont Hotel where we had made a plan to meet Betsy and Craig. We were there early. Relieved when Mom and Dad went walking around the area and left Frank and me to go up to the Tower restaurant. Guzzled coffee and meditated there. Needed that. Just exhausted. I was hungry and burnt out and could not join in sociability without effort. Glad to have Betsy and Craig there to help divert attention away from the rest of us. Like them both very much. Went to a great Italian restaurant, La Pergola. Starving and the food was delicious. Daddy was nicer, more than likely because of the wine. Heard, for the first time about Mom and Dad's first date. Daddy had never talked to Mom. He was divorced and 22, and she was 16. They kissed on the first date: a double date to the movies.

April 21, 1996

Left about 6:00 for downtown—Davis Hall—for Victoria de Los Angeles recital. Didn't know how much to expect of the septuagenarian, but she was great! Beautiful voice with the ability to sing a range of music from Pergolesi to *Carmen*. And the audience was filled with her fans who cheered her career achievement. Knew Daddy didn't want to be there in the first place, and was chagrined every time he cleared his throat, rattled his program, or crinkled his mint wrapper. Frank and I attempted to go "zen" and let ourselves enjoy the wonderful concert. So lovely to be acted upon by the music and not to worry about talking to or listening to Mom and Dad. After the concert, I got turned around, and Daddy was rubbing it in, that we were going around in circles, just to be cantankerous. When Frank was alone with them, and they were talking about me going back to get a master's, Daddy said he wished that I had the idea twenty years ago, as if I had wasted the last twenty years of my life, and his life should be the model! Hate that!

May 12, 1996

Frank was working with Nicholas, but they had a fight, and Frank was home early. Nicholas is stubborn and offended when Frank cuts no slack for him. Frank has no reserves of patience because he's so overworked and can't handle Nicholas with kid gloves (nor should he, I think!). Nicholas should just fulfill his role as a literal translator and leave the rest to Frank, who is much smarter and more artistic than Nicholas. I was sympathetic and glad to have a little time together. We both need to try harder to devote more time to each other. As Frank said, he may only have ten more years with me. Hate to hear that! But he's right. We love each other so much and support each

other utterly. Very glad I finally got my period today, after three months. The doctor said that it could be a symptom of approaching menopause. What a thought! Oh, my vanity!



## WRITER'S CORNER

BY JASON McCLOSKEY

Blood, sweat & tears? That was the first 10 pages of your first draft. Light years ago. . .

But now it's done. The masterpiece is out of the oven, precision packaged, ready to go. . . where? What's next? How do you get your brainchild from Point A to Point B?

That's the question this column will attempt to answer.

## FRANK DWYER

He's a Rabelaisian character, a giant of a man, or as playwright Oliver (*Blade to the Heat*) Mayer puts it, "a quadruple threat."

Maybe more than quadruple. Producer/writer-translator/director/actor/keeper of Chekhov's flame, Frank Dwyer hardly lives your basic laid-back So. Calif. lifestyle.

A protean fellow, he'd put you in mind of a mid-career Orson Welles before playing *The Great Orson* became a full-time gig. In Dwyer's case, the towering ego is supplanted by a towering and contagious passion for theatre. There's little doubt whose side he's on. In his case, the play—and the playwright—is the thing.

It was his role as Literary Manager of the Mark Taper Forum that led us to his buzzing office on a spring afternoon dappled with lilac jacarandas. He receives thousands of submissions every year. What does he know that future Shakespeares, Williams, and McNallys need to know?

**D.L.:** Fill us in on your background. How does one become Literary Manager of the Mark Taper?

**DWYER:** "I was born in Kansas City, grew up there, a wonderful town. Andre Maurois wrote about it as a paradise in the middle of this country that no one knows about. But they just don't have the kind of tempo and excitement you can only get in a great metropolis, that continual connection. I'm New York crazy and London crazy. I like L.A. too."

[He shifted from Northwestern to N.Y.U. studying English.]

"Everything in New York in 1966 was a little scary and really, really fun. Just figuring out how to buy a ticket to a Broadway play. By the time I left I knew how to get into everything without buying a ticket. I was there 20 years, acting, directing, writing."

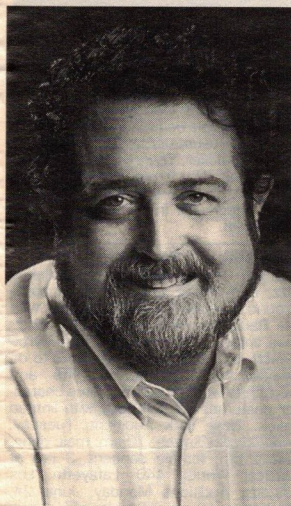
He taught junior high in New York City while working with the Classic Stage Company. He directed and appeared in the first revival of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. Along with translator Nicholas Saunders, he crafted a revised version of Chekhov's *The*

and report on plays. They're doing what I was doing for so many years: an art-related freelance job.

"For 10 years I reviewed plays for the New York State Council on the Arts, so I would go to see everything from lesbian puppet shows on Staten Island to Circle in the Square. Then for a year I actually worked on the staff of the Council as an arts analyst, which is where I met Ellen Stewart [La Mama E.T.C.]. She was on the panel that year. You can make a case, negative and positive, for almost everybody else who's connected with theatre in New York in the last 20 years. But you can only talk about Ellen in terms of the extraordinary accomplishment and contribution she's made. She wants to be your mama."

**D.L.:** What exactly is a Literary Manager? We don't hear much about this function.

**DWYER:** "There are different categories of job descriptions. Some places have a dramaturg and a literary manager. Every important



JAY THOMPSON

theatre in Europe had a dramaturg. In the absence of one, the literary manager does some of that work."

"With a new play, he's helping to midwife it by asking the right questions. Being as tender and honest with your own questions as you can be. My office is responsible for keeping track of plays and projects in the Taper pipeline. If we have a thousand-plus plays go through here, they all need to be shepherded. Every one of them is pretty important to somebody. With as much dispatch and as much gentleness as possible, we try to move them where they belong. Most of them go back to the playwright."

**D.L.:** Okay, I'll be the playwright, you be the Literary Manager. I somehow manage to get my play to you through an agent, or friend, or someone who works here. . .

**DWYER:** "A number of things could happen. The first, the most unhap-

py, is that the playwright doesn't know what they're doing. That's a description. 'The lights go down and Uncle Harry appears onstage.' That's [the start of] synopsis. A lot of people send a synopsis anyway, but I don't like to know the plot of the play before I read it."

(As befits a man of fierce and multiple enthusiasms, Dwyer digressed to discuss his co-translations with Nicholas Saunders, including a new version of *The Cherry Orchard*, Gorky's *The Summer People* and Mikhail Bulgakov's *Zoyka's Apartment*, "a masterpiece," written by the playwright/doctor during the Russian Revolution a la Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*. "He called it a tragic farce. It's a big play and very funny, but the American theatre is having trouble doing big plays now because of the economics.")

**D.L.:** Back to our neophyte writer. What about agents?

**DWYER:** "If you have an agent we work with, we'll accept a script from an agent. If you're known to us, we'll accept that. But if we don't know you and you don't have any representation yet, we'll still accept the five-to-10 pages and the description."

"Of course, there'll be many plays about the same thing: how my mother ruined my life, a play that will be a musical when they find somebody to write the music, about

### "What happens in a theatre is like nothing else in the world."

how I turned out to be the best me I can be."

**D.L.:** How many of those are received?

**DWYER:** "I wouldn't be surprised if we get 2,000 queries in a year. My wife [actress Mary Stark] and I were both reading 10 plays a week for Jeremy Lawrence, who was my predecessor in this job. The reader writes a synopsis and a critique. One says: 'This play is terrible,' so I give it to another reader. If the second one says 'This is great,' then I'll take a look at it."

**D.L.:** So if Reader Johnny says 'This is terrible,' you don't automatically send it back?

**DWYER:** "It depends. Sometimes you can because I ask people to give sample quotes or to direct my attention to particular pages that illustrate the point. We like to be safe. Unless it's just dreadful."

**D.L.:** Right off the bat, what do you know isn't going to work? What, in other words, does a writer want to avoid?

**DWYER:** "We don't look for finished perfect plays that are going to be classics. It's great if one of those comes in. But what will excite us is hearing a new voice, writing from one's own heart."

"Sometimes we think: This is a skillful piece, but we're not very interested in it. This is a piece where the playwright doesn't really know what they're doing. That's not what

we're interested in, then try to get other people on the staff to read them."

"And every year we have our New Work Festival. We pick eight plays for public readings and eight for workshops. Those get 10 days of rehearsal with top actors and design consultants. We present them at the John Anson Ford. It's a developmental festival. If your play is picked, you come in and tell me what you want to do."

**D.L.:** Does the playwright choose either the reading or workshop?

**DWYER:** "Not necessarily. Because our resources are limited, we tell them we've decided these should be the readings, not necessarily because we like them better, but because we think a reading will better help the playwright."

"He may come in with a new script every day. You may hear them read it the first day and come back the next and say: 'You read it so great, that's a wonderful character, and I don't know what happens to her. . . ' It's a very pure notion, all resources are for the playwright's development."

"Plays receiving a green light may also be disseminated to specific satellite operations dealing with black, Asian, Latino writers or Victoria Ann Lewis' Other Voices Project for physically challenged playwrights."

**D.L.:** Back to an earlier question. Are there things that a would-be playwright should try not to do? Chronic mistakes?

**DWYER:** "We get a lot of plays where the main thing you can tell about the writer is there's a real, passionate desire to be a writer. But there's either not sufficient experience or it's not really thought out in such a way that art is being made out of it."

"Also, there's no sense trying to write a play that you've just seen. Or trying to write a TV show you've just seen. You can't image how many O.J. Simpson-type plays have already popped through."

**D.L.:** Is the climate for playwrights healthier elsewhere?

**DWYER:** "There's a kind of vitality in the English theatre that has to do with a greater tradition of going to the theatre. But there's also a wonderful excitement in Britain about plays that have a political/historical edge."

"American playwrights don't sit down and write about a candidate's foolishness or a political question. There've been no plays about Hillary's magnificent failure to get a health plan passed. In England, I'm sure there are six plays right now about Mad Cow Disease being written."

**D.L.:** What must be there for a play to work?

**DWYER:** "That's a great question. What happens in a theatre is like nothing else in the world, because it's an absolute collaboration in a



Wood *Demon* and directed the critically esteemed 1994 Mark Taper production. His biographies include *John Adams*, *Danton*, *King Henry The Eighth* and *King James The First*. His poetry has been published in dozens of journals and won a Sotheby's International Poetry Prize. His acting credits are legion, including a robust Falstaff in last year's *Henry IV* production at the Odyssey. In 1990 he was named Literary Manager of the Mark Taper.

**D.L.:** Roughly how many plays are submitted every year?

**DWYER:** "In the Literary Department, we get asked to read over 3,000 plays."

**D.L.:** How do you whittle them down?

**DWYER:** "I've instituted a policy of asking for sample pages and a description. We have a staff of 10 to 15 freelance readers, we pay them not very much, and they read

py thing, is that we don't accept it."

**D.L.:** Why? Because it didn't come from the right source?

**DWYER:** "No. If I've never heard of you, I'll say, 'Send me five-to-10 sample pages and a description of your play. I don't ask for a synopsis because I don't like them. I think if a writer has worked so hard to make a particular moment happen, then to describe it in two sentences is to spoil it for me. And if I do read the play, I don't want to know [the end].'"

**D.L.:** What do you mean by "description" rather than "synopsis"?

**DWYER:** "What it's about in the largest sense, why you wanted to write it, what difference you think it might make. Here is an example: 'I think that the situation in Bosnia is so horrible, but it seems to be very like the situation when I was growing up, and so I've wanted to write a play that moves back and

very much about writing a play, but he has a real story to tell. At that point we start thinking about where it should go."

"We have a range of programs. I get a play, read it and think this is an interesting play. We're not going to do it on the mainstage, and we don't have a second space, though sometimes we do things at the John Anson Ford Theatre [Taper, Too], but it's a 99-seat theatre. We don't really have what we want: a 250- or 300-seat theatre where certain plays can be best served." [The Mark Taper seats 750.]

**D.L.:** Suppose you get a play with a fresh voice, a new point of view, it's gripping, it's dramatic, and you really find it quite remarkable. Could that play become a Mark Taper production? Does it ever happen?

**DWYER:** "Yes, I believe Bill Cain's *Stand Up Tragedy*, which Ron Link directed on the main stage, came in out of the blue. It can happen. It's

unique moment—different every time—between the people who come to hear the play and the people who are giving it to you: the writer, the director, the producer, the publicity staff. Everybody back of the production has taken it only so far before the living thing begins to breathe."

"It's a live thing. It's about the most fundamental thing which is our awareness of ourselves as creatures moving through time. It's about our life/death. The moment spent in the magic of the theatre is of life-and-death urgency because it's about us, we examine our situation as people who are dying. But everything we know of beauty and grace and excitement and achievement, the passion of a moment, the hope of the future, all comes from the same thing that the flower comes from and the sky at twilight comes from: the excitement is that we're moving through time."

July 2, 1996

While I was walking back to the car, a man asked me for the time and said that I have a "beautiful body." He was polite and not threatening or offensive. Thrilling. Really appreciated it.

July 6, 1996

Left about 7:15 for the Ventura Court Theatre for the opening of *Of Mice and Men*. Sold out house with many people from the press there. Very excited, knowing that it was going to be an exceptionally fine production. And it was. No use to try to be less emotionally affected by the play this time. Everyone in the company is terrific, including those who have been among our least favorite actors. A tribute to Frank's direction. The set, lights, sound, and costumes were all perfect. And the play itself is so wonderful. The audience loved it, demanding an extra curtain call. A real achievement for Frank and Antaeus. Can't imagine that the reviews won't be raves. Visited with friends after the show at the reception and showered the company with praise. So pleased for Frank!

July 10, 1996

When I called to find out how Koko was doing with the Thunderbird, he gave me the very bad news that the engine would need to be rebuilt to the tune of \$700-\$800. When I asked Koko if he thought the car was worth that investment, he said "no." Knew that it would eventually happen, and there would never be a good time for it to happen. But Frank is already so over-extended, and while I'm in class, we really have to have two cars. I can't afford the time away from studying to find a car. Not to mention the expense! Tackled the immediate problem of the logistics of tomorrow. Frank has a book club in Beverly Hills in the morning, and I have class and a

hair appointment in the afternoon. Got a bus schedule. Then did research with the newspaper, *Best Bets*, and *Consumer Reports* while Frank was reading for work. When I reported to him what I had found out, etc. he said that he thought he could drive the Thunderbird tomorrow. I protested that that was not a good idea, and because we were both on edge, it escalated quickly into a fight till Frank told me he didn't want to talk to me anymore. That, of course, upset me more. He was defensive because he felt that I was acting out of martyrdom, which wasn't true or fair. I was just trying to handle things without bothering Frank or inconveniencing him any more than absolutely necessary. Instead of getting appreciation for my efforts, he was enraged with me. Then came an even bigger disappointment. The early edition of the *Times* was out. Had no idea how anyone could have seen that performance and not rave it, but Laurie Weiner said that Frank's direction was only straightforward. She said the company wasn't altogether successful, in particular Eric and Marcia. And she didn't even mention JD Cullum. Such a drag. Makes me feel even more alienated from this profession when a fool like this wields such power! What a blow.

July 13, 1996

Frank said that he wanted to make love to me. So glad. He said he's been seeing me running around naked, and he wanted me. It's been so long. Lovely, and intensely satisfying!

July 15, 1996

Had just settled down to study when Frank came back home in a tizzy because I had arranged for a Jewish organization to pick up the Thunderbird at the Taper. We would get the blue book value as a tax write-off. But Frank didn't want to be embarrassed by having to deal with the pick-up at work, even though otherwise it meant driving the Thunderbird home. I drove him to work. He's so stressed out and hates working at the Taper, but he's using me as a target for his rage and frustration. Only when we got to the Taper did he realize that he didn't have the key for the parking lot, and he had to have it because of Antaeus tonight. I had to go back home and then back to the Taper. I can't afford the time away from studying! I got back to the Taper and was unloading the Thunderbird when Frank discovered that the car has a flat tire! They will have to pick it up there after all. What a hassle!

July 22, 1996

Stopped by the Taper so Frank could get two of his *Of Mice and Men* reviews, which he read me on the way home. Raves! Couldn't be better. So glad that he is getting the praise he deserves. Daddy said he and Mom are going to buy a car in Florida when they are there this fall, and if we can wait till they are finished with their Toyota ('91?), Daddy will ship it to us on

September 16! So generous of them! Really helps us out, even if we rent a car from now till then. Huge relief not to worry about buying a car! Load especially off Frank's shoulders.

July 28, 1996

Now Daddy is saying that he is giving us the car conditionally, if we put the money we would be spending on car payments into an IRA. He's often tried to get information about whether we have an IRA, and this time, finally, he figured he could force the issue. I handled it as if it were a joke—that he hadn't presented this as a condition when he first offered the car. Then finally, when he said that, when I retire, I won't have anything, I said that I didn't think it was right for him to be preaching doom about my future, especially now as I'm embarking on my master's degree. I have no intention of accepting a "gift" from him when it comes with strings attached. I'm an adult and 43 years old and will make my own decisions. He said nothing else for the rest of the phone call. This is what I fear about them paying for my master's education, but if there are conditions on the financial aid, then I decline the gifts!

September 8, 1996

Got to Inner Circle donors' brunch in good time, so we had about twenty minutes to mingle. Frank and Gordon spoke about the upcoming seasons at the Ahmanson and at the Taper. Frank was terrific, as usual, generating much excitement and interest among these wealthy patrons. After Frank and Gordon finished speaking at the brunch, Judy Davidson got up to speak and said that she had the nerve because she had had a couple of glasses of wine and that, she couldn't follow Frank, but Gordon had been the last to speak, so no problem! Nice compliment for Frank but Gordon must have hated it!

September 14, 1996

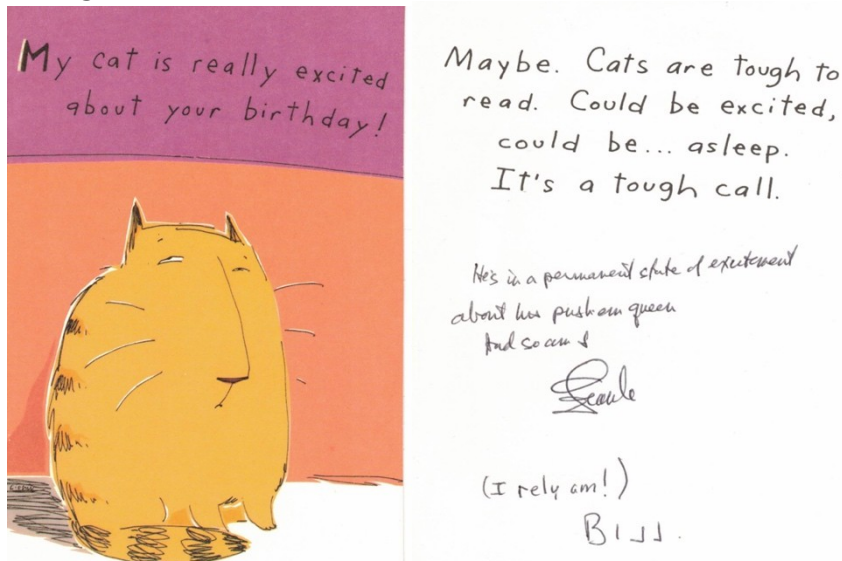
Think Frank finally realizes my frustration at a life which has been devoted recently to dealing with trivialities instead of my career or concerns which would use my talents and engage my interests. He told me how much he appreciates the things I do which allow him to do important things which he's so terrific at. Glad to hear it.

September 18, 1996

General orientation took about an hour. Had an hour break when I hurried to the bookstore to buy \$170 worth of books for classes—and that's only half of them! Then hurried to the parking office to get and pay for my parking pass. Made it back to GSIS building for a two-hour computer lab where we got our



Bruin accounts. So now I'm "on the net" and can get email. We were instructed, step by step, through the process, but I know I won't retain most of it. Started feeling panicked again about how inept I am and scared that I may not be a successful student in this program. By 3:00 I was saturated and glad to head home.



October 3, 1996

Frank called quite late, so I was glad I was still up. I was sorry to be so defeated when he has enough on his mind with "10 out of 12" rehearsal days. He tried to be supportive. He wants me to know that, as far as he is concerned, I can quit UCLA at any time, and I can take as long as I want to get through the program. I just felt sorry for myself and felt like, if I do drop out of this program, then what do I do? And, honestly, I feel that, cosmically, I deserve a BREAK! I want, more than anything, to be stroked and taken care of. I feel all my energy is drained out, yet I can't and haven't been able to sleep for two weeks, I'm sure, because of anxiety.

October 11, 1996

Sorry we didn't have more time to visit with Betsy and Craig. Tremendous opening. The play, *The Caine Mutiny*, is so moving, and Patrick was a phenomenon. Frank says, and I agree, that he's the best actor of his generation in the country. It's a performance in the role of a lifetime. Felt such pity for the man. Wonderful, surprising, great play performed by a cast of amazing actors. Not a weak link among them. And Frank's direction, again, is superb. Breathtaking. So proud of him!

October 12, 1996

I really didn't want to go to Textura Gallery because I didn't want us to spend money on clothes when we're getting nearly out of debt. But Frank was determined, and we ended up buying five pieces for a total of over \$1700. I was very resistant, but Frank wouldn't hear of us not buying each thing which we deemed perfect, including a "wizard" coat, which is rainbow colored and knee-length, a beautiful vest, which is made out of Japanese kimono fabric, a black and teal chenille scarf to wear with my red winter coat, and another rust shawl/scarf, which is incredibly beautiful, and a black rayon tunic which feels nearly sinful to wear. Staggering to spend so much money, but Frank wouldn't have it any other way.

October 13, 1996

Stopped at a rest stop after dark, and the car wouldn't start. Knew it was a loose battery connection which had happened yesterday. Needed to jiggle the wire, but just then, a car from Alaska drove up, and a very drunk man took control. Scary situation because he was such a loose cannon, but felt protected by Frank. Still, it was a situation which felt like it could go either way—terror or not. The other man in the car, also ripped, reminded Frank of a male version of Squeaky Fromme. But the man took a hammer, and with whack, fixed the car. Relief to drive away! Stopped in Santa Barbara for dinner at 10:30. The only place open was a hangout for very young people on the pier. Loud and boisterous and not at all the kind of place we would ever choose to be, but Frank's sense of humor made it hilarious. There we were, reading in the midst of rowdiness. Good food and a very funny experience. When we left, Frank said "Goodbye everybody!" So funny. He had developed this character who was amazed by the sexy, fresh waitresses brushing past him and vicariously experiencing the thrill of the young people out for party night. Laughed and laughed at him. So nice to be together.

October 15, 1996

Frank left a note saying that the San Jose paper's review of *The Caine Mutiny* panned the show. Unbelievably shocking. He said all the actors were bad—on the level of *Matlock* acting! So unfair! Pearls before swine. Makes me feel even more cynical about this profession. Frank's afraid that this may mean that he won't be asked to work at San Jose again. The only hope is that the San Francisco paper gives it a rave. So sorry for Frank, Patrick, and the rest of the cast.

October 17, 1996

Message from Mom that she and Daddy are going to be here on Saturday, and they are going to stay with us. Upsetting news after I thought it was clear that I don't have time (nor does Frank) for a visit. In our phone call last week Mom said they would be staying in a hotel, and I said that I wasn't sure

that I would be able to spend more time with them than just dinner. I didn't make an adequate impression, and Mom didn't get straight my schedule at school, although I told her. We don't even have room anymore in our guest room to sleep two people. At any rate, now they will be staying here from Saturday till Tuesday! I was straightforward and said that I will need to go to campus all day Sunday and Monday to work. I simply cannot afford to lose a third weekend. Don't know why they came out so early when they could have stayed longer at Ann's or taken more time driving across the country. Frank was more welcoming in the phone call than I was because he feels we owe them because of them giving us the car. Of course, he's right, and they are my parents, for heaven's sake, and they are generously paying for UCLA, etc. But that's not the point. I just don't have the time!

October 19, 1996

Met Mom and Dad at the Ramada Inn. Daddy was cranky from the start, making a comment about doubting that the Camry needed brake pads, and that I had been "taken." I was aggressive and firm about asserting that no one told me I needed brake pads. I knew. Went to Market City Café for dinner. As usual, he was insulting to the waitress, and I had to add a few dollars to his tip. (It was more than he usually tips, probably because Frank offered to at least contribute the tip since Daddy was paying for our meal.) It was not a pleasant meal for me, although it was as pleasant as I can ever hope it to be. I've resolved to be nice and grateful that, at least, they're not staying with us. Frank thinks that Daddy is mean and not nice because of having fought in WWII, and he thinks that, because of that, he should be given allowance for his bad behavior. But it's hard. Don't know how Mom does it. Relief when we dropped them back at their hotel. Unboxed the china which Mom and Dad brought from Florida. It's so beautiful—Haviland "Apple Blossom."

October 22, 1996

Left right away for Terminal Island to pick up Mom and Dad. They were still waiting to get the car ready to be shipped home. Daddy tried to send a trunk filled with stuff, which Matson won't allow. Daddy was swearing and being generally rude and even lied to the man about how Matson lost the floor mats on the Camry he shipped me. So unpleasant. Took them home, and on the way, Daddy said this is the last time he's going to drive in LA. If he thinks I'm going to drive him around, he's wrong. His behavior is so bad that I can't help feeling relieved to think he won't be visiting here again. Daddy asked how much tuition is, so I gave him an accounting of how much everything has cost so far at UCLA, with the sub-total noted for the cost without the computer and computer supplies, saying that he could pick and choose from items I had listed. I think he may only pay tuition, and even so, he was asking how long it was going to take me. I said more than once that,

if I go full time, it will take two years. I told him I would finish in two years, if I can, and if it takes me longer, so be it. I said that I don't expect him to pay longer than two years, and I don't expect him to pay at all. I really don't want his money if he is going to be crabby and grudging about it. That made him mad, I guess, because he left the room.

November 4, 1996

Got ready for the concert and wore my wizard coat for the first time in honor of Bryn Terfel. So glad to be hearing him again and sorry that Gwyneth was missing it. Met Frank at the Taper. Our seats would have been good, except for the ingrates around us who could not keep still. Nevertheless, we were absorbed in the music. He's such a wonderful singer and actor. His pianissimos are unbelievably soft. The program included Schubert, Ibert, and Vaughn Williams' setting of Robert Lewis Stevenson poems. Those were heavenly. I really believe that he is the best singer today, in musicality, charisma, etc. Glad we were able to move down to the orchestra second row after the intermission. Could really see his face. Such total commitment from him as a performer. I'm completely smitten with him. His encores included Flanders and Swann's hippopotamus song (great!) and four Welsh folk songs. Really unforgettable concert. Feel like we've been his fans longer than anybody!

November 13, 1996

Had an appointment to meet with Claude Zakary, a second-year master's student who selected me to be his "buddy"—a way of making informal connections among the people in the program. Found out some commonalities between us from his web page, like he meditates (Buddhist), he is a fan of Glenn Gould, and NPR, etc. He's in my archives class too. Had coffee at Northern Lights and talked for an hour. Very nice person, and I felt easy talking about myself. (Don't feel like crying when I say I'm an actress anymore, at least.) Lovely chat.

November 25, 1996

Telling Frank about the cat project, I burst into tears, and as usual, he was defensive. Don't know why it is that his reaction is always "Are you blaming me?" He claims to be working hard too, as if that's consolation for me!

December 14, 1996

Scoured Frank's bathroom before getting dressed to go out to the potluck dinner at Anne Gilliland-Swetland's. A chance to wear make-up for the first time around these people. Wore my wizard coat. Glad to let everyone meet Frank and for Frank to see these people too. Many people I didn't even

recognize, but there were several from my classes, including Paul, whom I was wanting Frank to meet, Cheryl, and Darrell. Nice people. So proud of Frank. Everyone was gathered around him. Had a nice time, except Anne's boys are out of control. At one point, Frank had the little boy in his arms, telling him a story. Absolutely enchanted him, and when Frank had finished and asked him if he liked the story, he said "Read it to me again."

December 17, 1996

Fell asleep about 10:00. Didn't even see Frank on our anniversary! But it was all right. He told me how he was told by someone at the Taper that she was at a meeting with Gigi Bolt, who Frank thought was the love of his life. When he heard this news about her, he knew that he had married the love of his life. Glad to hear that. Love him so much. He certainly is the love of my life.

December 28, 1996

Found out that Mom and Dad never did get my tape! Ann opened the envelope it was sent in, which was addressed to Mom and Dad, although there is no good reason why she should have done so. They got the copy of Frank's letter to the editor and the Audrey Skirball Kenis book which had the picture of me in it, but they never saw the tape. Ann said something to them about the mail having been unreliable, although what that was supposed to mean, I have no idea. Incredible to me that she would have tossed the tape into the trash, but it is reminiscent of how she offered to store Nicki and Tom's winter clothes for them, which included two sweaters I had knit for them, and then donated the clothes to the Salvation Army. Think it must be, at least subconsciously, her expression of hostility and rivalry against me. I was furious! Shaking I was so angry! Mom and Dad tried defending her at first, until they knew it wasn't going to work with me. Not a nice way to start the day or the visit with them. Glad I had the cat to stroke, and glad when Frank woke up. That took the pressure off me. He talked with them about politics. Daddy was combative and generally unpleasant.

December 29, 1996

Drove to Sea World. Wanted to make the dolphin show, but Frank needed to eat first. He was irritable because he waited too long after taking his medicine, and I wanted to stay with him. He didn't want to risk my missing the dolphin show, so he was a martyr and said that he wouldn't eat. It escalated to the point that I had to let him go alone. We were supposed to meet Mom and Dad at the dolphin show, but it was full, and I couldn't get in. Impossible to find anyone if you're separated there, so it made me mad that Frank wouldn't let me stay with him. I went on to the Shamu show. Too many people! But it was still wonderful to see the animals flipping and

diving, etc. Left there early in order to go to the dolphin show (another one). Again, despite the crush of people, it was wonderful to see the animals. We talked about going to the bird show, and sure enough, when I went there, I found Frank, Mom, and Dad. The birds are so gorgeous, and the parrots are funny. Pleased that Mom and Dad seemed to be having a good time. Frank wanted to see Shamu then, so I waited for him, watching the dolphins in their pool. Not a show, so it was nicer—calmer. Enjoyed just watching them swim around. Then went to the penguin encounter, which was terrific. Seemed like hundreds of penguins swimming and waddling around. Adorable. And the puffins were so comical to watch. Loved that! Then went to the otter show. That was hysterical because they weren't cooperating and strayed from the script of the show. Finally, they had to substitute an "understudy". The trainers were cracking up because they weren't in control of the show. The walrus came up at the end. Marvelous animal. I was laughing so hard, I was crying. Tremendous way to end the day. Daddy and Frank got into a discussion about welfare, social security, Medicare, etc., with Daddy hating people receiving welfare, and Frank maintaining that we need to have a government which takes care of people who need to be taken care of. Daddy wasn't listening and was being unreasonable. Then, on the way home, Daddy wanted to fill the car with gas. He maintained that we needed to stop, although I told him how much the safety supply of gas there is still when the caution light is on. He as much as said that I didn't know what I was talking about. As it turned out, even though I drove quite a while with the light on, we still had three gallons to spare. When I did stop at a gas station, Daddy was intolerable to the gas station attendant because he had to leave his credit card before pumping gas. She returned the card to Daddy and told him to buy his gas elsewhere. Ashamed of him and yet was glad in a way that his stupidity was exploded in front of everyone. (Frank wanted to make sure that I recorded in my journal about the bird who took the rubber lizard in its beak and repeatedly violently threw it on the rock to kill it.) After Daddy got to bed, we came out and visited awhile with Mom until she went to bed.



### New Year's Resolutions of 1996:

1. To be kinder to people with whom I come in contact - on the freeway, in stores, etc.
2. To not be such a hermit & allow others to get closer to me.
3. To give more of ~~my~~ ~~for~~ myself to friends & family (and Larkie)
4. To come to a place of peace with my life & future whether it be in professional theater or in another field (like Library Science).
5. If I am accepted at UCLA, to do my best as a student & to have a sense of self-satisfaction for going back to school.
6. To focus completely on Lark when we are talking & listen to him with a more open heart.
7. To sing & play piano more.
8. To do more creative writing, submitting finished pieces for publication in periodicals & journals.
9. To be confident of financial security & prosperity now & in future.
10. To spend more time listening to music with Lark.
11. To keep physically fit, keeping my weight below 120 & working out every day.
12. To meditate more deeply twice a day.
13. To write more discursively in my journal.
14. To get our debts paid off.
15. To spend enough time with Bill so that I feel secure & loved always.
16. To live completely in the moment rather than spitting my words.



January 3, 1997

Frank called to say that he won the Drama-Logue award for directing *Of Mice and Men*. So glad for him! About time he got some recognition!

January 5, 1997

Ann called to announce her plan to surprise Mom and Dad on their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary when she and they will be in Las Vegas, where they leave for their Grand Canyon rafting adventure. Mom and Dad said, when they were here, that they didn't want us to do a party for them, but Ann wants to anyway. She says that, what they really mean by that, is that they don't want Tom around because that would mean it wouldn't be pleasant for Daddy. She says she'll fly me and Nicki to Las Vegas for a weekend there, but Frank isn't invited, she says, because then Tom would have to be invited too. I told her that 1) I have reservations about doing this when Mom and Dad said not to, 2) I don't intend to go without Frank, and 3) I don't think Tom would go if he were invited. I also don't want to support Daddy's exclusion of Tom from our family. I wasn't warm to her, partly because of feeling resentment about the tape I sent to Mom and Dad which she lost, (or whatever), partly because, as usual, she was assuming that she knows what Mom and Dad think, and I don't, and partly because she was being so pushy and domineering. Can't believe her because she said that she never proposed a party to Mom and Dad, although they told me she did. She also said that she never throws parties when I know that she does, at least one big one every year at Christmas. When I said I didn't want to go unless Frank goes with me, Ann said that then it wouldn't happen at all. Very unpleasant call which left me wondering if maybe what we should do is say OK, I'll go and then have Frank show up anyway with me. What can she do!?

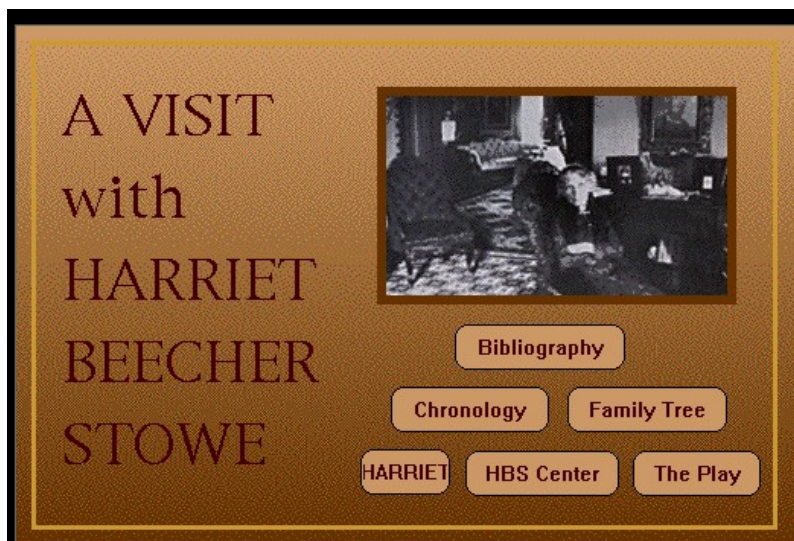
January 6, 1997

Went to my Multimedia class with Anne Gilliland-Swetland. Made me feel very nervous about my incompetency and the advisability of my taking the course. Anne said I would be fine, but I'm going to have to design and implement a multimedia site or CD-ROM, etc. Just sounds impossible to me. And yet, I want to take the course so I will become confident about computers.

January 7, 1997

Frank brought me up to date about Gordon's thoughtless comment yesterday about Lisa Peterson and Bob Egan, who were, according to Gordon, the only directors, present at the meeting. Frank was incensed and left Gordon a message asking for "clarification." Gordon responded by

saying that Frank was “sensitive,” but he was also deferential. Frank made a comment responding to me, characterizing his reaction to my feelings of being overwhelmed and panicky about the Multimedia class as trivializing my concerns as compared to his problems at work. He said that, according to me, he can’t say anything right. I protested his reaction as untrue and not helpful. I want him to listen and be supportive and sympathetic rather than dismissive, or comparing my troubles with his which are, in his opinion, much more serious. Unpleasant way to leave for school, and I told him so. I’ve been thinking that for the Multimedia class I may put together a Harriet Beecher Stowe site or CD-ROM, incorporating *White Ashes* as a video, with the two-act script, as well as references with her novels, bibliography, etc. If that’s feasible, that is a big step forward. [Although HyperStudio no longer downloads the CD-ROM from the Internet Archive at web.archive.org, the video of the one-woman-show is available there through a search for “archived web sites”. Click on the bar graph for one of the more recent saved dates. Then hover over a highlighted day in the calendar months shown. The pop-up window will show “snapshots” that open the whiteashes.org website when clicked. The video is also posted on YouTube. Search “Mary Stark White Ashes.”]



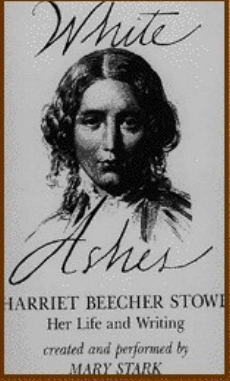
# White Ashes

created & performed by


## Mary Stark

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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE  
Her Life and Writing  
created and performed by  
MARY STARK  
Crayon sketch by George Richmond in 1853.



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So, you want to know something about what sort of a woman I am. Well, you shall have statistics free of charge. To begin, I am about as dry as a pinch of snuff; never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used up article now. The general topic of remark upon meeting me seems to be that I am not so badlooking as they were afraid I was.<sup>1</sup>

I was the seventh child born to Lyman and Roxana Beecher. My mother died when I was five years old, but I remember her very well. She was an angel: quiet, serene, unselfish—the only person I ever knew who never told a lie or spoke an angry word. She was a timid




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Standing from left:  
Thomas, William,  
Edward, Charles,  
Henry.  
Seated from left:  
Isabella, Catherine  
Lyman, Mary,  
Harriet  
Insert photos:  
James & George.  
Photo thought to  
be taken by  
Mathew Brady in  
1859.



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# The Harriet Beecher Stowe Center



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January 14, 1997

Visited with Frank when he got home. He was very frustrated because of his meeting with Gordon. Gordon wanted to know what Frank wants from the job and what he really wants to do. He said that, if he had resources, he would put Frank in a different position, but he also expressed his dissatisfaction in how the literary department has been run. He needs someone who will keep after him about letters needing his attention, who will continue to nag him about worthy plays, and who will make Corey and Bob read those plays. None of those functions are jobs Frank is willing to do. Frank asked Gordon if he wants Frank to leave, and Gordon said no. Frank feels that is what he was, in effect, signaling to him. Gordon also said that there was a particular play which Frank should keep working with and that perhaps it could develop into a directing assignment. Nevertheless, Frank was feeling very fed-up and disheartened. He just doesn't feel he's

appreciated enough, even though Gordon expressed his admiration for Frank's many talents and skills. Wish he could stay at the Taper and be happy. Or that he would be sufficiently motivated to look for another job which would be better. But that would be a problem if he were offered a job somewhere else before I'm finished at UCLA. I just can't worry about it.

January 19, 1997

We were in Cookham by 9:15, and we walked on the footpath along the Thames. That was really nice, although cold. Lots of ducks, expecting to be fed, and some swans. Cookham is a beautiful little village, and the graveyard is very evocative of Spencer's painting where the dead are rising from their graves. Had to wander the streets till 10:00 when the pub finally opened where we were able to get warmed with coffee and wait till 11:00. The gallery was small but nice. Especially interesting to see photos of Spencer taken around the village. Frank dropped his wallet in our cab, but luckily, we had her card in order to call her to pick us up. A very nice woman who loves cats. Got the train back to Paddington Station. Meditated on the train. Then went to Covent Garden where I finally got my muffins! Ate a delicious meal at one of our favorite restaurants, Pasto Fino.

January 21, 1997

I had an anxiety dream about Gordon telling his employees that they shouldn't take lunch hour. I must have been picking up Frank's vibes, because he said he couldn't sleep because of feeling that he shouldn't have come. He should have stayed home to look for another job. Of course, that's an over-reaction, but he really feels like Gordon has, in effect, given him his walking papers. So horrible!

January 23, 1997

Took a bus to Apsley House and the Wellington Museum at Hyde Park Corner. Started off there with a video tour of the house which was very good, conducted by the present Duke of Wellington. Then went through the rooms on our own, which were filled with paintings. From there we took a couple of busses across to the National to see *Light Shining in Buckinghamshire* by Caryl Churchill in the Cottesloe. She is a demanding playwright who requires one's concentration, but she's a fine writer, and her plays are satisfyingly theatrical. The ensemble of actors was terrific as was the design. Very touching production. Went to dinner at the Mezzanine restaurant at the National where we were lucky to be accommodated. Delicious food. Best meal yet. Took a bus from there to Leicester Square, walking the last part, which I was glad to do. Saw *Art* by Yasmina Reza, with Albert Finney, Tom Courteney, and Ken Stott. That was great! Magnificent performances, especially by Finney—a giant of an actor whose presence and

style remind me of Frank. Laughed and laughed. Totally satisfying. Relief to see good plays. Really felt high afterwards.

January 24, 1997

Frank went down to do his talk about *Art*. It occurred to me that the final vision was of three men in their own spotlights of primary colors: red, blue, and yellow, which, when combined, become white light. The story of the play revolves around the aesthetic value of a white painting, but more than that, it was about the intertwining relationships among the three men. Told Frank, and he brought it to the group, (not attributing it to me [but I don't mind]). No one had thought of it, but they called it a "genius" insight!

January 31, 1997

Frank said the millionaire friend of Alan Mandel, Patrick, tracked him down. He's setting up his West End theatre and has called in Frank to meet with him and be there while he's scheduling hiring interviews. He wants Frank to direct *Wood Demon*, or maybe something else if *Wood Demon* requires too many actors. Great news. So glad that Frank has this to go on as he comes back to his unhappy position at the Taper. So glad to talk to him and very glad he'll be home soon.

February 5, 1997

Mom suggested that Frank and I meet them in Las Vegas. The problem with Ann is solved! Perfect! Now Ann knows that Mom and Dad want Frank there, and that I won't be bullied by her.

February 21, 1997

Frank talked to Patrick Suleiman, the millionaire with the London theatre. He's read *Wood Demon* and wants Frank to come to London next month and direct it! He'd be there for two months and would make about \$13,000. Frank is very tempted to take this as the sign for leaving the Taper, figuring that with \$20,000 from his father and extra jobs, we could make it. Scary. We would have to have benefits. Can't worry about it. Just very glad for this opportunity for Frank!

February 25, 1997

Talked to Frank who was having dinner tonight with Patrick Suleiman. He told me that he talked with Robin, who doesn't know what she should do. He advised her to move back here and keep at her career in show business instead of going back to school. He asked me if I thought that was good advice, as if I, who gave up my acting career, would advise Robin, a single

mother, to keep at it! Not to mention that I don't like Frank's devotion to her anyway, and now he's saying she should move back here! Then he gets irritated with me for not agreeing with him! Asleep about 10:30, but woke up from a nightmare about Bill dying and my not being able to relieve his suffering.

February 26, 1997

Frank told me all about his dinner with Patrick Suleiman and his wife Denna. The upshot is that Martin will be flying to London on Monday to see the theatre and design the sets and lights. Frank will leave on March 24 to start casting and begin rehearsals three weeks later with the show to open on May 26. Alan Mandel paved the way at a lunch meeting with Patrick, which was very helpful. Alan is Patrick's mentor, and Alan let him know that Frank will need his own apartment instead of living with Patrick. Frank will be in charge of casting, not Patrick, and Gordon should not be asked to co-produce. Alan really has been a prince, and Frank owes a lot to him. Wish that this weren't happening so rapidly, but Patrick is keen to get going. Hate Frank being there for two months without me. Frank asked straight out if this was a deal because he must settle things at the Taper and get a contract drawn up, etc. Patrick consulted his wife, who apparently controls the money, she said sure, and Patrick and Frank shook hands on it. This could be a very big move for Frank. Very exciting. Called Mom and Dad. He has a pacemaker and will probably need to have angioplasty once the swelling from the procedure goes down. It very likely has saved him from dying of a heart attack. The cardiologist cut off the blood supply at the carotid artery with his hand and Daddy's heart monitor went flat! Amazing that other doctors hadn't given him this simple test. Very lucky that he has the pacemaker. Told them Frank's news, and of course, Daddy was skeptical, but they were excited and supportive in general.

March 2, 1997

Visited with Frank. Very loving and relaxed between us. He said he was sorry that he couldn't make love to me because of diabetes. I asked if I could bring him to orgasm by taking him in my mouth, and he said yes. He feels sorry about not being able to have intercourse, so he excludes sex from the picture instead of feeling the regret. Really glad we talked. Understand the sorrow, but really, our marriage is full, loving, and rich. Think that, over time, we may find that sex will enter the picture again, especially since we had the talk today. Good.

March 5, 1997

Dad had an angiogram which showed that he doesn't need angioplasty, which is good, except that they did see that he has damage due to high



blood pressure. That can't be corrected by angioplasty, so that's not so good. After he got up and walked around a bit, his blood pressure went through the roof—to a level which could trigger a stroke! They gave him medicine, and he has to really monitor his blood pressure and watch his diet and exercise. Told him that, although my advice was unsolicited, I think that what he really needs to do is chill out, meditate, and try to meet life in a less stressful way. Knew I was sticking my neck out, but told him that I was saying it because I love him. Good talk.

March 6, 1997

Knew I had to figure out if and how to import the text of *White Ashes* into HyperStudio. And I did. Made several more cards, but the important thing is that I know how to do it. Real boost to my ego when a doctoral student, Jeffrey Benoit, who lectured in the Multimedia class, saw what I was doing and told me it really looks professional. He was envious and thought that I was a professional and should teach HyperStudio! Amazed me and made me feel good! Thank goodness! New energy and enthusiasm after my breakthrough but was exhausted, in pain, thirsty, and hungry by the time I quit. Frank was working with Nicholas, but he left me a message about a meeting he had with Gordon in which he attempted to force Frank to quit. Frank told him that he would have to fire him. So glad he stood up to him. I wonder if anyone ever has before. He wants Frank to be his secretary and yet continue doing all the other stuff which Frank is asked to do and is good at. It's just not possible! Feel that Frank is handling Gordon just right.

March 17, 1997

Not looking forward to seeing other Antaeans, hearing about what they've been doing, and answering their questions about what I've been doing. Not that I'm feeling apologetic about it, but I don't want to feel like they're patronizing me. I was looking forward to watching Frank play Boyle in *Juno and the Paycock*. He was frantic with overwork and pressure, but he was wonderful in the scenes from the play which were part of a presentation of various scenes in honor of St. Patrick's Day. Much of the other stuff was in need of direction and cutting, but I laughed at Frank and Harry Groener, who played opposite him, till I was weeping. So glad that Frank had a chance to show everyone, yet again, what a wonderful comic actor he is. Visiting with people wasn't as bad as I thought. Most people seemed respectful, at least, about what I'm doing, and I was pleased to be able to talk to people about Frank directing *Wood Demon* on the West End.

March 18, 1997

Left to meet Frank at the Taper to see *Valley Song* where he was going to lead a post-play discussion. I hadn't planned on seeing it again because I

saw it in NYC with Frank. This was an opportunity to spend a little time with Frank. He was coming from a meeting with Gordon where Frank was to present Gordon with his plan of how he's going to improve the management of the literary department at the Taper. He was nervous about it, but it went very well. Frank got the impression that Gordon wants him to remain at the Taper, but he feels badly about Frank doing a job which is such drudgery. After the meeting, Frank had the feeling that he can stay at the Taper if he wants to. That's a relief. Wonderful play. Lisa Gay Hamilton is miraculous, and Fugard is quite wonderful too. The discussion went very well.

March 26, 1997

Got my evaluation of the multimedia project from Anne who said that it looked very professional and that my "learning curve" was "tremendous." Made me feel good.

March 27, 1997

Got a letter from John Retallack with his Christmas photograph taken outside the house. I could see the beautiful lace curtains. He enclosed a flyer for a photo show of his and thanked me for my condolences about Jane's death. She died of colon cancer, and John was holding her hand when she died. So good of him to have taken her in for her last month. He said he is engaged to a woman he's been dating for two years whom he met from a personals ad. Glad for him. But he said she's very allergic to cats. That's surprising because Rexes are supposed to be hypoallergenic. John said that he wasn't about to give up Yuppie and Feathers. Talked to Frank and decided to offer John the option of giving them to me if that's the thing he wants to do. He knows that I would love them (and do) as much as he does. Think that the cat politics between Bill, whose domain is our home, and two newcomers might balance. Anyway, it might be the reason why he wrote.



March 29, 1997

Went to Gordon's house for a dinner party. Feared that, like the last time, we would be seated at separate tables, and we were. Hate that. Before dinner we mingled with others. That is so difficult for me, but I did my best. Louis Nye was seated on one side of me, and an art museum curator was on the other side. Dinner included chicken and coconut ice cream, so even that wasn't pleasant for me. Then, after dinner, Judy, who was drunk by this time, stood up and started toasting all of us. Gordon joined in to talk about how he was connected to everyone there, telling each person's story, one by one. He talked about everyone except Frank, and even said that he thought he had mentioned everyone. Then Judy said Frank translated *Wood Demon* with me! When Louis Nye asked me if that were true, and I shook my head, Judy said that it was my father, and I said no. It was incredibly embarrassing. It was as if everyone there had their own identity except me. I was humiliated and just wanted to disappear. Remained awhile after we got up from the table to visit some more until we felt like we could leave. Felt as if we had been robbed of our evening. Frank was really irritated at the way he had been snubbed by Gordon, and I was depressed.

March 30, 1997

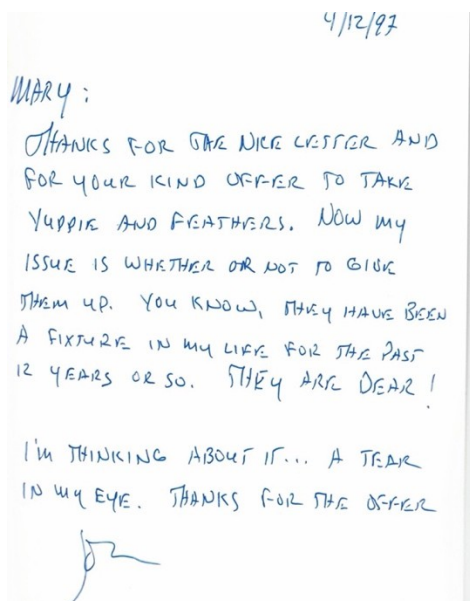
Cuddled with Bill. Read New Yorker. Went to bed early, and Frank and Bill joined me for our last "quality time" together. Love that view looking across the pillow to Bill, and behind his face, to Frank's.

April 6, 1997

Frank called to tell me that he's afraid that Patrick may sabotage *Wood Demon*. He's lost a lot of money in the Indonesia gold exchange, and Frank thinks he's feeling pressure from his wife's family. He's asking for the world rights to *Wood Demon* for the next three years, which is totally unacceptable. Frank is afraid that Patrick may be raising the stakes to a point where Frank won't accept the terms so that he can get out of the production. He's threatened that he will direct it himself, using a different translation. His behavior has been so erratic and megalomaniacal that it may be better if Frank gets out. He's very worried but determined to sue Patrick for as much as he can get if he breaks the contract. (Frank does have his director's contract, at least). Martin and Holly have their contracts too, thank Goodness. Wish I was there with him to give him support. Hate the thought of him coming home and having to deal with explaining the loss to everyone. Hard. So unfair that he has to deal with so many jerks!

April 10, 1997

Got a card from John Retallack--his "Thanx" written in sand. He wrote that he really appreciated our offer to adopt Yuppie and Feathers and that he was considering it, although he was weeping, thinking about the possibility of giving them up. Hope that, if he accepts the offer, that we're not really hurting Bill. Couldn't sleep because of worrying.



4/12/97

MARY:

THANKS FOR THE NICE LETTER AND  
FOR YOUR KIND OFFER TO TAKE  
YUPPIE AND FEATHERS. NOW MY  
ISSUE IS WHETHER OR NOT TO GIVE  
THEM UP. YOU KNOW, THEY HAVE BEEN  
A FIXTURE IN MY LIFE FOR THE PAST  
12 YEARS OR SO. THEY ARE DEAR!

I'M THINKING ABOUT IT... A TEAR  
IN MY EYE. THANKS FOR THE OFFER

*[Signature]*

April 11, 1997

Got a lovely message from Michael Ewing urging me to call and talk to him, stressing how much he wants to spend time with me and Frank or just me. He said he understands how busy I am too. Really appreciated his words.

April 12, 1997

Frank's cast is coming together, and they all love the translation. He saw a production of *Ivanov* with Ralph Fiennes and Harriet Walter and said that she was the only person in the cast who could stand in my league. Nice to hear that praise from him. So good to get caught up.

April 14, 1997

Frank called to tell me that he was at a real crisis point with Patrick, who told him he would be fired and locked out of the theatre if they don't have a contract signed by tomorrow. He thinks that Frank and his agent are trying to screw him because he's asking to have a provision that, if Frank is fired, Patrick can't direct his script. Patrick is an alcoholic and is out of control, and Frank's agent says that Frank should come home and forget about the show. Frank decided, by the time I spoke to him a second time, that he has to give up the show, and face Gordon. I agree, although I am concerned about the stress he'll be under with Patrick and worried that Patrick still could fire him, direct the play himself, and ruin it. So sorry for Frank. He doesn't deserve this!

April 27, 1997

Worked on constructing a storyboard until it was done. It's a personal history scrapbook which I construct to lead a person through assembling photos, documents, and written memories of childhood, parents, grandparents, etc. I'm thinking that I'll show examples from my own personal history scrapbook which perhaps I can edit together as an anniversary gift for Mom and Dad. That would be nice.

May 1, 1997

Worked on HBS project, making the family reunion photo, which is the beginning of the family tree portion of the CD-ROM [80 typed pages that I was given by the Stowe Day Foundation to use in the CD-ROM] clickable. The idea occurred to me this morning that I should let the person click on each individual in the photo and go directly to that person's branch of the family tree. Good idea.

May 6, 1997

Frank called to say that Patrick was warning that the rehearsal was being cancelled because the contract hadn't been received from the US. He said that, after he left the theatre, he made a wrong turn down a street and saw in front of him a blue sign which marks a landmark. It was the home of Horace Walpole who said Frank's favorite quote, "Life is a tragedy for those who feel and a comedy for those who think," which put things into

perspective for him. Glad to hear it, but terribly worried that it's all falling through. Home to messages from Frank saying that, as soon as he signed the contract, Patrick terminated him as director. Apparently, Martin Platt, the costumer's partner(!), will direct, although Frank thinks he won't. He doesn't know whether he'll be able to get the 6,000 pounds which he's due, along with his per diem and the penalty for his airfare. Feel so sorry for Frank and so angry at Patrick. Hate thinking of talking to anyone here about it, and really hate to think of Frank having to go back to the Taper. Frank seems relieved almost, or else he's just putting a good face on it. He could be trying to keep from feeling badly and keep me from feeling disappointed for him. So depressing.

May 7, 1997

Frank seemed more sober but trying to be cheerful, since I was feeling depressed about his termination from directing. It's terrible because it colors the joy I should be feeling about his return. Decided to buy us tickets for *Ulysses* at the Music Center with Frederika von Stade next week. Didn't consult with him because I want us to have seats together instead of taking what we can get at the door. I justify the expense of \$150 because I didn't get him a birthday present.

May 9, 1997

Patrick needs Frank's work permit to give to the new director, Martin Platt. They can't get another work permit from immigration! Frank said that they can have the work permit as soon as they pay him all they owe him. Mary Ann said that Susie is willing to take on Patrick in a counter suit. (Patrick is threatening to sue, although over what, I don't know!) She's confident that she would win. Frank has the upper hand. Great! Frank called. He seemed much more confident and happy, I'm sure, because he's in a power position now. Patrick's lawyer acts as if he can get around immigration, but Frank has talked to immigration, and they say no.

May 14, 1997

Talked to Frank. Martyn Bookwalter was fired, (set designer) and the lead, who is the biggest star, has quit because the literary manager was blocking the show. Apparently, Patrick's first rehearsal was a fiasco, and as we thought, the rest of the cast is very disgruntled. The casting director wants very badly to see the show produced because she loves the script so much, and she asked if Frank would come back if asked. She's going to be talking to Patrick. I can't imagine that he will swallow his pride and take Frank back, but that would be really amazing!

May 16, 1997



Had coffee and dressed for my interview with Lisa Mosher at the California Film Commission. Like her. She's got her hands really full and very much wants any help from a librarian and advocate for librarianship as they begin to digitize their collection. Overwhelming amount of work to be done, but she knows less about technology than I do, so I won't feel inept. The other people there were very nice to me too, so I think it's a good place and position for me. Went by a store to look at expensive pencils. Found one I'm obsessing about at \$240. Gorgeous! [I wanted a mechanical pencil as a symbolic reward for an internship in a special collection where patrons aren't allowed to use pens.]

May 17, 1997

Frank learned that Martin Platt, the second director for *Wood Demon* has walked! Delightful! The casting director, Polly, is doing her best to hold the production together and come up with another director. With every new bombshell, Frank is further vindicated. Good.

May 21, 1997

Stopped at Michael's and bought the Coliseum pencil I've been obsessing about since I saw it last Friday. Just really wanted it! An indulgence for me. Glad I did. It's so beautiful!

June 6, 1997

Frank was an hour early from working with Nicholas because they had a terrible argument. Nicholas was offended by Frank's unrelenting pursuit of truth and accuracy in their translating work. Frank said he was going home because they weren't getting anywhere, and Nicholas started screaming at him, calling him arrogant. Nicholas said he couldn't work with Frank anymore and said again that he was going to have a heart attack. Frank is willing to call it quits too, because Nicholas is increasingly difficult to work with, and he's hurt by Nicholas calling him arrogant. Nicholas thinks that Frank should defer to him because of his age, I guess, and Frank can't let the quality suffer because Nicholas is being stubborn or obstinate. Feel so sorry for Frank because this "arrogant" thing is something he feels he's getting from everyone. Tried to reassure him, comfort him, and explain to him that people are threatened by his brilliance. Wish he'd get a break and be richly rewarded for his excellence. Cuddled with him and Bill.

June 8, 1997



Frank was feeling very pressured by stuff he has to do, and he was irritated with me because I maintained, in a lighthearted way, that I manage to accomplish the seemingly impossible amount of work I do by working at it. I control stress by working out and meditating. He was defensive because he can't deal with pressure the way I do. He's immobilized and escapes into his music or by watching a game on TV. He said that my pressures are nothing compared to his, and that is not true. It was unfortunate because it is an unproductive area of discussion. He will not handle his pressures with my techniques. Upset me. Nicki called to see if I am going to Las Vegas. Tom doesn't want her to go because Ann has set it up in such a heavy-handed way. Really good talk with her. She was amazed when I told her about the tape which I sent to Mom and Dad at Ann's that never reached them. Found out that Nicki offered to fly with Mom and Dad to Honolulu when Daddy had his prostate surgery. I was told that Mom and Dad were upset because Nicki didn't go to see Daddy in the hospital in Honolulu! Now I'm wondering if I heard that from Mom and Dad or from Ann! So good to talk with her. Think she may go to Las Vegas after all because I told her how much I'd like to see her there and how I think it would mean a lot to Mom and Dad too.

June 19, 1997

Frank was upset because Charles Dillingham said that he thought Frank's job at the Taper was being scaled back as of this July, when Frank assumed that he would be on full salary till I'm finished with school. He (and I) just can't believe that he can be so unappreciated by the Taper. He was so preoccupied with his troubles that he didn't think about asking me about my troubles with HyperStudio, etc. The first time Frank and I have had any time together for days, and I just wanted him to stroke my back, but he didn't touch me.

June 20, 1997

Mom, Dad, and Ann were waiting for us to go to dinner. Daddy and Ann had already had quite a lot to drink, and Daddy was belligerent and obstreperous. Ann was loud and obnoxious. (Don't know how I'm going to get through this weekend—I was already totally exhausted after 30 minutes with them!) Went to the Flamingo for buffet dinner. Ann talked loudly and without end while we waited in line about how they had to pee in the river on their whitewater trip. Embarrassing! He kept picking fights with Frank, nearly accusing him of trying to get money from Daddy. He was at his worst. So glad when we finally got back to the hotel and could go to our room. Talked about our impression of the evening. Ann is a monster around Mom and Dad, and I can't understand how Mom can tolerate Daddy at all.

June 21, 1997

Ann, Mom, Dad and I took the shuttle to Kinko's. They were expecting that I was going to show them the HBS program, but after hassling with the RAM to beef it up enough to run the programs, I showed them their anniversary program. They loved it, pausing at nearly every card to comment on the photos or the documents. So gratifying that it worked until toward the end when it crashed because of some error. But that was a minor disappointment. They were amazed at the amount of time it obviously had required. And then I showed them the Harriet program, and they were *really* impressed by it. Interesting that, although I explained that I could add Ann and Nicki's baby photos from their scrapbooks in the future (if I ever have time!), Mom said that she was sure that Ann and Nicki would want copies of the program even the way it is now. Ann sort of listlessly agreed "sure." It's pretty clear that Ann was jealous at the significance of my gift...Walked to the restaurant close by for a delicious Southwestern meal. Daddy talked about when his parents died, but soon enough, the meal degenerated, I think, because Daddy and Ann were drinking and got louder and more obnoxious. Really uncomfortable and glad when it was time to go back to the hotel so Ann could catch the shuttle back to the airport. Frank, Mom, and I walked far behind Ann and Daddy, and Frank brought up to Mom how difficult Daddy is and that it is because of that that her feeling about the importance of making marriage last is so necessary. (He asked her earlier what she believed was the reason for their successful marriage, and she said that it was her commitment to making the marriage come first because it is a life lesson for her.) I said that Daddy drinks too much, and that it makes him nasty and argumentative. She was defensive and said that he doesn't have a problem, but I said that, even if he doesn't often drink too much, it is a problem when he drinks too much when we're together. No time to get into it further than that because, by then, we were back at the hotel. Said good-night and good-bye to Ann, thank goodness. Told Mom today about what Nicki said about wanting to come here. She told Daddy, and he said that was "bull shit" because Nicki is in Vermont. I said that he didn't know what he was talking about. I talked with her twice in the past two weeks, and she was home in Kauai. He said she wouldn't have come without Tom, and I said that wasn't true either—that she would have come without him, but she couldn't get a ticket for less than \$500, and she would have had to stay for four days. Ann said that wasn't true, because she talked to her in January, and if Nicki had wanted to come, she could have made a reservation then. I said that I didn't want to talk anymore about it, but that I felt that both Ann and Daddy were predisposed to judge Nicki in a bad light. Very unpleasant. So glad this is nearly over!

June 27, 1997

Dressed to go with Frank on our planned outing to Montana in Santa Monica, something I'd been wanting to do with him for about a year, I think. He had

his meeting with Dillingham and Egan about the new position he's supposed to assume at the Taper, supposedly part-time, with a salary reduction of about one third. He was insulted and hurt, justifiably, that the Taper doesn't appreciate him and really wants him out. Hard to accept. They're asking him to accept a part-time job which sounds as if it requires a full-time commitment. Alarming that the Taper seemed to think he would assume this new position with the beginning of the new fiscal year, i.e. this summer. Frank always talked about it happening after I'm finished with school. Even that is scary, because Keri has said that eight months of job hunting after graduation is not unusual. Frank was very agitated and, although he ostensibly wanted my support and feedback, no matter what I said, it irritated him more, as if I was critical of how he's handling the situation. It was impossible to say anything right, and my feelings were hurt. Spoiled the evening, even though walking along Montana, window shopping, was a nice diversion. Frank talked to Dom in London. He also has been fired by Patrick. He said that the translation has been reviewed very favorably. That's good news. Need more good news like that! Went to bed and was consoled by Bill's push-ums.

July 4, 1997

Happened to find classic Disney cartoons—Mickey Mouse, Pluto, and Donald Duck. Wonderful and beautiful. And so funny! Bill was darling, wanting to be with us, snuggling, and doing push-ums. Then he actually sat in front of me, right in front of the TV and watched cartoons with us. Amazing! Watched till I couldn't stay awake any longer. Asleep about 1:00. Such a nice day together!

July 6, 1997

Went to the Taper about 4:30 where Kay, Alan, Patrick, Sandra, Matt, and Pierre Carlo met us to read *The Gentle People*. Such a good play. I was reading Stella, a 23-year-old, and I read it well. (Frank told me later that it was one of the best roles I've played, although he didn't know I had it in me. Really appreciate his praise!)

July 9, 1997

Found out I made A- in 203, A in HCI, A+ in BI and "Satisfactory" for the independent study. Essentially made straight A's! Good for me! Left at 7:30 for Barham lot bus which took me on to the Hollywood Bowl. There I met Gwyneth and Siân for Maxim Vengerov concert. Had some time before the concert to visit. The concert was great. Vengerov was especially wonderful playing Massenet's *Meditation from Thaïs* and Tchaikovsky's *Souvenir d'un Lieu cher*. Would not have believed that the Hollywood Bowl

could adapt to a concert as intimate as this was. I felt the audience was quieter than many audiences at the Dorothy Chandler. Long concert. Very generous performer. Really glad to have heard him and very nice to be out with Gwyneth and Siân.

July 21, 1997

Visited with Mary Ann and Frank, but when Frank was nasty to me, my feelings were hurt. He apologized, saying it was due to his needing to eat, but I attribute it to Mary Ann's presence. He treats me like a little sister when she's around, as if he's afraid of being too affectionate with me in front of her because she might feel left out. Just confirms my knowledge that we three cannot live together.

July 29, 1997

Robin came over with her baby, Lily. She's leaving tomorrow for England to live, at least for a while, with Lily's father, Peter. He was here for a month this summer, loves Robin and the baby, and wants to marry Robin. Robin is now allowing that as a possibility. Lily is beautiful, and Robin is very happy with her. Very nice visit with her and Lily. Hope everything works out for them.

August 8, 1997

Met Matthew, Chuck Scoville, (Matthew's father), and Justin, (Matthew's Afro-American friend) and walked along Melrose awhile before we chose a Thai restaurant for our dinner. Justin's birthday, so I asked the waitress to put a candle in his dessert. Everyone sang "Happy Birthday" to him. Nice. Both boys are really nice boys, and I liked Chuck too. Very nice evening. Frank told Justin funny stories about Matthew, when he was little. Matthew was delighted, and Justin laughed and laughed. Matthew said that he remembers Frank's stories about "Mattie Sco," which Frank would make up and tell Matthew when he was going to bed, as picture books! Wonderful! Frank was so pleased! Glad we were able to spend even a little time with them while they're here for the roller blading competition.

August 11, 1997

Picked up our luggage, went by tube to Earl's Court, and found our hotel, the Mayflower. Terribly hot. No air conditioning, and we didn't get twin beds we requested. Angered me. Frank got on my case for being short with the person at the front desk when I asked for a fan and wash cloths. None to be had. Frank was irritable, very unpleasant, and had nothing nice to say to me

at all. Managed to get tickets to see *Closer* at the Cottesloe Theatre, although we weren't sitting together. The play, written and directed by Patrick Marber, was excellent and, for the most part, well-acted. Amazed that we both were able to stay awake to see it. Room was still hot. Frank was ready to go to bed but didn't say anything till he exploded about how he had to sleep. I was writing in my journal and offered to go in the bathroom, but he said I'd wake him when I came to bed. He was crazed and very unpleasant, so I was upset and couldn't sleep for quite a while.

August 13, 1997

Took a bus to town [Edinburgh] and stopped first at the Festival office to try for returns to tomorrow's opera, *Platé*. No luck. Then went to catch a bus tour. We were lucky to get two front seats on the top deck, so we had a great view. Kept track of our winding way with a map. Totally happy. Got off and went to pick up our Fringe tickets. Had lunch at Pancake House. Quite good. Then walked through the beautiful central park to the National Gallery of Scotland to see *The Portrait of a Lady: Sargent and Lady Agnew*. That was really great. Lovely portraits, especially Lady Agnew and also the child with the grapes, who was painted as she was hiding from Sargent and placated by grapes. Wonderful commentary on the walls, like Beerbohm's comment that he thought at first that Sargent must be a "superior mechanic." Graham Robinson's mother said that whenever she met Henry James (whose portrait Sargent sketched), she "couldn't remember who he was." Funny. Raining quite hard, when we came out. Had a very hard time getting a cab to see *Knives in Hens* by David Harrower, at the Traverse Theatre. Terrific performances in an excellent play about a farmer, his wife, and a miller who could read and write. He expands the mind and the imagination of the wife. Hurried out of that and had a terrible time catching a cab to the group venue because of the rain. Luckily, we got there in time to get something to eat at a diner. Saw Twyla Tharp's company in *Tharp!* The middle piece, with music by Billings and from the Sacred Harp tradition, was terrific. Hurried from there to see Bulgaria's Credo Theatre in Gogol's *The Coat*.

August 14, 1997

Dressed and was on my way to the bus stop at 8:00. Got to the queue at the Fringe box office at about 8:15, about 10<sup>th</sup> in line. Read Iris Murdoch. Quite cold, and there were a couple of little children, who were not kept quiet by their mother. Earplugs helped some, but it was a great relief when the box office finally opened. I was able to get our tickets to tonight's opera. Managed to get tickets for *Lucia* for Sunday for 29 pounds each. That was lucky. Made my way to Clarinda's for my breakfast. Delicious scone, caramel shortbread, and coffee. Very pleasant. Beautiful clear day, so I had a very nice walk to the Ian Bostridge concert, *Die Schöne Müllerin*. Sold out



and lots of people standing. Terribly hot, but the music was sublime. He's magnificent, singing with incredible musicality and passion. Really terrific—the best thing we've seen yet. Stopped at a little health food restaurant, and Frank had lunch while I had coffee and water! Went by bus to see the Raeburn exhibition at the Scottish National Portrait Gallery at the Royal Scottish Academy. That was very good and doable in the amount of time we had before heading to the Traverse to see *The Suicide* by Nikolas Erdman. That was also excellent, with a stunning performance by the lead, Conleth Hill. Had time there before the show to eat an early dinner of a baked potato. Tasted good to me. From there by cab to the opera.

August 16, 1997

Stopped for mocha before meeting Frank, who had gone on to the Festival box office. Made plans for the day before going on from there, with a walk through the park to the National Portrait Gallery to see the permanent collection. The permanent collection includes some great masterpieces. They have an Acoustiguide tour which we took. Spent several happy hours there. Saw Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, a room full of Poussins' Sacraments, Vermeer, Gainsborough, Watteau, Monet, Degas, Van Gogh, Cezanne, Turner, Constable, and others. We were both amazed. Frank decided to forego the *O Tuneful Voice* ticket in favor of seeing *Measure for Measure*. On my way to the concert, I stopped for coffee and pastry. Lots of people to work through at High Street on my way to St. Cecilia's Hall where I heard Sandy Cheney, counter tenor, and John Kitchen playing the harpsichord in a concert of music of "pleasure gardens" of 18<sup>th</sup> Century, including Arne, Stanley, Thomas Linley Jr., Haydn, Hook, Mozart, and Bach. Fine music, but I had to struggle to stay alert. Short walk from there to the Pleasance Theatre to see *The League of Gentlemen*. Got there early enough to have coffee and read Murdoch while I waited in a queue to get a seat. Frank met me there. The hottest venue yet, so I was grateful the performance was only an hour. Didn't think I could endure the heat, but the performance by three outstanding comic actors, which had a running theme of homosexuality, but was not, to me, annoying, was excellent. Really superb ensemble. Felt as if I had been delivered from hell when we got out. Walked down the street to L'Aubeye, a French restaurant, quite expensive, but heavenly food. An indulgence which we felt entitled to after eating usually on the run. Walked from there to *Choral Masterpieces of Five Centuries* by the Ex Collegio Catabrigiensi of Jesus College, Cambridge. Nice evening to walk to Greyfriars Kirk. Concert included Tallis, Palestrina, Lothe, Weelkes, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bruckner, Barber, and Walton. Sublime music which carried me away. Wonderful end to a great day.

August 18, 1997

Taxis came for us at 8:15 to take us to Waverly Station where we caught the train for Birmingham and our connection there to Stratford. We sat with an 80-year-old Scots woman who had stories to tell about her years in service as a typist for Lord Lovett and later as a secretary to Barbara Cartland. She was darling and an admirable woman who was on her way to Essex to see the sights. She's travelling alone and knows no one there. Good for her.

August 19, 1997

We were on our way to get a Stratford tour at 10:30. Still very hot and humid today, but riding on top of an open bus, touring the city, was the best possible way to spend a morning. A very beautiful town. Got off at Mary Arden's house. Shakespeare's mother. That was terrific! There was an excellent museum interpreter who talked about the origins of phrases like "cold shoulder," "bed and board," etc. And there was a falcon and owl demonstration, allowing visitors to wear a leather glove and attract the flying owl to land on the glove by means of bait. That was terrific! There was quite a display of birds of prey there. Delightful. I could have easily stayed there longer, and it would have been good to tour Anne Hathaway's house, but we needed to catch the Cotswold tour bus at 1:30. We had enough time to quickly go through Shakespeare's birthplace before catching our bus. That tour lasted till 5:00, taking us through several towns and villages distinguished by the use of Cotswold stone in building. Got out to walk through a couple of churches and in a couple of market streets, with a 10-minute stop for coffee at Stow-on-the-Wold. Another excellent guide. When we got back to Stratford, we had dinner at Quigley's. Went to The Other Theatre to see *Everyman*. Terrible production. Really loathsome. Worse than last night. RSC is just a bad company. Went to Pierre Victoire for sticky toffee pudding—a favorite of mine. Back to the hotel by 10:00. Settled in and packed what I could. Wrote in journal and reviewed the "grades" we give theatre events on our trip.

August 23, 1997

Called Mom and Dad and heard terribly sad news that Lucy was struck by a car and killed last night. Mom and Dad don't keep her tied up, and while they were out for dinner, she was hit. Daddy found her, still warm. Wonder if she suffered before she died. Daddy could hardly talk, he was so upset. So sorry for him, Mom, and Lucy. Frank urged them to get another cat [Mom had run over their cat not long before] and dog, and said that perhaps Lucy had lived her life out and didn't need them the way some cat and dog now need to be adopted and cared for. Upsets me. Sent a card to Mom and Dad about losing Lucy.

August 30, 1997

Frank was in the bedroom with the door closed all day, reading plays, listening to music, and not wanting the sound of the air conditioner to interfere. He came out when I was very disillusioned and said that he wished we could do something together. I felt he was saying, in a not too veiled way, that I should have been listening to music without ventilation with him. I've been working all summer on this HyperStudio project and feel, not only that I have nothing to show for it, but also that I haven't had a vacation. And I really felt hurt by his comment. He knows that there are many things we love to do together.

August 31, 1997

Went to Campanile and met Michael Ewing for brunch. So glad to see him. He said how beautiful I am and what wonderful actors we both are, what a wonderful director Frank is, how much we deserve success, and how he believes we will find success eventually. So grateful to hear his words and thankful for his faith in us. Very good to see him and get caught up a little. He said he wants us to have dinner together soon, and Frank suggested that his partner, John Rechy, join us too. I was still transferring programs from the UCLA server, and I got a message that I had performed an "illegal" action. When I closed that transfer process and checked the programs which I had already successfully transferred, they disintegrated before my eyes. I couldn't even open the program, and I was terrified that I had corrupted all the work I had done this weekend and even was afraid that the programs at UCLA might be corrupted somehow. I completely broke down, and although Frank tried to help, he couldn't say anything to calm me. I felt so devastated, as if all my work this summer has been for nothing, and it's not even what I want to be doing with my life! Really felt desperate. Just wanted to sleep and be unconscious. Took some comfort from Bill doing push-ums.

September 1, 1997

Left about 5:30 for Dakin's going away party. Neither of us was really keen on going, but we figured we should. Actually, it was nice to see some of the Antaeans like Dan and Nancy, Lillian, and even Anne McNaughton. Many people were very interested in how I'm doing in school, and I felt no embarrassment talking about my alternate career path, particularly because I was feeling buoyed by the latest success with HyperStudio. Felt that people I talked to respected me for taking positive steps in another direction. James, Dan and Nancy's son, who has vivid early memories of Frank (he's now going into the second grade), was darling with Frank, coming up to him and asking him, "so how've you been?" Kids really like Frank! Felt concern

for Frank, who had to talk about his experience with Suleiman in London and also his changing status at the Taper. Not pleasant for him. He's afraid that it sounds like failures for him. Home about 9:00. Settled in. Watched baseball and snuggled with Frank. Appreciated his giving me a backrub.

September 20, 1997 [Ashland, Oregon]

Had time to go to Lillian's and rest an hour before going to see her play, *The Magic Fire*. Good that we did that because we were both feeling really fatigued. Back to the theatre for 8:00 curtain and a sold-out house with the New York Times here for the first time to review a play! It was a gorgeous production with fine direction by Libby Apple. Perfect costumes and set. Laughed and cried. Both Frank and I were dazzled by the play. Felt so proud of Lillian! Went out with Lillian and the other actors afterward.

September 22, 1997

Were on our way to Crater Lake at 8:45. Gorgeous morning. Drove to our first destination, Beckie's Café, where we had been told by at least half a dozen people we needed to have pie. Mixed berry pie was my breakfast, supplemented by one of Frank's pancakes! Went to Rogue River Gorge, which was within walking distance of Beckie's. Walked along the path, overlooking beautiful rushing waters. Then went back a few miles to see a "natural Bridge" where the Rogue River goes underneath the ground through tubes. Walked all along that pathway too. Passed through Shady Cove and saw the sign put up by Greater Shady Cove Boosters which announced that we were leaving town and said "love Ya!" Saw a house with a split rail fence, reminding me of the one at 1909 University Drive, which Daddy built. Drove on to Crater Lake—unearthly blue color and absolutely still, being fed only by precipitation and snow-melt, having no flow of water away from it. So serene and awesome. Walked along the rim path and to the overlooks. Then drove on to the Lodge, which has a wonderful balcony overlooking the lake. Large, comfortable rocking chairs. Liked watching the chipmunks and having time with Frank. He was making up songs and lyrics for a musical, including the number "Huckleberry, Marry Me," "Oregoing Oregon," "Oo,oo,oo, I've got the Umpqua Blues." The love interest's name is Marion the Librarian-Berry, after the marionberry pie. Drove around part of the rim and then on to Diamond Lake before heading back to Medford Airport with another stop at Beckie's for a late lunch for Frank and a piece of huckleberry pie for me. Delicious! Called Mom and Dad because they tried to reach us over the weekend, not knowing we were gone. Mom wasn't there, but had a pleasant talk with Daddy. Glad they have their kitten, Dolly.

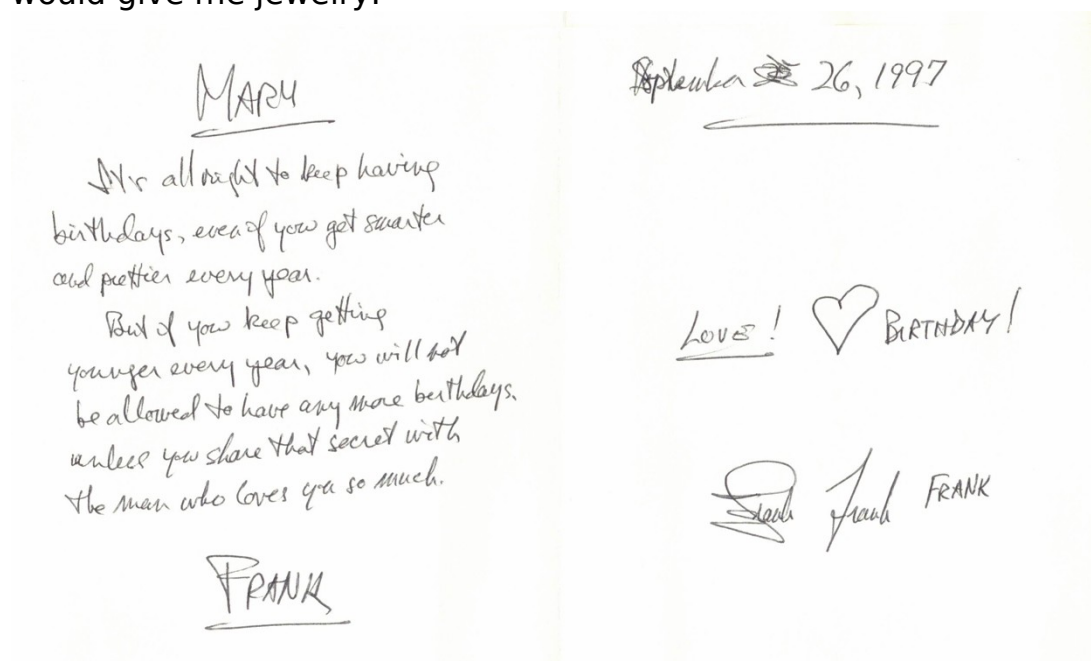
September 25, 1997



Not very happy about turning 45 tomorrow, starting school on Monday, etc. Frank was surprised at my depression and unsympathetic as usual. Still, appreciated his backrub.

September 26, 1997

Ilse sent me a birthday card with pictures of her family. (I share my birthday with Leo.) Mary Ann and Mom and Dad called while I was out to sing "Happy Birthday" to me. Nice of them. Didn't want to call Mom and Dad back and risk, again, missing Mom. (Daddy hung up when Frank answered the phone this morning, and he realized I wasn't home. Rude of him!) Frank got home and gave me a wonderful card on which he had written the wrong date and corrected it with the correct date, because he, in the past, never knew which date was the right one. He wrote on the card: "Maryon the Librarian Berry" and inside: "Love! [heart] Birthday!" and signed his name three different ways, because we had commented on how his signature has changed over the years. He wrote: "Mary, it's all right to keep having birthdays, even if you get smarter and prettier every year. But if you keep getting younger every year, you will not be allowed to have any more birthdays, unless you share that secret with the man who loves you so much. Frank." Made me cry. He gave me a beautiful amber and silver bracelet with square stones which match the topaz stone of my ring. Beautiful, and I was hoping he would give me jewelry.



September 30, 1997

Home and settled in, but Frank got in right after I did, so I was in a tizzy. Hateful hassles. Frank was bummed because I was so frantic. I apologized for making him feel badly and decided to really try not to carry my frustrations home, even when I'm as pressed as I am. He rubbed my back in bed. I fell asleep about 9:15.

October 1, 1997

The Ashland review came out in the New York Times, and the reviewer dismissed Lillian's play in a paragraph! Unbelievable!

October 11, 1997

While I was sitting next to Frank, Bill came up with a look in his eye which told me that he wanted to do push-ums. I can't resist that, so with my head on Frank's lap, he nestled in my armpit, and Frank rubbed and patted him. He was blissed out and didn't even do push-ums, but just cuddled and fell asleep. I couldn't disturb him because I want him to be more cuddly with us. He almost never falls asleep next to me during the day, not that I'm often still enough to allow that. I didn't disturb him. When Frank finally dislodged himself, he got me a pillow and my reading for class. Read as long as I could, until I had to go to the bathroom. So sweet.

October 15, 1997

Returned call to Nicki who called earlier to see if Frank and I can cosign for their Vermont mortgage. I left it up to Frank who said OK as long as we can, since we have no savings and owe money. Explained our situation to Nicki and said that, if the bank accepts us, we're willing. She said that the worst-case scenario, if we do sign, and if they can't pay their mortgage, they would have a separate contract which would make us not liable. She was very grateful for our willingness, and I was glad to be able to help them out, if we can. Brief but nice chat.

October 17, 1997

Relaxed together and played with Bill and his box, which he loves. Very funny. Frank rubbed my neck and back in bed. Felt so good--almost worth the pain! Listened to Scottish songs and lay in each other's arms. Lovely night. Thought I would be going to bed, but then we got up again. Having such a nice evening together, we didn't want it to end. Frank was teasing Bill and said that we may start having sex again. Nice that he's able to be lighthearted about our not having intercourse because of diabetes. We are so intimate and close without intercourse. It isn't an issue for me, although

Frank sometimes expresses his concern because I'm "so young." Finally went to bed together.

October 24, 1997

Mom talked about how much they love Dolly, their kitty. So glad to hear that they're keeping her inside. Touched when Daddy talked about receiving a book about dogs from a friend who included a note about how sorry he was about Lucy's death. He always saw Daddy walking down to Kalihiwai beach with Lucy. Daddy was nearly crying while he talked. Sweet.

October 25, 1997

Talked to Mom and Dad. Glad Frank was on the line too. Daddy said they are getting a female lab mix puppy on Monday. So glad! That should keep him busy.

October 27, 1997

Called Nicki to tell her our reservations about co-signing for their mortgage in light of the information the bank was asking for, but she said for us to go ahead. The bank may deny our application anyway, but she said it would buy them time while they arrange for an alternative solution.

THOMAS M. MEDEIROS

atten: Frank  
Dwyer

ATTORNEY AT LAW  
4473 PAHEE STREET, SUITE 1  
LIHUE, HAWAII 96766  
(808) 246-2003  
FAX (808) 246-2605

Date: November 12, 1997

To: Frank & Mary

From: Tom & Nicki

I'm so sorry - I did not know you were waiting for more info.

Nicki has made too many monthly payments late in other matters during the past year - thus, they want additional persons on the loan. (Nicki is saddled with our personal business in addition to all the usual office work - when things are frantic, it is always our own affairs which are placed last). We've set up new office procedures to avoid such).

You would be co-borrowers, co-guarantors on the mortgage. Naturally, you will have no obligation to pay anything - you are just helping us out. We are actually trying to sell the house - but won't succeed until Spring or Summer. If we (Nicki & Tom) didn't make the monthly payments, the bank would foreclose the house (sell it at auction and pay themselves off). We need to borrow around \$120,000 - I believe we'll get \$155,000 when its sold.

I don't know what else I can tell you - except that we are most grateful and that such help as this is a rather common affair. I hope we can repay you the good deed. Call anytime. Mahalo.

P.S.

If Tom & Nicki didn't pay the

October 31, 1997

Took Frank to his last day of work at the Taper as Literary Manager. He still feels wronged about not being appreciated, but we're glad he no longer has to be plagued by the drudgery of his former job title.

November 21, 1997

Frank was rubbing my back in bed when he said something about our trip to Europe. I was confused about when we were leaving relative to when my classes begin. I'm anxious about missing classes. Although we'll be gone only a week and a half during the time classes are in session, I'll miss two weeks of classes, including four of the classes taught by the Art History professor, Preziosi. Frank was irritated with me, and I was hurt by his aggressiveness. I felt like he complains of being overworked, sick, and stressed without realizing that I'm in the same condition. Cried and cried, but Frank tried to calm me by rubbing my back. Appreciated that, but I was so upset that it took a long time before I got calm enough to sleep.



November 24, 1997

Went to my appointment with Anne Gilliland-Swetland. Told her about my misgivings about archives as a profession. Anne said that she felt I was getting a good, usable background for a career, and that I don't need to work in an area that doesn't appeal to me. She gave me lots of support and good advice. Good talk.

November 25, 1997

Brigitte [my Special Collections internship supervisor] went on and on about how delighted she is with my work for her which she said is outstanding—better than anyone else who's worked for her. She offered to write me recommendations. Very nice to hear. While I was listening to *Morning Edition* while exercising this morning, there was a feature about Degas, and one of the people who was consulted about Degas was Chris Benfey, who has written a book about him. Wonderful to hear his voice!

December 8, 1997

Got a lovely Degas card from Chris, acknowledging his receipt of my birthday card to him. He said my card gave him a lift. "I like the idea of you working out in the gym and hearing my voice—this card (*The Rehearsal*) was the closest I could find to an exercise scene! I always like to hear your news, and the latest developments in your rich life. My love to you and to Frank in this holiday season. Chris." So pleased to get that.

December 11, 1997

Went to my appointment with Preziosi about Museum Studies and Art History Methodology courses. Museum Studies will span two terms this year, although I don't have to take the second term. But beginning next year, there will be a master's degree, and PhD degrees in Museum and Curatorial Studies offered. He gave me syllabi for both courses and is perfectly willing for me to be in the classes, even though I'll miss the first two weeks. It's up to me. Reading the requirements, it's becoming clearer to me that I probably shouldn't take the Art History Methodology. Just too much. But I want to find out more about the upcoming program in Museum and Curatorial Studies. He's going to send me information in the mail. Good. Said goodbye to Brigitte, who couldn't have been more grateful and enthusiastic about my work for her. I'll get a very good letter of recommendation from her. Found out that Anne had our graded papers in her office and wanted to talk to us to tell us how good our papers were (I got an A), to ask for copies of them for her files, and to tell us that we should consider going for a PhD! She said that we need consider a lot of things in

making that decision, like how a PhD, in some ways, makes one less employable than a master's, which is a direct entrée into the job market, but that, for leadership positions in the field, a PhD is required. Mostly, she wanted to let us know that we have what it takes, and that she supports and encourages us not to pass up the opportunity to take advantage of learning everything we can while we're here, taking advantage of UCLA, either with a second master's or PhD. Really appreciate her. So nice of her. Lots to think about. I was so looking forward to getting finished in June and relaxing, but now I'm thinking longingly of Curatorial and Museum Studies. Don't think I want a PhD if what it involves is just research, methodology, and writing a 300-page paper.

December 20, 1997

So glad that Frank was willing to drive all the way in to Washington. Found the National Gallery with no problem at all, but took us awhile to find a parking space. I had to feed the meter a few times, but the short walk was a good break in between exhibitions. Started with Lotto, for which there was an Acoustiguide tour. A little crowded, but not bad. Beautiful fabrics, textures, and colors, etc. Like Thomas "Yellowstone" Moran with the stunning landscapes of the West. There was an Acoustiguide tour of that as well. Then walked up the Mall to the Hirschhorn for Stanley Spencer show. That was fun because all the Cookham scenes were familiar, and we were adding to our Spencer experience. Got through that show just before the museum closed at 5:30. Pretty good scheduling! Traffic got a little crazy around Philadelphia. Somehow, I got on the wrong route. When we pulled over to the side of the road to look at a map, a man drove up to see if we needed help, told us where to go, did a U-turn, and drove off. The Lone Ranger! Good of him.

December 21, 1997

Had to drop Frank off at Lincoln Center. Had to find a parking space--an impossible task. Finally parked the car at 3:01 and hurried to the Beaumont theatre where Frank bought us tickets for *Ivanov* for \$15 apiece. I got to my seat, miraculously, before the play began. Was glad to have the chance to see Kevin Klein and a new (for me) Chekhov play, but had to overlook some bad acting and some bad directing choices by Gerald Gutierrez. Still glad to have seen it. We got in at Avery Fisher Hall at the intermission of the *Brandenburg Concertos* by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. We attended this annual affair the last time we were in New York at Christmas. Could only stay for two of them because we were already late for George Taylor and Barbara Teague's Christmas party. Mary Ann was already there. Good to see Cecelia there as well. Chatted with her. She's finding some work and making ends meet with substitute teaching, but it's not a life I would envy. George prepared a delicious meal and then played Father

Christmas, asking everyone to perform a “party piece” in exchange for a little gift. I did “It is scarcely well to love friends thus...” [Harriet Beecher Stowe], but I was emotional, and it was hard to do. Was touched by George and Barbara’s generosity and warmth. They gave each guest a box wrapped in paper Barbara printed, filled with handmade dipped dried fruit. Picked up the van and went to Susie’s. Good to see them (the twins were asleep). Brett and Casey couldn’t have been more loving, hugging longer than being hugged, and saying how they had missed us. Really sweet boys. Picked up the Christmas presents and headed back to Mary’s.

December 23, 1997

Frank was already up to visit with the twins before they left for French camp. Susie took Brett to the doctor’s, and Carl went to work, so that left us with Casey. Left for E.J.’s with Casey about 10:45. Nice to spend time just with him. Had delicious crunchy French toast with chocolate chips—my favorite. Talked about school and books. Took the bus to the East side. Walked all the way to the Morgan Library, where Frank was going to meet me, by way of Lexington and Madison Avenues, looking in shop windows as I walked. Saw some amber ear wires in an estate jewelry store. They were \$95 but were half price. I’ve been wanting some amber in gold for a long time, so I succumbed to temptation. (Frank was glad I did!) Saw illuminated manuscripts exhibit which was very crowded but good. Also looked at Romanticism exhibit and curios exhibit, which included Thoreau’s chest for his journals and Toscanini’s baton. That was really interesting. Several Brahms’ manuscripts exhibited which was exciting. Stayed till the Library closed at 5:00. Walked to Lincoln Center. Glad to be able to walk. By the end of the day, I had walked ~100 blocks! Frank met me there, and we saw *Don Carlo*.

December 24, 1997

Happy time with Frank. He said he’s never been so in love with me, and that I’ve never been more beautiful. Good to hear, because I sometimes wonder, partly because our intimacy doesn’t include intercourse.

December 28, 1997

Mary Ann drove us in about 10:45. Dropped us off at the Metropolitan Museum. Saw first the *Flowers Underfoot: Indian Carpets of the Mughal Era* with an Acoustiguide tour, which was beautiful. Seeing exhibits at museums is fast becoming one of my favorite things about our NYC trips because it’s a time of relative calm and relaxation! Just surrender to the show. We arrived late at New Dramatists to meet Russell Davis (writer of *Travelling Cinderella Show*, which Frank directed in LA at the New Works Festival). Very pleasant to read his *Appointment with a High Wire Lady*. Frank only found out at the

last minute that I was needed to read a little role of an old woman, and he wanted me there. Didn't mind, especially because I was glad to make contact with nice people. Really like Russell, who's very witty, strong, and attractive. Pleased when I realized, as Frank later confirmed, that he fancies me! In nearly four and a half hours we only worked through the first act. Frank and Russell collaborate very well in directing, offering insights, and challenging each other. John, the producing/artistic director of the theatre, was very nice as well and seemed to really appreciate the way Frank works. After the evening was over, both Frank and Russell thought that John would like to go forward with a production. Probably would only pay a pittance, but it would still be good for Frank to do.

December 29, 1997

Went to 125<sup>th</sup> Street to Schomburg Center to see *Harlem: The Vision of Morgan and Marvin Smith*, twin African American photographers who were also painters and handcrafts artists. Documented Black political activists from the '30's on, as well as entertainment and sports stars, etc. Marvin was there (his brother died a few years ago) to sign his book of photographs. Elegant, lovely man who has cancer and Parkinson's. Touched me. Moving to see him watching people appreciate the collection of his life's work. Really glad we saw it and him. Frank bought the book which he inscribed to us.

December 30, 1997

Mary Ann's cleaning woman arrived at 8:00, and she and I were up, so Frank decided we could do galleries after all. Mary Ann was a little disappointed because Matthew was going to be returning from wrestling practice, and she would have preferred that Frank spend time with him and just relax at home. This is always the way Mary Ann feels. She is sorry for Frank to come to NYC and spend all of his time doing things in Manhattan. But Frank (and I) come to NYC because we want to do things. We always invite Mary Ann (and Matthew) to join us, but that's not what they want to do, even if Mary Ann has days when she can take off from work. She drove us in and dropped us off on 57<sup>th</sup> street where we went to a gallery to see an Andrew Wyeth show, which was quite small. Saw a show of Rodrigo Moynihan paintings and a wonderful show of Joan Nelson, who does beautiful paintings—very tiny—on paper. Loved them—sparkling little landscapes. Then went to see Egon Schiele's *Master Draftsman* show, which was a wonderful supplement to the MOMA show. Had just enough time to hurry down to see a show of Rosa Bonheur—*All Nature's Children*. She did paintings of the West and animals. Interesting woman who smoked cigars and wore pants—a lesbian—who did a portrait of Buffalo Bill Cody. When his house was burning, he wired to "save the Bonheur" and forget the rest. She said she preferred animals to people, believed that animals have souls, and that they are capable of loving.



New Year's Resolutions: 1997:

1. To be more patient.
2. To regard other people with love & forbearance.
3. To practice the presence of God each moment.
4. To play piano more.
5. To sing more.
6. To write more discursively & deeply in journal.
7. To apply myself with complete dedication to studies at UCLA.
8. To study Herman Hesse.
9. To be more accepting of Mom & Dad & Aunt's parents.
10. To give the best of myself, first, to Lord.
11. To give more time to Bill.
12. To drive more carefully & less aggressively.
13. To sleep weight down.
14. To work-out daily.
15. To act in one Equity production.
16. To do one feature film.
17. To do more creative writing, essays, short stories, or plays.
18. To be confident of financial security & prosperity now & in future.
19. To spend one time listening to music with Lord.
20. To meditate more deeply twice a day.
21. To pay off our debts.
22. Not to be competitive about Lord's successes & be able to share wholeheartedly with those successes as though they are also my own.
23. To be satisfied with whatever acting I can do & not to be bitter about what work I can't do.

1998 Journal

January 2, 1998

[San Diego]. Neighbor calico cat came visiting, and she hopped into Daddy's lap. He needs to always have an animal with him. Makes him much nicer. Went together to Balboa Park to the Natural History Museum's exhibit of "The Cat: Wild or Mild"—an exhibit which Daddy agreed to see. Very interesting and well-done, especially for families and children. Good activity for us. Drove around downtown and found a Starbuck's for eggnog latte, despite Daddy's bitching about the price. It really irritates him that I spend over \$3 for a cup of coffee! Drove to Coronado Island. Beautiful Turner cloudy sky created beautiful sunset. Daddy talked a bit about his schooling and seeing his first-grade teacher again. That was the best talk we've had with him in quite a while. Frank thinks that much of Daddy's attitude stems from feeling inferior to everyone who is better educated than he is. Makes sense. He made an interesting comment about how Frank does other people's voices, and asked did he do him? Frank pointed out to me later that he must have heard about it from Ann, which may have been the reason for him being so aggressive to Frank in Las Vegas. Went to Nob Hill for dinner. Not much on the menu for me, but my salad was delicious, and I was happy. Daddy had two glasses of wine and became unpleasant almost immediately. Still, it was comparatively a very good day with them. When we got back to the house, Frank and I walked along the beach sidewalk and talked about Daddy. Beautiful walk. Our toilet flushing woke them in the night, so Daddy told us not to flush till morning. Mortified that he would be so indelicate. Frank and I let him know that the request was out of line. (He thinks my sound machine is stupid, of course.)

January 3, 1998

Was raining quite a lot but decided we would go ahead with our plans to drive down to Ensenada, Mexico along a scenic drive by the coast. Daddy had already been drinking wine by the time we left, at about noon. The sun came out, and it was a nice day until we started back for San Diego. The trip was worth it because the views were fairly spectacular, but I don't care if I ever go to Mexico again. Don't like poor Mexicans pressing themselves up next to me, attempting to sell something or get money. Little shops selling nothing I'm interested in buying, and you can't eat or drink anything for fear of getting sick. I think Mom and Dad wanted to go on the trip, so it was good we did it. We waited an hour and a half in bumper-to-bumper traffic at the border when we were heading home. That was torture! Daddy was so irritating! He wanted to go home before going out to dinner so he could have wine, but it was already 7:15 or 7:30 before we got back to San Diego, and with the early morning departure, I prevailed and we went directly to City Deli. Just not sensible to go to the house so he could drink his wine and then go out to dinner at 8:30 or 9:00, when he's been in bed by then each

night! But he griped about it during dinner. All of us had lost patience with him by then.

January 12, 1998

Hurried to the train station to catch 2:32 train to Durham. Glad to relax and look out the window. Durham is a beautifully situated town, with a castle and cathedral overlooking the town, reminiscent, in a way, of Edinburgh castle's watching over that city. Only had time to see the cathedral. Like it better than York, although I would have predicted that Gothic architecture appealed to me more than Romanesque or Norman. The massive columns with the noble designs carved in stone and the stately form of the arches give a wonderful feeling of comfort and repose somehow. Frank said he also liked it more than York, and therefore it was important to him that I see it, even though we didn't have much time. Drizzling rain. Lucky that we had good weather for nearly all of our trip. Walked back through the town. (On the way to the Cathedral we walked along the beautiful little path above the river.) Hurried to the train station to catch the 5:17 back to York. The train from York came soon after we arrived, but because I hadn't spotted Frank on the platform, he got irritated with me, even though I had looked for him. I was worn down by his exacting criteria for my behavior and actions and felt hurt and alienated from him all the way back to London. He didn't speak to me. Frank was hungry, so we stopped at a Chinese restaurant so he could eat. He apologized for his short temper, and said I deserved better from him. Appreciated that so much that I couldn't help weeping. Couldn't talk I felt so vulnerable.

January 18, 1998

Only had about 45 minutes at the Tate, and the line at the cloakroom was long, so Frank wouldn't let me check my coat, jacket, and hat. That made seeing *Turner on the Loire* less happy for me, but the drawings and watercolors are still gorgeous. He's one of my favorite painters, without a doubt. Took the tube to Islington to meet Graham and Andrew for brunch at Marsden's—our treat. Delicious food. Really nice visit with them which ended with Andrew saying that we had an "open invitation" to stay with them. That's a relief to know that we won't feel as if we're imposing when we ask next time. On Andrew's recommendation, we walked through Camden Passage, back to King's Head Theatre to see *Journey's End* by R.C. Sheriff. Bar theatre made me skeptical, but it was a stunning production of a very moving play with exceptional ensemble performances—especially Miles Richardson. So glad I saw it. Took the bus to the Barbican, waiting 40 minutes, cold and wet. Glad to finally get there and have time for a muffin and coffee before the evening's Martinu performance: Double Concerto, *Nipponari*, and Symphony #4. The last was sublime. Transporting. Sad that the evening was marred because Frank and I missed seeing each other at

first. I get scared that he's going to be mad at me, and he gets aggressive in his defensiveness. Also feel the "disappointing little sister" syndrome which is, if not caused by, then exacerbated by the lack of physical tenderness between us. Feeling sad about our trip soon being over and anxious about the work awaiting me upon our return home and to UCLA. I think Martinu's music makes me sad, although the symphony was elevating and wonderful, uniting Frank and me again.

February 21, 1998

Frank was up early because he was catching a flight to San Jose where he'll be seeing Tim Douglas' show, talking to Timmy Near about directing there, and staying with Betsy and Craig. He was edgy about getting ready to go and had problems with his computer. At one point he said that I was wearing him out, as a joke, to which I responded, he was wearing me out, big time. This was not received well, and he said that he would be gone soon, and he would die soon, as if that should be a relief for me. Wounding. Then he claimed that my response was, in fact, not in response. He wouldn't be convinced otherwise. Really upset me, so that when Frank left, I was crying. Horrible start to the day and a terrible way to start our three-day separation. Shook me up and depressed me.

February 28, 1998

Called Mom and Dad back. Distressing phone call. Daddy wanted to know when I would be finished with school and how soon I would be able to get a job. He offered his unsolicited advice that I would be less employable at 50 than I am now, in regard to my wanting to continue in Museum Studies and observed that there are a lot of lay-offs recently in Hawaii. I didn't appreciate his remarks at all and said that, if the program is approved, it would offer placement in area museums, that LA has more museums than anywhere in the country, that the Getty is unlimited in resources, and that it's not the only museum to be connected to the program. I said that I would be happier working in a museum and that really, the only question was whether Frank is willing to wait for me to become a bread winner. I didn't say anything which would imply that I was expecting any help from him, and if there are any conditions on getting support from them, I would prefer to get funding from a loan instead. Hated hearing his negative and discouraging words! Ugh! Wished I could talk to Frank, but I was tired and fell asleep at 9:00, before he called.

March 2, 1998

Went to the appointment with Anne Gilliland-Swetland. Asked her opinion about what I should call my area of focus for the purpose of my portfolio presentation. Agreed that it is Cultural History Preservation. Then asked

what she thinks of my getting another degree in Museum Studies. She was very encouraging and supportive, saying that she believes it will make me more equipped for the kind of work I would find fulfilling. Anne said that she believes the primary motivation in getting another degree should be based on "self-actualization," not on job expectations. So glad to have the support which was not forthcoming from the conversation with Mom and Dad.

March 26, 1998

Read in bed the material about Museum Studies. Daunted to read that, according to this material, I can apply this summer for Fall '99! I need six prerequisite courses in art history plus fluency in two foreign languages! Felt very disillusioned, although Frank tried to buck me up when he got home. Lots to think over.

April 11, 1998

Dressed and left for a concert at the Dorothy Chandler. Alfred Brendel playing Schumann's Piano Concerto in a minor, combined with Mark Elder conducting Schumann's *Manfred* overture and Elgar's Symphony #2 in E flat major. Wonderful concert, especially Brendel. Loved sitting next to Frank. Felt both happy and sad thinking about life without Frank if he should die. Makes me reaffirm the importance of appreciating our life together as much as possible while we have it.

May 1, 1998

Went over what I was going to say at my portfolio presentation. Got the room set up. Dr. Maack, Greg, and a librarian from Rare Books at URL were my audience. Talked about what I've gained from LIS program--professionalism and competency--and what my career goals are in organizing exhibitions, cultural heritage preservation, and professional advocacy. Showed my Harriet program. Responded to comments and questions about not having addressed Dr. Maack's 200 class in my essay (an oversight). Greg said how glad he was that I was among the first in LIS in Museum Studies [I was the first and only student in the first year that the master's program in Museum Studies was offered at UCLA], and how, even though I say I had a lot of anxiety and feelings of inadequacy when I started the program, I never showed it. The response I felt was very positive, and I felt very good about the presentation overall. Very glad when it was over!

May 13, 1998

Frank saw his doctor today. Bad news. His count was much higher. The doctor is going to try one more medication, but if he doesn't do well on it, he's got to start insulin injections twice a day. Both of us were depressed



about it. Maybe this will scare him into adjusting his diet and exercising with more commitment. If not, the good thing is, he's going to be OK with insulin, and he would not need to take pills anymore. But it is very serious now, and we know it. His other news is that he got a prescription for Viagra. That's exciting!

May 16, 1998

Talked to Mom and Dad who just got back from Europe. Daddy remarked why wasn't I done yet with UCLA when I was talking about trying to get an internship at the Huntington. He expects me to have a job right away. He's in denial about my Museum Studies plans, I guess. He said that London was a big rip-off, and he never will go there again. Feel so sorry for him as he, step by step, shuts off one thing after another from his life, including me. Everything he hates, I love: NYC, London, museums, etc. Got a letter from the dean congratulating me for passing my portfolio presentation. Emailed her, asking if that means I received "Pass" rather than "Pass with Distinction." Want to know on what the evaluation is based.

May 30, 1998

Met Dutch Painting class at the Norton Simon. Was surprised and delighted (!) when Kunzle found me after the class, when I was spending time in the galleries, and asked me to have lunch with him. Said I couldn't and explained that I had to pick up the car from the garage, and that otherwise I'd love to. Felt thrilled, frightened, and in danger. Talked a bit about how much I like his course. He said that he was sorry about hesitating in calling on me because of the other students. Appreciated that acknowledgement. Just then another student walked up. I felt caught and immediately excused myself. Was very pleased to feel desired by him because I find him extremely attractive. Was totally preoccupied by thoughts about him and whether to tell Frank or not. Think Frank would be really pleased, but don't want to stir up trouble. I do like feeling desired. It's been a while. Masturbated. Exercised my fantasy life, waiting for Frank to call.

May 31, 1998

Talked to Frank. Good talk. Told him about Kunzle, which didn't surprise him, he said. He said I should have had lunch with him, that we would probably like them. His response didn't surprise me, and pleased me.

June 2, 1998

Read Kunzle's book, Fashion and Fetishism: A Social History of the Corset, Tight-Lacing and other forms of Body Sculpture in the West. So erotic. Quite provocative. I'm really getting fixated on Kunzle! Was terribly excited about seeing Kunzle in class. Really interesting class and highly exciting for me, although ultimately disappointing, because I had no opportunity for meeting with him. At the same time, I was relieved to be delivered out of temptation.

June 4, 1998

Got weepy when we talked about my portfolio appeal. Frank thinks I need to do it, but I'm quickly losing the desire to pursue it. He said I should share Greg's email message praising my accomplishment in the program and my portfolio with Mom and Dad. But I don't even want to because Daddy won't be able to accept it. Thought about how Nicki said that Daddy never has praised her. Made me cry because this whole portfolio thing resonates with the lack of appreciation I feel from him and I felt with my acting career.

June 14, 1998

Talked to Mom and Dad and wished them a happy anniversary. Disturbing news about Tom. No new information about his medical condition. But his picture was on the front page of the paper because a case was decided against him, charging him \$80,000 because of fraud in an investment he asked a woman to make in a land deal! She was supposed to be paid \$10,000 in December for her investment, and she wasn't and sued. Wonder if this has anything to do with them asking us for a loan application. Scary. I, of course, said nothing to Mom and Dad.

June 19, 1998

On our way to Taos about 1:30. Listened to Haydn's *Orlando Paladino*, which was heavenly! We both put him in our top five composers. I drove till the end of the opera so Frank could read the libretto. Glad when he took over, especially when it was dark. Listened to Brahms' *Requiem*, which was also sublime. So nice when we drive and listen to music. Listened to the Metropolitan Opera gala so I could hear Bryn Terfel and Roberto Alagna sing *Pearl Fishers* duet. Made me weep! Didn't get to Alan Mandel's till about 10:30. A spectacular place. "Main house" has an enormous room with a thirty-foot-long dining table, ten couches, and a vaulted ceiling. Right on Lake Tahoe, with several small buildings/houses. Ours is a round house made of stone with two big bedrooms, private baths, kitchen, and two living room areas! Amazing. He must be fabulously wealthy.

June 22, 1998

Back to the house at about the time Craig got home from work, and Ryan was up from his nap. We were off right away to an Indian restaurant for dinner. Delicious meal which was their treat for my graduation. Nice of them. Ryan is really funny, darling, and very good. Betsy and Craig are wonderful with him. He explores, and they let him do things himself. Played outside with Ryan and then inside with him, taking a lot of pictures. I was lying on the floor, and he came up and nestled in my armpit (like Bill!). Really darling. Touched my heart. So glad they had him, but still glad I'm not a mother. Just don't have the energy and desire for that. And when they cry or are sick, it would kill me.

July 2, 1998

Went to Kunzle's office on a whim that he might be there. I had the excuse of asking him for my final back. Startled that he was there, in the midst of a computer crisis. He said that he would be very glad otherwise to visit with me but, in addition to that, (which he figured out right away and attributed to my presence!) he had to go to another appointment. He asked if I were also walking out, so we walked across campus together. Very nice, friendly, and relaxed but also quite exciting charge between us. I told him about the class I'm taking and my plans for the upcoming year, to which he said that he hoped I would be taking class with him again. Told him I intend to! Told him that I enjoyed his book and, when we were parting, that I was glad to see him. Delighted when he reached for me and kissed me on my cheek! Made my day and preoccupied my thoughts for the rest of the day! Frank mentioned that he wants to try out his Viagra this weekend. I'm sure he's anxious about whether or not it will work for him. I feel nervous about, after all this time, reintroducing sex into our marriage.

July 3, 1998

Mom told me that she and Daddy don't feel good about my procrastinating getting a job by continuing on into Museum Studies and asked about how much longer I would be in school. I said that I certainly didn't expect them to continue subsidizing my education, even though Frank and I were hopeful that they would because it will be difficult for us to afford it. When she started telling me how she thinks that it's important to get a job to put on your resume, I reminded her that I talked about that very issue on the tape she just got from me—how that was one of the things I learned at the AAM convention. Getting an internship at a museum is a good way of getting hired after the internship. Irritated me that she was giving me advice about things which I had told her. Daddy, of course, maintained that museums aren't going to pay if they can get you to work for free. She was surprised when I told her that I had had interviews for jobs and said that maybe I should try small museums—again, something I told her about on the tape!

Then she wanted to know if I couldn't get a job with just the LIS degree, and I said yes, that others in my class had gotten jobs already. Really upsetting. It's as if I'm applying for a grant from them, and I've not mentioned money. I've been talking about my intentions for the past six months. I guess they didn't think I would go ahead without their permission! To make matters worse, Frank got mad at me for being upset. He hates it when I'm upset and assumes I'm upset with him and then gets angry with me. So unhelpful! Tried to just stay out of his way. He was brusque with me until I fell apart and pointed out that he was turning his anger at Mom and Dad to me. Had a good cry, and then Frank was tender to me. Rubbed my back, and we watched TV together. Felt like all the stuffing had been knocked out of me.

July 4, 1998

Frank took Viagra, and we waited about an hour to see if it would work. Made love, and although the expectations for what the drug would do were not realistic, our lovemaking was very fulfilling for both of us. I needed that. Feel so vulnerable, especially because of feeling attracted to Kunzle and appreciating what I interpret to be his appreciation of me. Really need to feel sexually appreciated and possessed by Frank. It brought us closer emotionally. So nice. Stayed in bed together and felt that afterglow. Brought Bill in with us to spend some "quality time" with him. Listened to baseball game and did odds and ends around the apartment. Talked about how to handle Mom and Dad. Frank wants me to write them a letter letting them know how damaging it is for them to advise me to take any job and not supporting my desire to achieve more in my education in an attempt to find a career which will give me satisfaction. He thinks I should say, if they were subsidizing my education with the expectation that I would find immediate employment, that we will repay the loan as early as we are able.

July 19, 1998

Plunged right into taping Mom and Dad, beginning the tape with a very firm response to their advice. Know they will be hurt, surprised, and displeased. Would have been so much easier to let it pass, but Frank and I both felt I had to tell them not to give me advice. Said that the only good reasons for giving advice is if I am in danger, if I ask for it, if I ask them to support me, or if I make a deal with them that, if they give me money to do my master's, I will then get a job as soon as possible after graduation. Said that, if I had taken their advice, I would still be in Rochester, married to John. Said that my main responsibility in life is to live a good life and that, if I don't do everything I can to live a good life, then I would be shirking responsibility. This is the only life I have, and what I expect from them is emotional support but not advice. Told them that I don't want to discuss it after this tape and then went on to fill them in on our lives. Responded to Mom's statement that I have always been supported by either John or Frank, discounting not

only my contribution to the marriages, but also the six years I supported myself before I got married. Responded to her saying that I had “missed my calling” as an academician. She’s always pushed me to teaching, and I’ve never wanted to teach. So glad to get that done. Frank gave me moral support for having done it. That helped.

July 22, 1998

Gwyneth called to tell me her father died in the night/morning Monday. His closest friend, Wayne Booth, called him Monday to check about him in this heat wave and to insist that he spend the night at their place or else go with Wayne to buy an air conditioner. Leigh went over to Wayne’s and was found unconscious the next morning, having suffered a massive stroke. Poor Gwyneth! So glad that he was at Wayne’s and had an evening with his friend before he died. Wayne said he held Leigh and told him he was loved. Told Gwyneth that, in a P.O.V. documentary, the hospice social worker spoke about the death of his wife. When the heart monitor went flatline, he kissed her, and the monitor showed life. I hope that Leigh’s spirit heard Wayne’s words. Talked with Gwyneth about her relationship with her father, which has been difficult since he’s been so sick, depressed, and isolating himself. She regrets that she wasn’t more indulgent of him. I comforted her, saying that she was acting out of love in the attempt to move her father to have more happiness in his life. Said I thought he would have understood her motivations.

August 1, 1998

Frank rubbed my back, which really felt great. I was so grateful to him, and he said that he was happy to rub it because it was “his little back.” Thought about how it is true that I am his. Puts my crush on Kunzle in perspective. Nice for fantasizing, but I am Frank’s, and he is mine. Would hate to violate that trust or have Frank violate it.

August 2, 1998

Frank exploded at me when he told me that he asked for extra plastic bags at the grocery store, and I pointed out that we have clean, new plastic bags. He thought I was criticizing him, and he wouldn’t let it drop, although I pleaded with him to stop and apologized. It ruined the evening, if the Hollywood Bowl itself hadn’t been disastrous on its own. I was struggling not to cry the entire evening because I felt so wounded by his harshness. The crowd was the worst ever, and the concert itself was presented to the lowest denominator with Bryn Terfel inviting the crowd to sing, whistle, and clap. Awful. Pure torture. Did not want to be there. Back hurt, so I was grateful when Frank offered to rub it. I still felt very distant and careful of letting down my guard with him. Terrible evening. Glad to escape to bed.



August 5, 1998

Listened to the tape from Mom. She said that she was wrong, giving advice, that she should have just said that they weren't giving money and left it at that. She appreciated that I dealt with it candidly and openly instead of not saying anything and letting it fester. In response to the "missed my calling as an academic" and my saying that she always maintained that I should be a teacher, she didn't intend that at all—she meant I would be a good researcher. (Doesn't matter either way, because she doesn't know me well enough to be my career counsellor.) She also said that there were no strings attached to their paying for my master's. She believes gifts must be freely given. But in actuality, there are always strings attached. She said that I should follow my desire for whatever I want to do. Appreciated her taking responsibility for having acted out of line. Major victory (which Frank agreed about.)

August 12, 1998

Frank had another meeting with the conservator at the Getty to see the Sarah Siddons portraits by Joshua Reynolds and another painter in his studio. That was really fascinating. Real VIP treatment with parking at the "top of the hill." Mark Leonard showed us around the conservator's area and the paintings he's now working on. Really impressive. He was very nice. What an incredible place to work that would be! When Frank was finished taking notes on the paintings, we went to see the illuminated manuscripts exhibition and the drawings installation. Brief but good visit. Gwyneth had great news: Roger Corman told her that she's his best director and that she's going to be a really big director. He doubled her salary and gave her a new next project to do: a film in India in January. So glad for her.

August 23, 1998

Both of us are feeling relaxed because of not running to performance after performance at the Edinburgh pace. Miraculously were able to get a cab to take us to the Globe Theatre. Otherwise, I would have been soaked. Not easy to get to. Was not hopeful about the Globe experience because of being outdoors in uncomfortable seats, etc. Amazed that "groundlings" area was filled with people who were willing to stand in the rain, heavy at times, to see *As You Like It*. It was a very fine production with consistently truthful, solid performances. What a nice surprise. We had to leave at intermission, but both of us were determined to see the rest of the play another day. Ordered a cab to pick us up and take us to Albert Hall for Proms production of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with Ian Bostridge(!), Andreas Scholl and Philippe Herreweghe conducting. That was great. Especially wonderful to hear Bostridge again. He is simply perfect!

August 24, 1998

Left about 6:30, walking through St. James Park towards Covent Garden, taking advantage of the good weather. Beautiful park. Found my way to Donmar Warehouse and managed to get return ticket for a sold-out house of Barbara Cook. Lucky! Great show. Not a cabaret, so no drinking or smoking—just people who wanted to hear her. Many people who were hardcore fans like me. Cried as soon as she started to sing. She's so wonderful, and I, listening to her, poured my love back to her. Two act show—a lot of singing. Very generous of her. Response at the curtain call was overwhelming, and she seemed overcome. So special. Wished Frank had been there.

August 28, 1998

Went to the Tate and bought the audio tour for the entire gallery, although I only had time to do half of the Turner collection, including the special exhibition of his watercolors by moonlight. Loved spending hours among his works and learning more about him. Felt sorry that I had tickets for the Globe. Byrne-Jones gallery was only open from 2-5, so it was hard to work it in. Only had a half hour before it closed, but the show was insubstantial, and that gave us plenty of time. Grounds were beautiful, however, and we saw two lovely cats—the first we've seen. The weather was so lovely that we were glad we made the effort. Tube to the Barbican after stopping for latte. Not much time before the performance of *Hamlet* in Japanese by the Ninagawa Company. Brilliant theatre. Direction and design were exceptional as were the performances. A major theatrical event which we were thrilled to be at. Lucky us!

August 29, 1998

Took cab from Birmingham station to the concert hall to see about tickets which were sold out 24 hours after they went on sale. Were told that returns would be sold beginning at 5:30, so we planned to arrive about 4:00 to queue. In the meantime, we went to the Art Gallery which is located on the same very large, new plaza, stopping for flavored café latte on the way. Lots of families with children at the gallery, but earplugs helped a lot. Went through the Pre-Raphaelites first—extensive collection. European permanent collection was closed for some reason, but when Frank told the guard how far we'd come, he unlocked the galleries and let us in to see them alone and unguarded. That was a real treat. Some very nice paintings. Quite a large collection. Saw exhibition of *William Blake and His Circle*. Didn't care for that as much. At about 3:00 I went back just to check at Symphony Hall to see if the queue had started. There was one man in line. They began releasing them just after I arrived, so we got our two! Such luck! Meant that we were free to go to see the Barber Institute of Fine Arts at Birmingham

University. That was another wonderful collection which was a must see. Had just barely enough time to see it before it closed at 5:00. Rushed back to Symphony Hall for the climax of the day: Simon Rattle's farewell performance of Mahler's 2<sup>nd</sup>. Gorgeous hall, and we had terrific seats in front row of the balcony. *Resurrection Symphony* was spectacular. Another sublime experience. Great day.

August 30, 1998

Went to Kew Gardens. Another gorgeous day. We've been so lucky! Was afraid that, with bank holiday tomorrow, it would be very crowded. Although there were a lot of people there, it wasn't bad. The buildings were crowded, but I was more interested in walking anyway. Kew Palace was still closed for renovation, but Queen Charlotte's Cottage was opened this time and filled with Hogarth prints. Took a lovely walk along the Thames--about two miles. So glad to be there again! At the British Museum I saw wonderful Turner Watercolors from the R.W. Lloyd bequest. Gorgeous. Had time for mocha before going to a concert of Mendelssohn, Liszt and Gershwin played by Sebastian Stear at St. George's. That also was fine. Decided, with my remaining time, I would say good-bye to London by walking from Bloomsbury to the Royal Albert Hall in another attempt to fix in my brain London's elusive (for me) geography. Long walk, but the weather was so nice I was glad to take advantage of it. By the time I got to the concert, I was glad to be off my feet. Heard Elgar's *The Apostles*. Had missed being with Frank all day and was glad to share one last excellent performance with him. Sad to leave but really miss Bill!

September 7, 1998

Game began at 11:00, and in the first at bat, McGuire hit #61. So exciting! Real rush to see him do it. So glad to be able to share the moment with Frank. We'll never forget this weekend! Showered and dressed to go out for dinner with Julie Jenson, our "benefactress" here. Most nice restaurants were closed today, so Julie suggested the Stratosphere, the tall needle on the Strip. Had always thought Julie was a little crazy, judging by her messages, which are always very long and weird. I was glad to discover that, like Frank, I like her. She's actually rather reserved and quite impressive. The restaurant revolves slowly, so we got incredible views of Las Vegas and beyond with all the lights and lightning flashes. Frank treated Julie, who is wanting to arrange for a part-time position here for Frank. That could be very nice.

September 8, 1998

Back to the apartment and made love. That was wonderful! Frank took two Viagras, but I think I've gotten too tight for his size. Doesn't matter one bit

to me. Our love-making is completely satisfying physically and emotionally to us both. Think that, as Frank becomes certain and secure of how very adequate he is in satisfying me, he may feel less reluctant to accept this phase of our love making lives together. He wants very much for me to get nude pictures taken and would like for the photographer and another woman to be in pictures with me in sexual situations. Very exciting idea, depending upon who the photographer is!

October 1, 1998

Listened to *Anything Goes* tape on the way to UCLA to see if there is anything which I should digitize. But the tape quality is poor. My young talent [high school, senior year] and freedom really moved me. Sad that it didn't get full expression through my adulthood. Loss hurt my heart.

October 5, 1998

Mom talked about how it is better really that she visited without Daddy. Think this was in response to my observation that Daddy told me he wasn't coming because he had a lot of work to catch up on at home, yet he didn't fly to Kauai till today! She asked if I would visit them there, and that if I did, Daddy would buy the ticket. Told her no, that Frank and I never have time for vacations that aren't connected with work, and we prefer cities to places which are so rural. Mom said that the best way for us to visit is in house exchanges like the one in San Diego. Fine. Glad she understands and accepts the situation.

October 15, 1998

Frank was waiting at the airport. So glad to see him. I feel so lucky to be married to the person I want to be with! My best friend. Stopped at Kinko's so Frank could make a copy of a cartoon to include in his opening night card to the company. [University of Las Vegas, *Summer People*]. Went to the theatre. The set is beautiful and the lighting is also great. Overhanging branches like we had in *Wood Demon*. The stage floor has stenciled leaves. Gorgeous. Wonderful show. Love the play so much. Great to see so many actors in a production. Impressive performances, including a couple of perfect performances. Great staging and direction. Cried several times and laughed a lot. So proud of Frank. Praised him afterwards. Nice to be alone together, talking about moments in show. Another victory for Frank.

October 18, 1998

Frank told me that he fell in love with me all over again as he was watching me watch the fireworks over Las Vegas as we drove out of town towards LA.

October 29, 1998

Frank is feeling exhausted, over-extended, and panicky about work he has to do--the play for the Getty at the top of the list. Makes me feel guilty for not having a job and costing us so much money for schooling when I don't know where it will lead me or if I'll be happy there.

November 9, 1998

Frank received a beautiful, big basket from Lauren (in the cast of *Summer People*) filled with teas, chocolate, cookies, and a book of little letters to Frank written by cast members. Touching and lovely of them. So clear that this is the work Frank should be doing. They love him so much, and their lives have been enriched by working with him. This expression of their admiration and devotion is greatly appreciated by him. Glad for him to hear from others how good he is. He finally started writing the play about Sarah Siddons for the Getty. Wonder if his call from Stanley, telling him he will be in Peter Hall's Shakespeare workshop and the basket from Lauren helped to get him going.

November 11, 1998

Visited with Frank who had another very productive night writing. He's loving it! Frank read me what he wrote, and it's very good. Textured, funny, and filled with truthful insights into the time, Reynolds, and Siddons. Proud of him and glad that it's a happy experience for him.

November 15, 1998

Left for party at Cynthia Mace's for the dress designer, Janice McCartney, the woman who designed the dress, suspender pants, and jacket Frank and I bought in her shop in Pasadena. Thought that was the reason I was invited, but it wasn't. Just a coincidence that I'm already a fan of Janice McCartney's. This is the first time Cynthia has had people over to her beautiful house for a year and a half, since her lover, Michael, left her for another woman. I felt very flattered to be included. Like her. Surprised when she said that she didn't really enjoy her parties in the past-- she would hide out. She seems so extroverted, confident, witty, and smart. She is more complex than I thought. Still felt vulnerable, and it was difficult to talk about my working toward a different career. Bought two dresses! Frank encouraged me to, but I felt guilty about spending money we don't have, especially after Frank just had a talk with his parents about how hard he works. Wonder if they question why I don't have a job. I'm so lucky that Frank allows me to live this life of mine, married to the man I'm crazy about, who loves me and supports me in pursuit of a new career, whatever it may turn out to be.



November 18, 1998

Frank told me that he talked to Lillian last night. Her play, *Medons* is in the New Works Festival. We read it last summer, the leading roles having been “written for us.” It's been cast, and we won't be in it. Suspected that and was dreading having my suspicions confirmed. She claims that she wasn't in control of casting, but I feel betrayed by her treachery. I feel so angry, disappointed, and hurt. This is a serious breach. I will not go to see her play, and I won't speak to her. Really upset.

November 20, 1998

Frank called to say that Lillian corralled him and told him that she “should have fought for us.” It's just bullshit. She's trying to smooth things over so as not to incur his wrath. Frank believes that he must make her believe that he doesn't hold a grudge so she will still be inclined to recommend him when she can for work. Just upset me all over again.

November 29, 1998

After having had insomnia for days, he finally took a sleeping pill last night and slept nearly ten hours. He's very anxious because of all the deadlines he has. Talked with him about my concern about his never-ending anxiety and about mine concerning our dismal financial condition and how I feel pressure to save us when I finish school. What happens if I'm then in the position of working, with no time for myself, and working at something which isn't as fulfilling for me as his work is for him? He was defensive, of course, at first denying that he complains about his work, and then maintaining that he has the right to be anxious, even if he does find his work fulfilling. I agree! He said that he doesn't want me to feel pressured about what I'm doing, nor that I have to find my career in this field, whatever “this” is, when I finish school. Didn't feel much comforted, but I'm emotional because of PMS probably.

December 9, 1998

Frank heard the terrible news that his mother had a cerebral hemorrhage. Massive and in the back of the brain, which is devastating. She lost consciousness before she was taken to the hospital, and they don't have much hope that she'll make it through the night. Frank was composed, but I was a mess. Army, Joe, and Jim are with her at the hospital, holding her hand and talking to her. Betsy, Mary Ann, and Frank will all be there by tomorrow morning. He loves her more than anything. So sorry he's losing her, and yet, as he said, she nearly died eight years ago, and they've had her these extra years. Helped him pack. Took him to the airport to catch

the 1:30 plane. Sorry not to be going with him, because I know I would be a help for him.

December 10, 1998

Frank called to say that Betty Lou died before any of them got there. He wants me to come for the funeral. He went to the funeral home, and because his sisters wanted to see her, he went in too. They hugged her, and although he didn't want to, he did too. So sorry for him. Sunday will be the visitation, and Monday the funeral.

December 11, 1998

Frank said Army told everyone that he was going to be giving each child \$98,000 in January. Unbelievable! Tax-free. He's been working this out with Susie for quite a while, and our share will be somewhat less because of what he's given us. I'm glad for Frank because I know this will ease the pressure on him. Such a wonderful gift. Frank said Army and all the children (except Frank) were crying. So grateful.

December 12, 1998

Frank and Mary Ann were at the airport to pick me up. Frank looked shattered. It's not only losing his mother, but it's also the stress of dealing with how the others grieve. Like Mary Ann crying all the time, and Susie talking about seeing her hair in the brush and her little shoes, etc. Plus, just all the people who are drinking and obnoxious. (Paula, Jim, and even Betsy). Betty Lou was cremated yesterday. Stayed up with Joe till 2:00 talking, laughing, and remembering Betty Lou. He's such a lovely man.

December 13, 1998

Matthew arrived today looking very grown-up. Whole day we sat around talking. Paula and Jim are much better when they're not drinking, but they still wear me out. Went to the funeral home from 6 to 8 for the visitation. That was exhausting. Stood and shook hands as Frank introduced me to a steady stream of people coming through. Susie put together a collage of pictures of Betty Lou. There was a large family portrait and many beautiful, large bouquets surrounding a pretty rose porcelain urn with her ashes. I was composed until I saw Casey, Brett, the twins, and Matthew weeping. Consoled Casey who is dear to me. The twins were finally taken back to Jim's. I was fine except so tired of standing. Frank was amazing, consoling Betty Lou's friends and making people laugh. Couldn't believe how wonderful he was. So glad when we were able to leave. Then the requisite

time at Jim's with them drinking. Hard to take. Glad when Army was ready to go home, and Frank felt we could go.

December 14, 1998

Followed, in two cars, to the church for the funeral. Interesting how this ritual is so orchestrated. People know the protocol--the way things are supposed to be done. I sat behind Frank with Jim, Brett, and Casey to my side. Monsignor talked about playing poker with Betty Lou and losing. It was a regular mass, and Army asked all the children to take communion, even though they shouldn't have, because they hadn't gone to confession. Odd seeing Frank with the wafer in his hands. I lost it when the grandkids brought roses to the front. At the end of the service Susie spoke—how, I don't know—about Betty Lou and what she meant to each person. Very specific, funny, and deeply touching. Then Jimmy was supposed to read the little piece he had written. But he couldn't. Brett and Casey both did, with Brett reading for Andrew and Emily. Emily talked about the food Betty Lou would fix her, and how she sometimes stayed in her nightgown all day, and at night, when she took it off, she had another one underneath it. The laughter through tears was wonderful. Betsy, in front of me, was sobbing, and Andrew, who was passed up to comfort her, patted her shoulder. Heartbreaking. Susie read the poem, *A Completion*, which Frank wrote for Betty Lou about her and her dad. The monsignor called Jimmy back and said he would read Jimmy's for him. Kind of him. Went back to Jim's. Lots of people there, and lots of food set out. Betty Lou's best friend, Georgia, was there and told me how much Betty Lou loved me, and how happy she was that Frank and I have each other. So good to hear. Things settled down somewhat after people left. Susie, Mary Ann, and Betsy gave me a little gold bracelet with three diamond hearts which they had given to Betty Lou. Appreciated that. Touching. Then we went to Army's place, which is beautiful. Not at all like an "old folk's home". Elegant, large, with Betty Lou touches all over. He showed me around, and I had a chance to thank him for taking care of us. Went in Betty Lou's closet and could smell her and see her clothes. Haunting.

A Completion: for Mother on Her Birthday

(for her father, d. February 1, 1938;  
from her son, b. February 1, 1945)

Do you remember when you were a little girl  
out with your dad, Joe Crisp, that great big man  
who was so much fun, and so strong? He had on his cap  
and his running shoes and a sweater that Hazel gave him.  
He carried a football; you walked side by side on the leaves.  
Then he said: "OK, kid, go on out. I'll throw you a pass,"  
and you went running off like mad on your short little legs  
as fast as you could, and kept turning and looking back;  
but there he stood beside the oak tree, waving  
"Go on! go on!" the football in his hands,  
and you ran on, faster and faster, looking back,  
till your teeth hurt with the cold, you couldn't breathe,  
and you couldn't run any more, and you looked back, running,  
and he wasn't there. When you went back, he wasn't there.  
You've been looking over your shoulder all your life.  
Run out again, kid. He sent me to throw you this.

A Eulogy for Mom  
By her son Frank

Welcome. I'm glad to see you all here, to share with us in remembering and celebrating this unique, wonderful woman, Betty Lou Crisp Dwyer.

I've been thinking about this moment, and dreading it, for thirty years, wondering what I would say, or if I'd even be able to say anything, wondering how I'd get through it. I'm amazed at my actual reaction—I may be in complete denial, I suppose—but I keep finding myself being happy, exhilarated, as I remember her energy, and her humor, and her kindness, and her joy—joy in everything, in all the details, large and small, of everyday life. Remembering how much fun she was. I can't help feeling she really is still alive, inside me, and in all her children, and in all those who knew and loved her, and who live richer, happier lives because of her.

In fact, I couldn't help feeling sorry for Joe DiMaggio the other day. According to his doctors, he's just had another miraculous recovery. I thought he was going to die the same day as Mom, and get to sit on a bench somewhere in a great big waiting room, next to her, and have the best time he ever had with a woman. Instead, she's sitting there with Archie Moore, and Lawton Chiles, and Mo Udall, and they're laughing so hard they've all got their heads thrown back. They had no idea death would be so much fun.

I think I may be the son Monsignor O'Brien was referring to in his lovely eulogy, the son who said Mom was the best mother ever. I'd like to tell two quick stories to show why I think that's true. Before I do, though, I'd like to take a moment to mention somebody else. Speaking for all the children, I'd like to thank my father, Dr. Frank X. "Army" Dwyer, for taking such good

care of our best pal, nearly all her life, and providing so well for her, and giving her such a wonderful life in this beautiful city. Thank you, Dad.

The first story I want to tell is about a poem I once read to Mom, when I was back home on a long visit. It was by the British poet A.E. Housman. I don't remember the whole thing, but I remember these lines:

Up, lad, up, 'tis late for lying.  
Breath's a ware that will not keep.  
Up, lad, when the journey's over,  
There'll be time enough to sleep.

When she heard those lines, she insisted that I write them out for her, and she kept the paper in the wallet in her purse. She belonged to a bowling league which met and played very early in the morning, and she told me the poem was a big help: the minute she woke up on bowling mornings she used to say it out loud, then throw off the covers and jump out of bed. Housman's poem only provided words for what she already knew and practiced, of course. She always lived her life with enormous energy and delight, as if she didn't want to waste much time sleeping. She's sleeping now.

The second story is from my childhood. We lived in a house in Prairie Village, and I shared an upstairs room with my brother Joe. The family moved from that house when I was 7, so at the time of the story, I was probably only 6 or 7 years old, and Joe was 3 or 4. Anyway, I remember one particular night, after we were put to bed, when I started breathing in long, regular, audible breaths, pretending to be asleep. I was trying to get Joe to sleep. I remember he called over to me several times—"Frank...Frank..."—but I kept pretending. Finally, I heard his breathing synchronize with mine. I thought he was asleep, but I forced myself to wait a minute to make sure. Then I slipped out of bed, sneaked down the stairs, and started to turn the corner into the living room, where I knew Mom would be sitting on the couch in front of the television, getting ready to watch an old movie. To my amazement, my father, who always went to bed early, was still up. He was standing beside the couch, in his boxer shorts, watching the end of the weather report. When he went to bed, he would pass right by me.

I took a quick left into the kitchen and tiptoed toward the dining room. The dining room and the living room were really just one large room, partially divided by the couch. It was a brown couch, I think—I feel that if we could remember every tiny detail, we could somehow bring her back—the TV was a little Philco with tooth marks where Mary Ann had been teething. Knowing that I was still too exposed in the kitchen, I sneaked recklessly toward them, through the dining room, and made it safely without being discovered, ducking down behind that couch. Pretty soon, the weather report ended and Dad said, "Goodnight," or "Close it up, now" or whatever, and left the room. I didn't move. I waited until he finished brushing his teeth, went into their room, and closed the door. I knew he wasn't coming back, so I popped out at the side of the couch. As soon as she saw me, her face lit up. "Oh, goody!" she said.



This is a very unconventional reaction. Remember, I was a 7-year-old boy expected to show up on time the next morning at St. Ann's School; but she was glad to see me. I climbed up on the couch beside her and we watched the movie together. I wasn't always on time for school, but I watched a lot of wonderful old movies with my mom.

I think there are two important lessons to be learned from these stories. The first is that we should remember to live life fully—really enjoy it, everyday—and be happy. It's hard to remember a time when she wasn't happy. She might get irritated or mad—but she'd always be laughing again in a minute. So if you don't keep yourself busy and happy, you aren't living according to the gospel of Betty Lou.

And the second lesson is that we should love each other. She was the kindest person I ever knew. She had a tremendous amount of sympathy and affection for everyone, those she'd known forever or those she'd just met. Many people at the Visitation last night told me. "She was my best friend," and I wanted to say, "No, she wasn't, she was my best friend"; but she was everybody's best friend. I don't mean she was a softie or pushover, sentimental or indiscriminating, but everyone here knows the kind of generous, open-hearted tenderness and respect she had for all. You know that the minute she saw you, her eyes lit up. You could hear her saying "Oh, goodie!" in her heart. So we should all remember to look at each other and say "Oh, goodie!"

Thank you.

[Matthew came up to him afterwards and said that would change his life. He was going to say "Oh Goody!" That was repeated to Frank over and over again through the day.]

December 15, 1998

Met Army, Betsy, Susie, Mary Ann, and Matthew. We were all leaving from different terminals. It was a repeat of the comedy last night with everyone talking at once with conflicting ideas of how to direct the operations of getting everyone to their various places. Laughed and laughed. Said good-bye to each person about three separate times. Insanity!

December 24, 1998

Frank bought me a Christmas present, even though we promised not to exchange gifts. It's an aromatherapy wrap which can be either warmed in the microwave or frozen in the freezer and then applied to the body. Heavenly. After I used the wrap over and over again, Bill discovered it. Frank flipped one end of it over him, so he was wrapped in it with his head pillowed on it. He was completely blissed out, and fell asleep in the middle of the room. We were amazed at how vulnerable he was. Happy to share my gift with him. Watched Disney cartoons, which was delightful, and felt very happy as a family. Frank said he feels good at night, with the darkness,

but when he wakes in the morning, he feels anxious about Betty Lou being gone. He prays to her and tells her “I’m coming, but first, I’m going to live today and do interesting things so that I can tell you about them when I come.” He doesn’t believe in God, but he does think that it’s very possible that the spirit continues in some way.

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Dear friends,

Christmas will never be the same. Frank's mother, Betty Lou, died very suddenly on December 10. She had a massive cerebral hemorrhage and was unconscious by the time the ambulance arrived. Army and Frank's two Kansas City brothers were with her all night, holding her hand and talking to her, but before Frank and the rest of her children arrived the next morning, she was gone. Betty Lou was an original. She was Frank's best friend, and I've never known a mother who was better loved by her children than she was. The funeral, at which Frank's sister, Susie, spoke, along with the grandchildren and Frank, was an extraordinary event—a rich mixture of grief and laughter. We were repeatedly told by those who were there that it was "the best funeral they had ever attended". Christmas Day would have been Army and Betty Lou's anniversary. I feel enormously grateful to have known her. Life and loved ones seem more precious than ever. In his eulogy Frank recalled when he was little. He sneaked out of bed, and after seeing his father go off to bed, leaving Betty Lou sitting up to watch an old movie, Frank joined her. Instead of telling him to get back to bed because it was a school night, she greeted him with an enthusiastic "Oh Goody!" That's how she received everyone and every situation. It's such an example for those of us who knew her to incorporate into the way we encounter others and in the way we enter the New Year.

Although the year ends in sadness, we had some unforgettable times. Again we were able to spend weeks in January in London and in August in Edinburgh with Taper groups. We're looking forward to the next excursion in a few weeks, even though Frank is panicking because of his obligations. He's received a commission to write a play for the Getty Center about Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of "Mrs. Siddons as The Tragic Muse". This portrait will be the central painting in an upcoming exhibit at the Getty, and Frank's play will be presented there in conjunction with that exhibit next summer. He's got a brilliant start on it, including historical and fictitious characters from the 18th century, based upon masses of research, but the first draft will be due shortly after we return from London. Hence his anxiety.

Frank is much happier now that he is "Associate Artist" at the Taper and no longer Literary Manger, that job being a Black Hole of drudgery which consumed his energy. This position allows him more freedom to pursue directing work elsewhere. He spent two months this fall at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas where he directed his co-translation of Gorky's "The Summer People" and taught a class in translating to graduate students. A friend of his on the faculty is seeking to make her position a shared one with Frank so that she will have more time to write. If all works according to plan, he will be doing split weeks between there and here, beginning next fall. He really enjoyed teaching and directing the students, and we were both surprised that we didn't hate Las Vegas. As long as we're not actually living there, and as long as Frank and I are able to be together a few days every week, it's an attractive proposition.

Meanwhile, having completed my masters degree in Library and Information Science at UCLA in June, I am beginning work on another masters degree in Museum Studies. Frank is enthusiastic about my continuing in this vein, at least until he gets totally frustrated with his work at the Taper, and I am glad to continue my studies and thrilled to return to the arts where I am most comfortable. What a relief after the weight of technology-based courses to take art history courses with such knowledgeable scholars as those in the Art History department at UCLA! I believe that the combination of Library and Information Science and Museum Studies will prove to be a useful one.

Museum Studies is a new program at UCLA, with the first class beginning in fall '99. Until then, I'm working on the Art History prerequisite courses and the two foreign language requirements, the test for which involves translating 700 words (3 pages) of period text, for example Renaissance art history documents, etc. This is a daunting prospect which will mean,

not only significant work on my German, but virtually starting from scratch with French since the 2 years of high school French have been long since forgotten. I'm also looking for part-time work in a museum or a special collection. (Don't tell Bill, who is blissed out with my more relaxed schedule in the past months.)

In January we went to York and stayed overnight at a B&B so that we could go on to Durham the following day and see the cathedral there. Beautiful! And we went to Windsor, which exceeded any childhood imagining of what a castle would be like. There was some very good theatre, including Stoppard's "Invention of Love" which I found thrilling, and another magnificent production by the Young Vic of "More Grimm Tales" which we saw with an audience of school children. And there was an unforgettable performance of an R.C. Sheriff standard, "Journey's End", as well as a surprisingly touching and affecting "Peter Pan", performed on the Olivier stage at the National with a really fine performance by Ian McKellen. We were able to wallow in the wonder of Ian Bostridge in "The Magic Flute" again. And in Edinburgh we had the pleasure of seeing him again in recital. He's brilliant! A concert of Tallis by a group called The Sixteen was heaven. The best thing at a museum was a show about Mary Shelley and Mary Wolstonecraft, her mother, called "Hyenas in Petticoats."

I'm in love with Scotland and was thrilled to go back again this year in August. The Edinburgh Festival offered two great one-man-shows: an adaptation of "Three Men in a Boat" by Jerome K. Jerome, performed by Rodney Bewes which had me weeping with laughter and "A Soldier's Song" performed by Guy Masterson. There was a terrific performance of "Mr. Puntilla and His Man Matti" and an excellent acapella women's ensemble, Canty, who sang songs of Hildegard of Bingen. We spent some time in London then too and saw Bostridge yet again singing the Narrator in Bach's St. Matthew Passion at the Proms. I was thrilled to see Barbara Cook performing a two act show at Donmar Warehouse followed the next day with her conducting an unforgettable master class. I had the opportunity to see in person paintings which I had studied in my 17th century Dutch art class at the National Gallery, and I spent hours with Turner at the Tate. We were seduced by Caneletto in the exhibition, "Venice Through Caneletto's Eyes," and delighted with the small but splendid show at the Queen's Gallery of "The Quest for Albion". We loved "Art" by Yasmina Reza very much last year, so it was a special pleasure to see her play, "The Unexpected Guest," with the great actors Michael Gambon and Eileen Atkins. It's really impossible, I think, to comprehend what theatre can achieve until one visits the reconstructed Globe Theatre where people stand in the pouring rain in order to experience Shakespeare as audiences did centuries ago. There was, by contrast, a completely comprehensible and excellent Japanese Hamlet by the Ninegawa Company which was proof that Shakespeare is timeless and transcends language and borders. We finally made it to Buckingham Palace, but nearly as impressive was Syon House, which we saw after walking along the tow path by the Thames from Richmond and visiting Marble House. And to surpass all expectations was the day we spent in Birmingham. It was Simon Rattle's farewell performance which had sold out within hours. But Frank is indefatigable. He figured that we would at least have a chance to see the Art Gallery and the Barber Institute of Fine Arts, and if we were lucky, we might be able to purchase return tickets. Everything worked out, including access to the European Gallery, which was closed to everyone else but opened to us alone when Frank explained to a sympathetic guard that we had come all the way from LA! (Forgive me all these superlatives, but it is impossible for me to remember these times without describing them in the way I perceived them at the time.)

Frank and I feel blessed even now at this tender time. We are much the same-- exceedingly happy in our life with each other, enriched by the little rambunctious, "fur person", Bill. My apologies for this rambling Christmas epistle which must substitute for more timely accounts of our life. We hope that your holiday is full of comfort and good cheer.

Love  
May



### New Year's Resolutions:

1. To keep weight at or below 125.
2. To exercise at home & gym daily.
3. To meditate more deeply.
4. To be more loving & generous of myself to Sam.
5. To listen to more music with him.
6. To develop better relationship with Mom & Dad.
7. To be more generous of myself with other people.
8. To be more patient.
9. To play piano & sing more.
10. To get masters &, if we decide it's best, to finish a masters in Museum & Curatorial Studies.
11. To practice the presence of God in each moment.
12. To write more disclosingly in journal.
13. To give more time to Sam & Bill.
14. To drive more carefully & less aggressively.
15. To act in one Equity production.
16. To do one feature film.
17. To do more creative writing.
18. To learn HTML.
19. To have faith in our financial security & prospects now & in future.
20. To pay off our debts.
21. To share wholeheartedly in Sam's successes, making them as my own.
22. To be happy in my life's work, whatever it may be.



January 8, 1999

Frank was incredibly stressed because of all the things he has to do before leaving for London. Feel unable to help him, and he seems incapable of simplifying his life in any way which would relieve stress. Patrick is very depressed and feels unhappy with Sandra, whom he says is “clingy.” Frank says he understands Patrick and told him that he thinks that women are, by nature, nesters. Sometimes he feels overloaded and doesn’t want to rub my back, etc. When he told me that, it made me sad. I never ask him to rub my back because I don’t want to burden him, but now, like tonight, I feel I can’t even accept the offer.

January 17, 1999

I was preoccupied by a disturbing chat with Frank about having affairs outside of marriage. He was trying to make the case that it could be something that marriage could encompass, making the man more of a man. I said that I could certainly understand the appeal for the person having the affair, but not for the spouse left out. I couldn’t tolerate it. Thought that I should offer to be the one to have the affair, and he could see if he could tolerate it.

February 14, 1999

Frank left a Valentine’s Day card for me. It was a card of Tissot’s painting, *The Letter*, a scene of a 19<sup>th</sup> century woman in an autumn garden. In her hand she has a letter.

I was weeping when I read it. So wonderful. I think it’s the nicest thing I’ve ever received. So grateful to have this expression of his love. How lucky we are!

Love changes everything - so much that nothing seems changed, everything seems normal, the world the same world as it was before love came to change it.

How would I see without seeing through the prism of my love? This card, for example. What would I see, what would I think about, if I didn't think - Oh, wouldn't it be fun to be there with her? Leaves on the ground - wouldn't it be wonderful to be with her someplace in a real Fall? The woman's dress - handsome, she'd wear that very well, we'd shop for it, she'd be reluctant, then excited, then she'd have it - and every time she wore it, I'd say, where did we get that, and she'd say

"From the card!" But it's not really for today - what if she wore it in a movie, a period movie - Oh, she'd be so good - she's so beautiful, and her acting is so deep and true. I'd see her more, this card. . . What's in her letter? What is she reading? I know - there aren't very many opportunities to read something from someone who has been so changed by love he doesn't even want to be out of your sight while you go down the hall to the laundry. It's a valentine letter. "Happy Valentine's Day," it says. "I love you," it says. "Very much indeed."

Frank 14/2/99

Mom and Dad called. They said that they loved my card, which pictured a loving dog and cat, which I said had reminded me of them. Think I said something about them loving and protecting each other, but at any rate, it had really touched Mom and Dad. Mom said she cried, and Daddy said he wanted to frame it. Glad I did that right!

February 16, 1999

Told Frank I don't want to work more than part-time, particularly when I may be taking classes next term. He had a look on his face which was hard and disapproving. I asked what he was feeling, and he said that I need to be prepared to deal with the eventuality of working both jobs at once. I said that there is no point in worrying about that now. I would deal with the situation if it happened. When he persisted in being harsh and acting like a schoolmaster, I objected to his attitude and went to bed.

March 12, 1999

There were two messages for me, one from Lillian and one from Berkeley Rep. Talked to Lillian first. *The Magic Fire* opens next week, and the actress playing Paula discovered she has a brain tumor! Jack O'Brien said they could cast someone local, but Lillian put her foot down and said that she insists that they ask me. Jack was reminded that he had seen my work in two of Lillian's readings, and he agreed that I'm good. All this according to Lillian. Nothing was said about my not being cast in the New Works Festival, but she talked about how someday she would be able to cast her plays as she intended. I just thanked her for insisting on me to Jack. I called the theatre. The show goes into tech rehearsal on Tuesday (!), previews on Friday, and opens on Wednesday, the 24<sup>th</sup>. (The same day Frank speaks at LACMA. That's a shame that I'll miss that.) It plays in Berkeley till May 7 and then goes to San Diego's Old Globe till July 7. \$650 a week. A high-profile production and a real opportunity for me. Both Frank and I agreed that, if I turn this down, then I am making a decision that I've really given up acting. He had no 2<sup>nd</sup> thoughts. Home. My mind was racing. Frank was waiting. We talked about the things I need to ask the theatre. Details. Talked to the Business Manager, the Stage Manager, and Mom and Dad. They were both very excited and happy for me. They even are going to try to come and see it! Thought they would have misgivings about my giving up the Clark Library and Universal Studios jobs, but they didn't even mention it. Army's reaction was equally enthusiastic. So nice! But I was overwhelmed with the enormity of the task of getting ready to go. Lots of packing to do. Feel so sorry to be separated from Frank and Bill. Will hate that!

March 13, 1999

Everyone is accepting me as a savior, and Jack, when I explained my master's pursuits, said "But the American theatre needs you!" Flattered and grateful to be appreciated. To be truthful I do think I'm very good in this. And it's not an insurmountable task.

March 14, 1999

[From Jack O'Brien]. Dearest Mary—Words...fail me! To immerse yourself so swiftly and entirely is one thing—to emerge as Paula, quite another. I know

it's a beginning but what a beginning! I'm cowed, awed, grateful, and looking forward to more...ahead! Love, Jack—*The Magic Fire* premiere.

March 16, 1999

Called Frank. He had a fight with Corey [the Taper's producer who directed Frank's play, *The Affliction of Glory* for the Getty Center] when he delivered his play to her. She started saying that it is too long before she had even read it and was patronizing. Frank really let her have it, and she dug her heels in. Sorry he had to go through it. He's expecting me to be fully employed in the theatre, and he will be able to kiss the Taper good-bye.

March 19, 1999

I felt worried and not ready to "let go" as Jack wanted me to. In my first big scene, I derailed. There was a person planted in the audience with the script for me, and I had to ask for "line." It was a line which I know cold. Just blanked, and then it took me several lines to get control back. Felt so bad because any ease which the audience might have felt with Paula was destroyed. Felt like I let Lillian and Jack down. In the dinner scene, I averted several disasters like the cork on the wine bottle breaking off and moving my glass out when I needed it at the table. Still, that was accomplished without the audience knowing, I think. The rest was strong and good. So glad to have that performance behind me! Everyone was supportive and kind to me. So grateful, but I wanted to cry.

March 22, 1999

Frank said Lillian called Corey and told her I am stealing the show! That's nice to hear!

March 29, 1999

Lillian called Frank and said that I was incandescent and that the artistic directors were "drooling" watching me. Nice to hear.

April 1, 1999

Really wanted to be good and for Frank to like me. Gave my best, smoothest, easiest, and most "incandescent" performance. So glad. It was a small house, but they were nice. Some stood. Very pleased. Went out with Frank, Patsy, and Shannon to a coffee place afterwards. They said I was, by far, the best one in the play. So pleased to hear that. Really

relieved to have that performance behind me. Frank told me that he was stunned again with my acting. So gratified! Love his praise.

April 13, 1999

Was agitated because of plans to go with Debbie and Cyd after the show tomorrow. It will be hard to do that because the next day is a matinee day. I'm attracted to Cyd, and I feel anxious about spending any time with her away from the theatre, even with Debbie there. Just don't want to be vulnerable to any tempting relationship with her!

April 14, 1999

Nice time to chat with Cyd and find out more about her. Like these women very much, and spending time together made it less dangerous because she was clear about her faithfulness to her lovers. Relief!

April 17, 1999

I had the best first act ever and had no idea how it happened. It wasn't my imagination because Kathy said so too. Every moment was fresh and on the edge. I was in control and yet allowing new things to happen. Felt great. Kathy thought that it was as if Paula was more self-confident. She wasn't censoring herself.

April 18, 1999

I thought about what Kathy said about my first act yesterday being more confident and her metaphor of riding a horse. Put that together with the feeling I had of letting go of Paula and allowing her to exist instead of worrying and controlling her—the way I was able to let go with Twirler in *Talking With*. Felt that it worked. Kathy confirmed my feeling, saying that, in both shows, I had done it again. So glad!

April 23, 1999

Kelly told me I reached a new level tonight, and I felt it too. So glad! Fun after the show because we were all commenting on Cyd's wearing a dress. Debbie commented on her breasts. (Debbie prides herself on her breasts, which are large, but admittedly very nice!) Cyd conceded that she has been told that her breasts are perfect. Then we said she needed to prove it, and she said she would if all of us bared our breasts at the same time. We did, and so did she, and thereby proved her claim!

April 27, 1999



Frank had been to a doctor, who told him that he doesn't have to go on insulin, but he must lose weight. If he doesn't bring his blood number down, he will have permanent liver damage. He could have an intestinal bypass operation. Very alarming to me. When Frank's mother died, he stopped going to the gym and walking (until this past week). The stress of writing his play was another reason why he had no motivation to control his blood sugar. He says he will take action now. I've heard him say that many times. Hope he means it now. Don't want his condition to get even worse. Depressed me. His job is getting him down, and he isn't motivated to do work for the Taper or to do taxes or get the apartment organized. Didn't hide the fact from him that all this made me feel badly.

April 30, 1999

Talked to Frank. He said Corey saw the show when she was here. She said I stole the show and that my future would change because of this show. Nice to hear!

June 2, 1999

Kandis said a couple of times how good it was to spend some social time with me, which I appreciated. Told them the story of how Frank and I got together. Peter told me that he thinks Frank is a "great man." Nice to hear. Talked about the show and how disappointed they are with Jack's direction. Talked about how difficult this business is and how none of us would give any encouragement to someone asking for advice about becoming an actor. Kandis asked about my plans with school. Nearly cried explaining how I decided to go back to school. These are people who know what I mean when I say that I felt heartbroken not getting any work. They know that I have a gift which is very hard to put aside.

May 31, 1999

Jack complimented me on a little, tiny chemise I was wearing, and when I sat down with him, he asked me if I knew how wonderful my performance was last night.

I appreciated hearing that, especially from him. Was thrilled to hear his praise. Like him so much.

June 3, 1999

Jack's note to me read: *Seeing you truly and finally getting your teeth into this extraordinary and challenging work has been one of the true joys of this entire project. I'm so grateful and so proud! Love and welcome.* Very sweet of him.

July 3, 1999

Walked for the last time to the theatre. Sad. Parting gifts from Marcelle. Sweet. Lovely note from my dresser, Maren. Wrote \$20 checks for dressers, Lisa, Jeri, and Maren. All of us were excited about the last show. Lillian was there, and thanked me again. Good show with good audience. After every scene, Debbie and I revealed what had been our favorite moments of each other onstage. She told me again how brilliant she thinks I am. Cleaned out my dressing area. Little party for both shows in the courtyard. Got an amazing note from my understudy, Sarah Zimmerman: *"I'm one of the MFA students here and have been your understudy for this run. (I met you very briefly at that first company meeting, outside the theatre). I've been meaning to write you for quite some time now—I wanted you to know how grateful I am for your work on that stage. These understudy assignments have been quite a chore in the past and (between you and me) something I don't especially look forward to. That simply is no longer the truth—I wouldn't trade the experience of studying you these past weeks for anything. I can't begin to sufficiently explain the impact your work has had on me. Your ability to be so confident and so utterly vulnerable at the same time astounds me. Your performance is both unpredictable and consistent. I find myself unable to watch much else quite honestly—only to watch your work. Each subsequent night I saw the show, I felt more and more sure I had never seen such an exhilarating and inspiring performance. Your influence has inevitably made a life-long impression on the way I look at and approach theatre. Studying you has been an incomparable joy and learning experience—I'm forever grateful. Thank you. Sarah Zimmerman."* I was floored, and so was Frank. He said that he wanted to work with the person who could write that letter. I felt such a fulfillment because of having made that impression on her. Deeply moved. Saw Jack after the show. He hugged and kissed me and said that he was grateful to me and that we would be working together again. Good! Stayed nearly to end of the party. Said good-byes. Back to the apartment. Showed all of my opening and closing notes to Frank. End of a journey well-traveled.

[From my dresser] *Dear Mary, Opening night, upon receiving your card, I knew I was lucky to have been assigned your dresser. Now I must applaud your professionalism and admire your realness and humility, traits I think are important for artists to possess. It was amazing to witness the transformation from Mary to Paula every evening. You never "played emotion," but rather explored a rather difficult personality such that Aunt Paula was unmistakably three dimensional, and striking to the strange chords in all of us, I think. I will miss watching the "crazy girl" every night. Thanks for a wonderful run. Karen Castaneda*

[From Judith "Elena"] *I just adore your Paula—funny and poignant, fragile, edgy, strong—(with a heart that is Elena's pillow)—and ultimately, shattering*

*—In fact, you are much more than that onstage—just breathtaking to watch  
—And P.S. I adore your Mary, too—A woman that inspires at least as many  
adjectives as Paula—But there's something so special about you, why bother  
to try and conjure it with a mere pen—I'd only feel a mite pathetic—You're  
just one of those rarities that one is grateful to have met—and even more  
grateful to call "friend." Much love, Judith.*

July 4, 1999

Loaded car and packed up Bill, who mewed, but was really fine. Were on our way. Frank drove. Grateful to him for that. Car was loaded to the hilt. Think Bill knew when we got off the freeway that we were home because he got quiet. He walked right out of the carrier when I got him in the apartment and seemed totally at home and relaxed immediately. So glad to get in bed at 3:00. Bill was doing push-ums when Frank came to bed, and he stopped and went right over to Frank to get his tummy rubbed. Darling. He was so happy to have his family together at home.

July 15, 1999

Went to Marilyn MacAvoy's going away party at a restaurant downtown. Like Marilyn and am glad she's going on to better (one hopes) job. Korfs were there full of praise for my performance in *Magic Fire*. So nice. Lee said I was the best person on the stage. In fact, I noticed a difference in the respect I was given from Gordon and Robert Egan. Gordon actually engaged me in conversation! Very nice. Stayed longer than we anticipated. Everyone came to sit at our table and visit with us.

July 24, 1999

Beautiful article in Sunday's Calendar about Sarah Siddons exhibitions at the Getty and Huntington and Frank's *Affliction*. Impressive. This is going to be a very big event.



CAROLYN COLE / Los Ang

For "The Affliction of Glory," Dwyer did extensive research into actress Sarah Siddons, who is the subject of exhibitions at the Getty, above, and Hur

## BRINGING THE LINES TO LIFE

Frank Dwyer's first major playwriting effort, about an 18th century actress, featured in two ongoing art exhibitions reflects his passion for the stage.

By JAN BRESLAUER

Frank Dwyer has pulled off what might seem impossible in latter-day Los Angeles. He's taken a passion for classical theater and fashioned a multifaceted career out of it—as an actor, director, dramaturge, translator and all-around man of the theater.

An associate artist and former literary manager at the Mark Taper Forum as well as a longtime member of the Antaeus company, Dwyer has been an influential figure in Los

title to his credits, taking his first major bow as a dramatist.

Dwyer's play, "The Affliction of Glory: A Comedy About Tragedy," opens at the Getty Center on Thursday, directed by Corey Madden. Commissioned by the Getty, the play examines the phenomenal celebrity of 18th century English tragic actress Sarah Siddons. It is produced in association with the Center Theatre Group/Mark Taper Forum and presented in conjunction with ongoing Siddons exhibitions at the Getty and at the Huntington Library, Art Collections and Botanical Gardens.

also the conviction that his various pursuits are complementary and inseparable. "My primary love is for the word—the plays of Shakespeare or the poetry of Keats or George Herbert or whatever," he says. "And you really can't experience that fully unless you learn the words and say them out loud."

"If you know a speech and say it, you know it in a totally different way than if you just read it," he continues. "And once that's true, you want to act it and to direct it. And then you evolve naturally into a writer. It seems to me it's all the same thing. I can't act without be-

without being aware of what actors' opportunities and are. And in translating you be an actor and a direct writer."

Sitting in a Taper office after the first day of work for "The Affliction of Glory," Dwyer proves a charming, friendly and open-minded. He's a 50-year-old artist is more than willing to answer queries about his work. Yet he's infinitely more when he's talking about the play.

In fact, the ardor with which Dwyer speaks about culture and the arts is more about him than

July 26, 1999

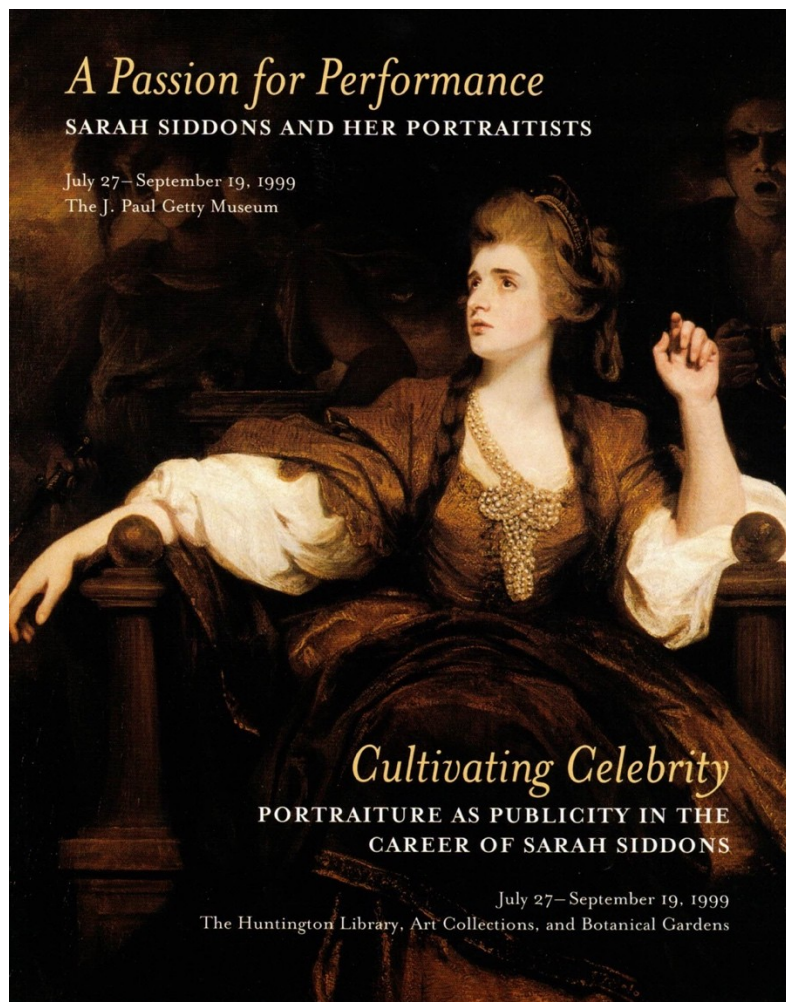
On to Getty for VIP opening of Sarah Siddons exhibition. Frank had to be there early in order to be photographed for LA Times article. Beautiful banners of the show in the courtyard. So impressive! And on the side of the building, an enormous sign for *Affliction*. That was a real rush! Photographer took shots in gallery, so we were able to go in when no one else was there. It's so beautiful. In the first room, there is a wall with an 18<sup>th</sup> century drawing of Drury Lane Theatre filled with the audience. Gorgeous! Then the painting room, which is rather small, has the Reynolds, the Dulwich gallery copy, a couple of portraits by Lawrence, one by Fuseli, and the Gainsborough. The last room is an exhibit of the x-rays of the two *Muse of Tragedy* and shows why Mark Leonard determined that the Dulwich is a copy, not by Reynolds. Really beautiful installation. After Frank was

photographed, there was time before the reception began, so I was able to walk through the garden all by myself. That was a real treat. Went to the cactus garden and my favorite fountain. Then back to Frank. We visited till the others started arriving. Everyone is so happy and excited by the realization of what a big deal this is! Very proud of Frank.

July 27, 1999

Frank was upset because he looked in on rehearsal just as JD was asking to delete a "You see" from the script. Corey directed him to be looking away from Nike, so he couldn't make the line be truthful and necessary. Very frustrating for Frank. Looked at exhibit, curated by Robin Acheson, which is terrific, including lots of prints as well as treasures, like the manuscripts which are written in Sarah's hand with her underlining words she wanted to emphasize. Really a great installation. Fantastic dinner outside on the back porch of the Huntington mansion under a full moon. Robin was at our table with other very nice people. Frank read from his script at the end and was very impressive. Lots of people came up to him to express their enthusiasm for the play. Met the man at the Huntington who is in charge of events, and before he identified himself, he learned about my Harriet show and said I should do it at the Huntington! He told me to contact him, so who knows! Another triumphant evening.





July 30, 1999

Feeling depressed ever since Frank was angry with me last night. Dreamt about dancing with a man who was a great dancer. It was very sexy, and we kissed. He was a great kisser, and I thought that being unfaithful was all right because Frank would want me to have sex again. Disturbing. Frank didn't get home till 11:00, although he said around 9:00 that he was on his way. This is not unusual, but, after his irritability yesterday, I felt neglected and taken for granted.

July 31, 1999

Gwyneth met a big Hollywood producer who was connected to her through one of her producer friends at Concorde. He saw her *Marat/Sade* and said it was the best work to have come out of Concorde. He also started his career working with Roger Corman. He set up a meeting with her and asked her if she had an agent. He said she should at least be doing episodic TV. He asked her to fax him her resume so he can set her up with appointments

with agents! Such good news! Maybe finally this will be her next big break! Visited with Frank. He had to deal with actors and Corey who were questioning his script. They're now getting to the point where they think they know more about the characters than he does, so he must strenuously press them to do his characters with his words and intentions. This is not easy for him.

August 3, 1999

On to the Getty for my appointment with Joyce Ludmer, Collections Bibliographer at the Research Institute. Got there early enough to take photographs of the banners and kiosks for the Sarah Siddons installation and for *Affliction of Glory*. Had an hour meeting with Joyce. She wanted me to understand that the job is going to be dull doing bibliographic searching, but I think that I won't mind for only 10 hours a week. There will be advantages of contacts I'll make there, and the convenience of working close by UCLA. I like Joyce. She knows Birgitte, Preziosi, and Kunzle, and has connections with UCLA and the Art History department. Think the job is mine if I want it. Good.

August 4, 1999

Frank called. The run-through was careful and not complete. Gordon slept through nearly all of it, as usual, and he met with Corey and Frank afterwards. He told Frank that it was too long, but Frank didn't accept that, asking him to be specific. Gordon suggested deleting the first Sarah monologue. Frank realized that Gordon is probably right, that dramatically, it's asking too much of the actress and the audience. Frank was bummed out that Gordon was negative.

August 5, 1999

Frank was depressed when he got home--really all day--because of Gordon's response to his play, but also because he didn't tell him to go to hell. Tried to point out that Gordon has lots of reasons for being jealous of Frank. His opinion is irrelevant except where it can be useful to Frank, but if he gives Gordon such an ability to discourage him, he's relinquishing to him his power. And he can tell Gordon to go to hell if he wants. He doesn't have to keep working for him if he doesn't want to. He's got a lucky set-up, the way he's defined his job there. Sorry that he felt badly and sorry that he was so debilitated by Gordon.

August 11, 1999

Had a confrontation with the doctor who has taken me on while my doctor is on a leave of absence and who has decided, on her own, that she won't write

my prescription for two months at a time. Means I must pay for each refill more often. She says she's concerned because she says it's habit forming. Makes me mad. I have always only taken two hydrocodone a day, and I don't ever foresee not needing to take them every day. Told her that her saying I should seek advice or pain therapy is patronizing, given that I devote so much of my energy on pain management through every possible means. Told her that I would find another doctor if she didn't write the prescription. Really angered me. She finally conceded and agreed to write the prescription till my doctor comes back. Ugh!

August 13, 1999

Frank was very upset because Corey asked him to make cuts and tried to bully her way. Of course, that was unsuccessful. Frank would welcome constructive suggestions which he would consider and weigh, but in the end, it's his decision! He was agitated all day till he left for the Getty to do his "spotlight" talk in the galleries about the paintings. Hoped to at least talk to Frank before falling asleep. Woke up when he finally came to bed. He said that the rehearsal was a "train wreck," and he wanted to cancel the preview performances! Oh dear!

August 14, 1999

Bought tomorrow's paper which has the article about Frank in the Calendar. It's a wonderful article which nearly had me weeping. So proud of him! Gordon had been there last night and was actually nice to him. Corey is now asking for Frank to give her as much help as he can. So much technical work hasn't been done, so it's a real mess. Frank was feeling surprisingly chipper. We both sat in the balcony because we didn't want to distract those around us by our taking notes. The lighting is abysmal, partially because there aren't enough instruments. The costumes are gorgeous, and the actors are fine to magnificent. It's difficult to hear Nike, and she's not splendid enough as Sarah. How can one be? Hard assignment. The play is beautiful. Wept at the end, it's so moving. The projected slides are so effective. Congratulated everyone in the green room and then left for home since Frank had to get to Gordon's notes. Talked with Frank when he got home. Gordon had good, specific notes. The end of the first act doesn't work. Frank needs to write something more. But he's feeling powerful and proud of his work.

August 15, 1999

Michael Ewing called. He was delighted to see the article in the paper and had already made reservations to see the play on Friday. He hoped we would join him and John for dinner before, but we'll be in Edinburgh by then. So glad he called. Frank told him all about *Magic Fire*. Frank said he wanted

me to see the show again. He said he wanted my notes again. Left right away to get there for the 2:30 curtain. This time I sat in the third row. Good to be close, but the volume is still a big concern. Patrick was rattled, and his energy was lower, but the show was bad. Nike is not good enough when she's acting Sarah's monologues. She's not expansive and grand or sublime. Moreover, I don't think she realizes that she should be better than she is now. Frank was upset because Corey asked him to make cuts instead of letting him give her his notes. He's loathe to cut because he thinks that the actors and director aren't making the play as good as it (the script) is. He needed to eat and had no desire to hear my notes. I felt as if I were nothing more than his chauffeur. Shut down. Felt exhausted and taken advantage of. Frank consulted with Corey who wants cuts and thinks they can have a couple of hours of rehearsal on Tuesday morning and another matinee performance. Frank thinks that the actors can't make cuts without time for rehearsal, and they already need more rehearsal time than they have to clean up the work they're doing now.

August 16, 1999

Got a call from Joyce at the Getty. They've gotten approval for the position to be more than 10 hours per week. Not good news to my ear, especially since I've learned that my World Arts and Culture course is five credits instead of three. I'll be taking nearly a full load. Joyce says that the position can be up to 19 hours per week and flexible but without two weeks of paid vacation, or 20 hours and not flexible, but with two weeks paid vacation. I told her I'd prefer the flexibility of fewer hours, which she suspected. A little later, someone else called to say I'd been hired. Told Mom and Dad about the Getty job. Daddy predictably thought I was foolish or stupid for preferring the flexibility of fewer hours over two paid weeks of vacation. Ugh! Wears me out!

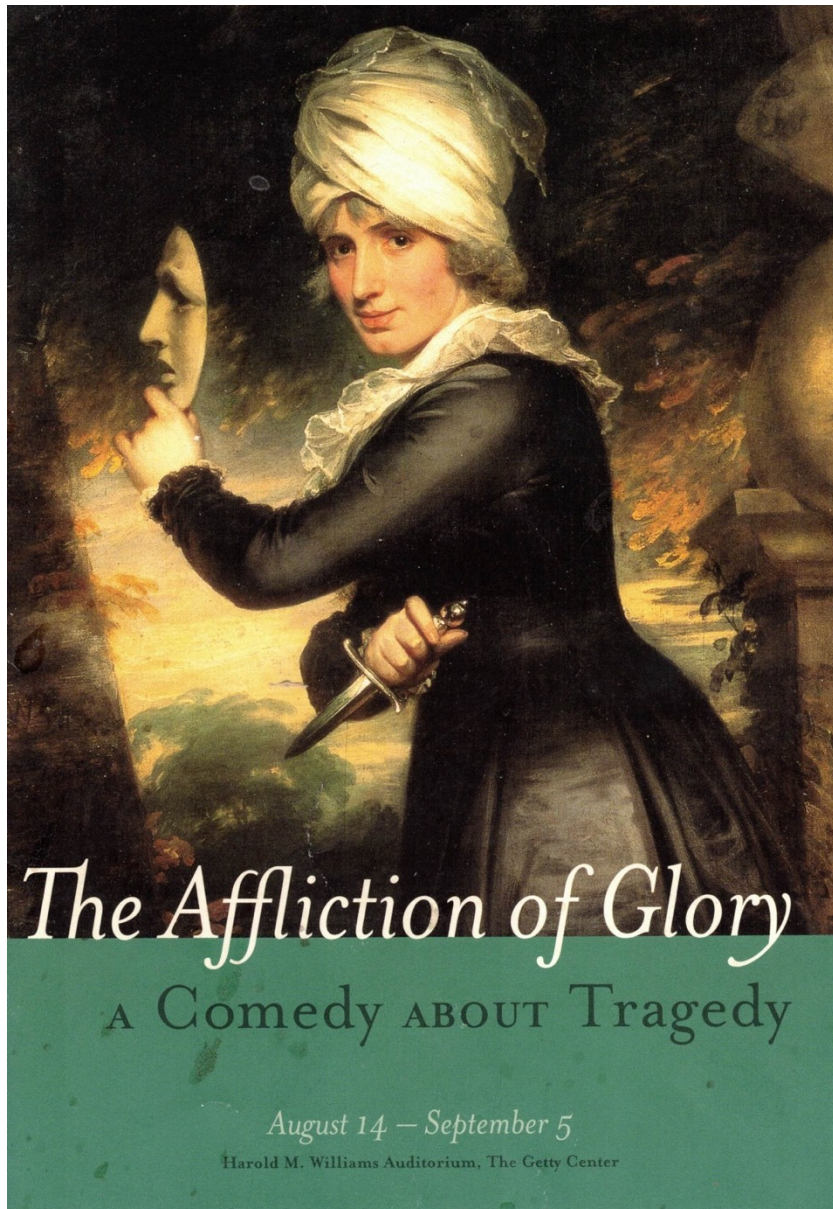
August 18, 1999

Felt very anxious about the opening and how it would be received. Lots of friends from Antaeus were there, saying how glad they were to read the article about Frank and how much he deserved all the glory. Expectations were high, but we were glad that there seemed to be friendly people who might be in the mood to laugh and enjoy themselves and the play. Nice to see Patsy. Chatted with her as much as possible until time to go into the theatre. Lots of laughter, so the show got off to a good start. Actors were up and very good. Think there are places in the show where the momentum lags. Don't think that the script needs cutting, but I do think, with these actors and Corey directing, there are dangerous spots where I am nervous about whether the audience is still interested. People crowded around Frank to congratulate him afterward, and he was much praised. I wanted them to call him to the stage and scream "Bravo!"

August 19, 1999

Met Letha, who is ordinary, grandmotherly looking, and sweet. Very chatty. They both went with me while Mary Ann went with Frank. Betsy and Craig arrived just as one car was going to go ahead to the Getty, so we would make our 6:00 dinner reservations. Bad traffic, but we all made it there nearly on time. Delicious, if expensive meal. Everyone was very excited, nearly giddy. Army seemed very pleased that everyone was so welcoming of Letha, and she too seemed pleased to be so happily included. Frank, even though having his family here made it more hectic for us, was really pleased they were there for the occasion. They were mightily impressed by the splendor of the event—the banners, the exhibition, and the Getty. Lillian and Judith were there. So nice to see them! Frank's book group was there and identified by name Frank's family. That pleased them. I was able to relax and enjoy the show without anxiety. I wanted to be able to freshly experience it for the last time, unless it is extended. So delightful to hear Betsy, Mary Ann, and Lillian, from the other side of the theatre, laughing. Smart audience who seemed continuously interested and entertained. Really good show. So glad Frank's family saw it.





The J. Paul Getty Museum

and

Center Theatre Group/Mark Taper Forum  
Gordon Davidson, Artistic Director/Producer

Present the world premiere of

# *The Affliction of Glory* A Comedy ABOUT Tragedy

by Frank Dwyer  
Directed by Corey Madden



Scenic Design by John Iacovelli  
Costume Design by Candice Cain  
Lighting Design by Geoff Korf  
Projection Design by Marc Rosenthal  
Music Supervision and Arrangement by Nathan Birnbaum  
Wig Design by Carol Doran

Production Stage Manager David S. Franklin  
Stage Manager Ando Iovino

CAST (in alphabetical order)

Sir Joshua..... JD Cullum  
Sarah..... Nike Doukas  
Mac..... Patrick Egan

There will be an intermission.

*The Affliction of Glory: A Comedy about Tragedy*,  
commissioned by the J. Paul Getty Museum and produced in association  
with the Center Theatre Group/Mark Taper Forum

At the Harold M. Williams Auditorium, The Getty Center

## Searching for Sarah

Near the beginning of the second act of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera *Ruddigore*, all the full-length portraits of the cursed baronets of Ruddigore since the time of James I step down from their frames in the Picture Gallery of Ruddigore Castle, and the current baronet, the impermissibly good Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, disguised as Robin Oakapple, addresses his wicked progenitor, Sir Roderic:

ROBIN: I recognize you now—you are the picture that hangs at the end of the gallery.

SIR RODERIC: In a bad light. I am.

ROBIN: Are you considered a good likeness?

SIR RODERIC: Pretty well. Flattering.

ROBIN: Because as a work of art you are poor.

SIR RODERIC: I am crude in colour, but I have only been painted ten years. In a couple of centuries I shall be an Old Master, and then you will be sorry you spoke lightly of me.

ROBIN: And may I ask why you have left your frames?

The relevance of this little passage to our current enterprise will be immediately apparent to curator Robyn Asleson, conservator Mark Leonard, director Corey Madden, and all who have been working with us, attempting, in the crackpot alchemy of Art, to turn the fugitive Past into the elusive gold of the Present.

In a moment of melancholy, the American actor Joseph Jefferson remarked that there is nothing as dead as a dead actor. Sarah Siddons was, according to most reports, the greatest actress—well, the greatest tragic actress—in the history of the English stage. She reigned supreme—outqueening queens, incarnating the Tragic Muse, and making her controversial profession respectable—for thirty years, from 1782, when her countryman Thomas Grenville was beginning

peace negotiations with Benjamin Franklin in Paris, to 1812, when Napoleon was retreating from his Pyrrhic victory in Moscow. And she achieved her theatrical glory while simultaneously playing a series of severely constricting real-life roles: eighteenth-century daughter, sister, wife, and mother.

She comes down to us only by report and in the representations of the artists who were her contemporaries. The representations are at hand, all in good light: old masters at the Getty and a Siddonian multitude of other works at the Huntington. As for the reports, they are astonishing, tantalizing, but they only make us want more. Thomas De Quincey, for example, said that he thought his chief advantage over succeeding generations was to have seen Mrs. Siddons, "for many centuries may revolve without producing such another creature." What did he see, to say such a thing? Who was Sarah, what was she...?

And if we could answer those questions, if we could get her to step out of her frame not only restored but revived, what would we do with her? Take her picture, get her autograph, put her on a talk show, find her an agent? We hold the Past most precious and keep our family photographs by the door to save them from sudden flood or fire, but how much do photographs really preserve? We're all in motion—in play, as Sarah was—in an alchemical process the opposite of Art, our Present becoming our Past. But tonight belongs to us, alive, our being alive heightened as we collaborate together at a play. In the theater we watch the Past become the Present as the Present becomes the Past; and perhaps, if we concentrate, Sarah Siddons may be lured out of her long retirement, may step down from one of her frames (which one, which is the best likeness?), and join us.

—Frank Dwyer  
July 26, 1999

FRANK DWYER (*Playwright*), a poet whose work has appeared in numerous literary magazines and journals, has translated (with his collaborator Nicholas Saunders) Maxim Gorky's *Summer People*, Mikhail Bulgakov's *Zoya's Apartment* (for Circle in the Square, NYC), and five plays by Anton Chekhov: *The Wood Demon*, *The Seagull* (for San Jose Repertory Theatre), *Uncle Vanya*, *The Three Sisters*, and *The Cherry Orchard*, most of which are published by Smith and Kraus. He has also written four biographies—of John Adams, Danton, King Henry VIII, and King James I—for Chelsea House's (NY) *World Leaders Past and Present* series.

Frank directed *The Wood Demon* at the Mark Taper Forum in 1994, the premiere of Los Angeles's Antaeus Company, of which he is a founding member. He won a Drama-Logue Directing Award in 1996 for *Of Mice and Men*, again with the Antaeus Company. Most recently, he directed *Summer People* at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, where he also taught a graduate course in translating and adapting.

As a young actor, Frank studied with Eva Le Gallienne and was a company member of the American Repertory Theatre at Lincoln Center. He has since appeared in productions at the New York Shakespeare Festival, the Roundabout Theatre, Playwrights Horizons, the CSC Repertory Theatre (NYC), and in the twenty-fifth anniversary Broadway revival of *A Streetcar Named Desire* at the Kennedy Center. In Los Angeles he appeared with his wife, Mary Stark, in a Taper-Antaeus workshop of Lillian Garrett-Groag's Feydeau adaptation, *A Flaw in the Ointment*. His Falstaff in David Straus's adaptation of both parts of *Henry IV* at the Odyssey Theater won a 1995 Santa Monica *Outlook* "Best of the Year" citation. Frank is currently an associate artist of the Mark Taper Forum, where he was literary manager from 1990 to 1997.

## August 20, 1999

I went to the corner to get the Times review. Mixed. Said it dragged, and he didn't like the modern scenes. He didn't get the play. Such a shame. I asked Frank if he had known that the reviewer would say those things, would he have written anything differently. He said no. No regrets. But still felt sorry. Hated saying good-bye to Bill. Left about 1:30 and got to the airport around 2:45. Nicholas called to alert us that there was a rave review in the Daily News. It was amazing. It compared Frank to Tom Stoppard, saying that Dwyer was the only one, on either side of the Atlantic, who could make him look like an ignoramus. He said that there were enough ideas in the play to launch a thousand PhD dissertations. Really outstanding. So glad that we read it before leaving. Really made a big difference. We were able to call both families and leave messages about the good review. Another quote, describing the play as a "play of ideas" is like describing the Harvard English department as a bunch of wise guys. Yippee! And the headline is "Affliction is erudite, light."



August 22, 1999

Met Frank to see *Bare* by Tom Fraser. Two-person show which was excellent. Then hurried to the Traverse to see Simon Bennett's *Drummers*, which was also excellent. Raw but good writing and fine acting from all. Back to the Assembly Rooms, walking through the park below the Castle. Really lovely walk. Saw Michael Smiley's one-man-show, *The Parting Glass*. He's a comic, not an actor, but it wasn't bad. Then back toward the Traverse! Had time for a good dinner at Jasmine, a Chinese restaurant. When we were walking along High St., we saw a cat, who looked a lot like Bill, sitting in a window. That was comforting! Went to see the group event, which was *Happy Birthday, Mister Dika D* by Biyi Bandele done by Idiot Company with Hayley Carmichael, the glorious actress we saw in *Puntilla* and *I Weep at My Piano*. The director of that piece and another actor who was in it filled out the cast. It was avant-garde and minimalistic, and I don't think the group liked it. But the actors were very fine. Hayley is great. Pleased when I saw her emerge afterwards. Told her how much I love her work. Then I brought Frank to her so he could praise her too. Exchanged telephone numbers. Talked to the director/actor as well. Very pleasant encounter. Special theatre people whom I'm glad to encourage. Back to the Assembly Rooms. Got there early, so sat and had another mocha. Needed the caffeine! The last show was *Box the Poly*, a one-woman-show with Leah Russell which had been recommended by a Taper person. But it wasn't good at all. Frank slept through it, and I struggled.

August 27, 1999

Took bus to the National Gallery, or really, Canada House, where we saw the exhibition *Sargent to Freud: Modern British Paintings and Drawings in the Beaverbrook Collection*. Some very nice paintings. Then went to the National Gallery to see *A Brush with Nature*, quick studies of landscapes. That was a very nice show which we were able to see fairly quickly. Walked from there to St. James's Church Piccadilly for the lunchtime concert by Ron Abramski playing Bach's Toccata in C Minor, Chopin's *Berceuse*, and Schumann's *Carnaval*. That was really fine. Then did some window shopping and bought some cheese and crackers at a specialty store. Walked through Burlington Arcade, where I bought my pashmina in January. Was told that "pashmina was last year." Not to me! Made our way toward Covent Garden. Stopped on the way at Granary so Frank could eat lunch. Long walk. Discovered why I couldn't get the number for the Canadian Muffin Company. They've changed their name to Muffinsky's. Still the same muffins. I stocked up. Had cappuccino there which was fantastic, with toffee in it. Went to the Theatre Museum and saw what they had of Sarah Siddons. Saw lots of her things: gloves, shoes, and some drawings. That was fun. Took the bus to Royal Albert Hall. The first concert was Beethoven's Violin



Concerto with Tetzlaff, and Shostakovich's 15<sup>th</sup> Symphony, which I didn't much care for. The Beethoven was great. About an hour break before the second concert. Got some air. The second concert consisted of Vivaldi, Pergolesi, and Durante, and Wassenaer, and with soloists Andreas Scholl and his sister. That was beautiful music, and very well performed. Sat next to a Czech woman musicologist. Very interesting and knowledgeable. Like her. Bus home.

August 29, 1999

Met Frank there to catch the 2:47 for Glyndebourne. Bus took us from the town of Lewes to Glyndebourne. So beautiful! Didn't realize that it's a private, gorgeous mansion with an opera theatre. A couple who loved opera gave it their own personal venue. Such generosity! Everyone dressed to the 9's: men in tuxedos or white dinner jackets, and women in gowns. Everyone was situated out in the lawns and gardens with their portable picnic tables and chairs, eating and drinking. Such an English posh scene. Delightful to be there. Had time to find a secluded and shaded little wall with a bench-like protrusion which we claimed as our picnic spot before the performance. The theatre is beautiful and intimate. Had great seat, although not with Frank. The production was ugly and poorly conceived, but the orchestra was great and the singing uniformly fine. At intermission, everyone went out to picnic spots to eat and drink some more. We had our bread, crackers, and cheeses. Frank had a sandwich, and I had a salad, all of which we brought with us. Explored the organ room and its paintings. Walked through the garden till time for the opera to recommence. The third act worked for me, even in the ugly staging. The company director was retiring, so he spoke afterwards, and then there was *God Save the Queen*. Excellent evening. Really special.

September 1, 1999

Weather was rainy in Galway. It wasn't a good idea to attempt to see the Aran Islands because it takes a full day, and it's not worth it if it's rainy. Got taxi to Crookhaven B&B with some difficulty. Our hostess, Margaret O'Donahue, was waiting for us. Lovely place with a little house in the back so we're totally independent and private. Did minimal settling in and got our bearings in relationship to the town from Margaret. Misty rain wasn't a deterrent, but we were both feeling a little discouraged about how limited our time is. Walked to Quay St. which is a shopping district filled with tourist shops and tourists. Took a bus to Salthill and walked back along the Prom. Very cold in gusty wind off the Atlantic, but beautiful. Enjoyed the exertion. Found the Nimmo's Pier and got our tickets. Had an hour to wait. Sat by the pier, watching swans, ducks, and sea gulls. Frank stayed there while I walked back to the Quay for another mocha to fuel me for the evening. The show was traditional Irish music, dance, song, and folk drama. Fantastic

singer, dancers, and very good musicians. Tremendously moving. Both Frank and I were enchanted—thrilled really. Talked to littlest boy during intermission who said he had only started dancing this summer, at seven years of age. At the end he gave Frank one of the crosses of St. Bridget. Sweet. Real high for us. One of the best performances of the trip.

September 2, 1999

Went to Thoor Ballylee, the tower where Yeats lived. Fantastic place. Beautiful woody setting on millstream. Heard an audio-visual introduction and climbed the tower. At the top battlements a glorious view of the countryside. Walked in the woods to the restored Mill Race. Then went to Coole Park where Lady Gregory lived. Sun was shining by then. Walked to the Autograph tree where Shaw, Yeats, O'Casey, and others of her most distinguished and loved friends carved their initials. Back to the Visitors' Center to see a slide program about her and the literary circle she cultivated. Wonderful woman who made herself a wonderful life. Was very moving. Then took a wrong turn, on my advice (!) into Gort. I had been scared several times already, because Frank drove too close to the edge of the road, over-compensating for oncoming traffic, and I had warned him. But then, with cars parked along the main shopping street, plus two-way traffic, he sideswiped a car, which broke the mirror on my side and hurt the door frame. He grazed another car, we think, before he could find a place to pull over. So shocking! He went back to talk to the owner of the first car, whose car was only slightly scratched. She settled for 30 punts for repair and was fairly unconcerned. Worse for us. We're insured, and it may not even show up on Frank's record to hurt our AAA status, but we don't want to lose more time with sorting it out with Hertz. We didn't want it to spoil our day. It isn't so much the driving on the wrong side, but the narrowness of the roads. The seaside route to the Cliffs of Moher was sometimes only a single lane. No shoulder at all. Sometimes the pavement just drops away! Both of us were very tense. Hard to relax enough to enjoy the view, which was spectacular. Saw a cow grazing on top of the stone fence along the road. It was covered with grass. Don't know how he'll manage to get down! By the time we got to the Cliffs, which were amazing, with sunlight sparkling on the ocean waves, we were both very glad to stop for a break. Walked up to the tower and down again. Then had coffee and delicious cakes. That helped fortify me to take over the driving. Wanted to give Frank a break and felt game enough to try. Hard work. But the scenery was beautiful, and we were in a cheerful mood. Made it to the ferry in Killimer in time to take the 7:00. Made it to Tralee before dark and found a pub to eat our dinner before they stopped serving at 9:00.

September 4, 1999

Caught cab for the Abbey Theatre to see *Kevin's Bed* by Bernard Farrell, a Dublin writer. It was "heartily recommended" by another guest. Not a very good play, but it was funny and had very good performances. Insight into an Irish family and especially interesting in light of our travels this week, observing so many B&B people who are born and bred in the area in which they now live with their native spouses, who marry very young, have lots of children, and live in houses with crucifixes on the walls. Glad we saw the play, especially after I had time to buy sparkling water and mochaccino with caramel slice. Both of us felt very glad to be back in Dublin and no longer driving. Walked to the Chocolate Café after the matinee and had mocha there. Then walked back across the Liffey to a bookstore. Then back across the Liffey again. Found Musket restaurant which was fantastic! Outstanding restaurant. Freshened up. Walked to the Gaiety Theatre for *Juno and the Paycock* with Michael Gambon. Dismayed to find the theatre was really hot as we entered, knowing it would get much worse. Being an old theatre, we were very cramped. But the play, directed by Gerry Hynes, was brilliant--brilliantly directed, and brilliantly acted, with definitive performances by Gambon, Marie Muller, John Kavanagh, and Brid Brennan. Great play. Laughing so hard at the beginning, and such despair sets in. Best thing we've seen. Worth all we went through to be back here for it.

September 6, 1999

Frank made a few calls, checking in with Patrick, who felt sad about *Affliction*. He said they didn't have big audiences and that 10-20% of the audiences left at intermission. He said he felt the show wasn't ready to open, and that Nike and JD agreed with Corey that it needed to be 20 minutes shorter. Frank tried to buck him up. So happy to take Bill into bed with us. He got his tummy rubbed and then came to me for push-ums. He's so good about our travelling and being away, or at least, when we get home, he doesn't seem to be angry with us or emotionally upset. He just seems to be very happy we're back home with him. In the night, he returned to my armpit for push-ums two more times, and he went back to Frank for more tummy rubs as well. Darling boy!

September 19, 1999

Gordon and Frank started their talk about the upcoming season at the Taper and Ahmanson. Frank was asked to speak more concisely than in years past, so he felt under pressure and annoyed for not being appreciated as much as he feels is his due. He's really aching to leave the job. It went very well, and everyone was full of praise afterwards. Left as quickly as we could. Frank was in a lousy mood, made worse by being treated like cattle with Beverly Center freight elevator and mobs. Then he was condescending to me while we waited in line to buy tickets. Embarrassing! Felt so cheated of my

weekend. Frank has been unhappy when we've been together. Felt depressed. Heard him tell Mary Ann how, ever since Betty Lou died, he doesn't feel joy, not even with loving Bill in bed. I wasn't mentioned. I felt hurt and even more depressed.

September 20, 1999

Talked to Frank. He said his blood was 200 again this morning. He had a doctor's appointment and was told he must have a colonoscopy in the hospital. About a two- hour procedure. This is because Betty Lou had polyps. He asked me if I didn't feel sorry for him. I said I did feel sorry that he must have a colonoscopy, but that I was very concerned that he is irresponsible about watching his blood count and exercising. Told him that it makes me depressed because I feel frightened that I will become a widow. That sobered him, and he abruptly ended the call. Watched a fashion show till Frank got home. Watched baseball together and had a very nice, quiet evening at home. Glad of that. I brought up how I felt hurt by his comments last night to Mary Ann. He reassured me that he didn't mean that he doesn't feel joyful anymore, or that he doesn't appreciate me, but that his experiencing joy has diminished since Betty Lou's death. Probably due to our conversation, he was loving and tender with me, which I really appreciated.

September 23, 1999

Patrick told him that he had a meeting with Nike and JD to talk about the play. They both think Frank is to blame for the play not being successful. It should have been 20 minutes shorter, and there were too many names. JD didn't even understand that Patrick played Byron! Frank was really upset when I talked to him, and so was I, although I couldn't talk to him much from work. Such treachery! Can't believe that they could be so two-faced! Needless to say, Frank will never cast either of them again!

September 30, 1999

Mom sent me a heartbreaking article about a tribute held on my birthday to honor 66-year-old Don Decker, who is dying of cancer. Would not have recognized him. So sad, but felt happy that he had a chance to hear everyone say how much they love him and how important he has been in our lives.

October 2, 1999

Heart sank when Frank told me his blood was over 200 this morning. He had just come back from walking, and it was still over 200. Terrible! Sounds like empty words when he tells me he just has to start walking every day. But he

doesn't. Doesn't seem like I can do or say anything to change that. Depresses me. Hate to think of him blind, in a wheelchair, or dying young from uncontrolled diabetes.

October 3, 1999

Went to NuArt to see French film, *Romance*, which is sort of soft-porn, but Gwyneth wanted to see it, and of course Frank did too. Gwyneth wasn't there. Guess she got snowed under with work. At any rate, the film wasn't very good, although erotic. Wonder if it makes Frank uncomfortable, especially when the story line is about how a woman is unhappy because her husband can't make love to her.

October 7, 1999

Not optimal scheduling for me, to say the least, to be doing the program tonight for the UCLA ladies, but Frank wanted me to do scenes, mostly those which were eventually cut, from *Affliction of Glory*. Women had all seen the play. Had a little time in the parking lot at UCLA to go over some speeches before meeting Frank in an upper room at Royce. Maybe 50 people were in the audience. Felt strong and confident. The response was great. One woman said I was so much better than Nike. Loved hearing that!

October 9, 1999

Judith, from Friends of English at UCLA said that, not only am I a great actress, I'm her favorite actress! How nice to get some lovely compliments for my work.

October 11, 1999

His blood has been too high for over a week. Stopped asking him about how high it is when he is eating badly, not walking, and saying, as he always does, that he just needs to get serious about exercise. Told him that I don't want him to just say that without heeding his own advice. I told him that I won't monitor him, because it doesn't seem to be helpful to him and only upsets me.

October 14, 1999

Got a very nice letter from a UCLA professor of Chaucer who raved my portrayal of Sarah in her last "throat" speech. That was nice!

October 17, 1999



Daddy asked questions about school and work. Then he said that, he didn't want to say that he was going to "keep the door open" or something to that effect, but that he was going to send me a check for my tuition. Generous of him. Thought he might. I'm not only grateful for our sakes, but I think it's good for Daddy too. This was the first phone call in a long time when he's been nice.

October 19, 1999

Called the pharmacy to make sure that they received the call from the doctor about my prescription. Was told that she hadn't called. Ugh! Called doctor's office and was on hold for 20 minutes! Furious. She didn't return my call after I was told that she had gotten my message, and was taking care of my prescription. Then I had to call again and wait on hold 20 minutes. I was out of control. The rest of the afternoon I was in knots trying to figure out how to handle the doctor's call. Finally got a call from the doctor's assistant saying that she called in my prescription, but it was only for one month's worth. Explained again why I needed a two-month prescription because it costs me \$10 per prescription. That was relayed to the doctor. I was told that the doctor wouldn't OK the two-month prescription, and she didn't feel that the Vicodan was good for me, so perhaps I should go to another doctor. I called patient services to get a new doctor, waited ten minutes on hold, and was cut off because the office closed. I felt shattered, was crying, and when Frank was trying to be helpful, suggesting that he could ask at work for recommendations for doctors, I couldn't accept it. I just felt battered. Then he went into a rage. I went to the bedroom to listen to the game.

October 25, 1999

Listened to Mary Tyler Moore at the Actors Studio. At the end, the guest is always asked the same series of questions, the last of which is, if there is a God, when you get to heaven, what do you want to hear him say to you. And she answered, "Come in and meet all the animals whom you helped to save." She's a lover of animals and sees God in their eyes. That's how I feel. Really moved me.

October 28, 1999

Cuddled together and with Bill. Frank had me laughing, talking about my "irritable thermostat syndrome" because I have such a narrow comfort range. He's so funny! Listened to *All Things Considered* while waiting for the time of my appointment with the physical therapist who's supposed to help with pain management. Was skeptical going in because this was at the suggestion of my annoying doctor. Doctor who saw me was guarded and suspicious, asking me to characterize my pain. He asked why I was there,

and I said the doctor said I should come. He then flipped through pages and said that it looked as if my doctor didn't like my taking the hydrocodone, but that, as far as he was concerned, I could take six a day. I take two! He said I could try acupuncture or deal with pain through relaxation techniques. He thought I should try TENS, which is a method which uses patches which transmit sensory impulses which override pain impulses to the brain. He said it's very successful. So that's encouraging. And he said, if I have trouble getting a prescription from my doctor, he will write it. Great.

October 31, 1999

Frank was criticizing me for little, piddling things, and I pointed out that he was being very critical of me. Then Frank got on my case because of my driving. He kept yammering at me, probably partially because he needed to eat. I wasn't able to take it. Nothing but criticism, or so it seemed to me. Also worried because Frank had eaten a tub of popcorn at the movies before he remembered that the doctor told him that he can't have any for two weeks following the colonoscopy he had three days ago. Don't know how bad that is. Felt gloomy and close to tears for hours afterwards. Need more appreciation and tenderness. Dread the drive to and from the Westside this upcoming week and the pain associated with it and work.

November 4, 1999

Frank said he's been feeling afraid about me dying, like in a car accident, and that because of that, he separates emotionally from me. Interesting. Told him I would be careful, and that I wanted him to do the same for me.

November 8, 1999

Was weeping at the Ken Burns special on Stanton and Anthony. Such great women! Such dedication, heart, and depth. Especially Stanton. What a visionary. Talked to Frank and cried more telling him about how Stanton requested that, at her funeral, her desk be by her coffin--the desk on which she wrote the Seneca Falls declaration. On top of her coffin was a photo of Susan! The vote by the deciding state needed to ratify the amendment depended on one man, the youngest in the Tennessee legislature, who intended to vote against it. But he had in his pocket a letter from his mother, telling him to vote for women's suffrage. What a great story! Stanton's father lost all his sons. She tried to comfort him in his grief, telling him that she would try to be everything to him that her brothers had been. He was mortified by her political work. She realized that the same behavior which he would have praised, had she been a boy, he disdained coming from a woman. Really moved me.

November 9, 1999

Frank was agitated when he got home and brusque with both me and Bill, bemoaning his fate of not being recognized nor rewarded for his excellence as a director. I felt depressed and also unappreciated in a way similar to what Frank was experiencing but also unappreciated by Frank for what I'm doing. Felt dread at the upcoming day of school followed by work and the pain that goes with it. Sat with him while he settled in. I was tired and had to go to bed. I felt so gloomy that I needed to be alone. Frank came into the bedroom to see if I was all right, and I just fell apart, weeping. Couldn't express what caused it because I don't blame Frank for feeling upset with his life. I just don't have reserves of optimism, especially when I'm tired.

November 10, 1999

Dreamt that we were moving. Frank arrived with a truck, but nothing had been packed, and I was responsible. I didn't even have any boxes. I went out to get boxes with a shawl and my coffee cup, intending to duck into a Starbucks for comfort. Lost both the cup and the shawl. Anxiety dream. Not a propitious start to the day. Felt totally fatigued and not very close to Frank. Just wanted to lie down. I took time to love Bill who started to protest when he sensed I was heading for bed. That helped open my heart. Frank, who was listening to Strauss, called me over to lie down on top of him, as I like to do. Listened to music like that together. Nice. Then I went to bed, and Bill came with me. Frank followed to join us awhile, giving Bill his tummy rubs.

November 14, 1999

Frank suggested that I take a study break to make love. That was a nice surprise. He joked that he needed to use his Viagra before it went past its expiration date! As soon as we got in bed, Bill joined us to get his tummy rubs. Sweet of him. Lovemaking was terrific. Afterwards, when Frank said that I'm too young not to get more frequent sex, I felt emboldened to say that, even when he's not able to get hard, he can have an orgasm, and I can give him that. He said that he feels bad about not having an erection. I don't care about that at all except that he does. But our lovemaking is fantastic even so. In fact, Bill was concerned because of the sounds I was making and had to come up and look to make sure that I was all right! Such a nice thing to do in our afternoon at home.

November 16, 1999

Frank figured out the problem he's been having with his blood: he's not been taking one of the pills he should have been taking, having

misunderstood his doctor. What a relief, but also so unfortunate for us both to have been worrying so much.

November 24, 1999

Frank threw Bill's mouse toward him, and it landed on the TV table behind his little box. Frank and I were both looking when we saw him pick the mouse up and put it in his box. He's never done anything like that before. We praised him, and he was very proud. Impressive. He really had intent.

November 25, 1999

Couldn't wait for Frank to read the Roger Angell baseball article, in *The New Yorker*, even though I hadn't yet finished reading the magazine. I gave it to him and watched while he read it, stopping him whenever he grinned or nodded his head to find out what it was that he was reading at that moment. So nice to share it with him, who agrees that Angell is a great writer.

December 3, 1999

Hurried from there to meet Henry Hopkins in the Art Department. He was very respectful and interested in me. He said he didn't know why Preziosi told me that Curatorial Studies was only for people with studio backgrounds. Not true. He advised me to take the first course in their series next fall, and then, if I want, I can transfer over to Curatorial Studies. He said that Museum Studies in Art History is more theoretical, whereas, in the Art Department, it is more towards doing an exhibition. I didn't press him for anything more.

December 9, 1999

On to my appointment with my new Dr. Clinton. So relieved to meet and talk to him and take care of asking for two-month supplies of prescriptions without any hassles. Great!

December 16, 1999

Made a plan to meet Gwyneth at her house and thought I should be there by 6:45, but traffic was so bad that it took me an hour. Gridlock everywhere. Really didn't want to get there only to go out in the car again. But Gwyneth, bless her, had made quiche and salad, and picked up pastries at a French bakery. Had a lovely dinner together. So nice to have time to talk and relax together. Like her so much and feel so lucky to have this great, enduring friendship.

December 17, 1999

Found a card from Frank for our anniversary. It was a drawing of a library with a study table and two chairs, and inside he had written *Darling Girl "Mit dir erholt sich jede Freude, mit dir genieß ich doppelt sie; mit dir ist Seligkeit das Leben... Baron Gottfried van Sweiter, The Creation—music by Franz Josef Haydn.* And below that he wrote *Happy Anniversary, Frank, Special thanks from (& for) Bill.* He drew a paw print. So pleased and touched.

December 18, 1999

Spent the entire trip writing Christmas cards, whittling the list because Frank decided he didn't want to send any at all. He feels bitter, I think, because he doesn't feel like he (we) have friends or that he really likes these people we've been sending cards to. They've let him down by not coming to see his play, or not recognizing his talent. Can't say I blame him. But I do want to send cards to many people and so will take the whole responsibility for it myself if he wants.

December 24, 1999

Went to Metropolitan for few hours. Spent time at Gulbenkian Collection, which included some wonderful paintings by Rubens and Gainsborough. Then went to see exhibition of Chinese paintings and scrolls from the collection of Wang. That was much bigger than we could see with the limited time we had. Beautiful garden and a Chinese interior. Had to be on our way at 1:00. Took a cab down to Grand Central where we met Carl, just in time to catch the train for Connecticut. When the train emptied out, I was able to look out the window. Beautiful countryside with a little snow. Got to Pawling where Susie and Emily were waiting for us. About 15 minutes drive to Sherman. Really beautiful area, and Susie and Carl's property is fantastic. Lots of fir trees lining the driveway. We got a tour of the house, which is beautiful and quite big. Enormous porch overlooking a valley. Sauna, four fireplaces, a couple of kitchens, and many bedrooms. Mary Ann brought up all of Frank's signed, beautiful books to fill the bookshelves here. Frank hadn't looked at them in ages, so we looked at them. Frank was so pleased to show them to me. The twins put on a magic show for us, which was darling. Then we looked at a video of the twins performing a Spice Girls number (karaoke) followed by Casey doing a performance to Lou Bega. Wonderful family time. Helped Susie and Mary wrap presents. Played "High/Low" around the table at the twins' request, recounting the low followed by the high of the day. For me, it was seeing the roast and vegetables cooked with the roast coming out of the oven, afraid that I would be expected to pick the vegetables out, and the high was when Mary Ann presented me with a casserole of my own pristinely cooked vegetables.

December 25, 1999



Had coffee during present opening. Got \$5,000 from Army, which will help us. Mary Ann and Susie gave me beautiful green silk pants, shirt and coordinating vest. Got a fax machine! That will be a tremendous addition to our home office. And it makes copies. Got a snow globe of Manhattan with the millennium ball. When I woke up there was a little Christmas ornament peeking out of my backpack. And they gave us two little toys for Bill. So sweet of them. Of course, we told them that we couldn't do presents and not to give us presents, but they can't not give us gifts. Frank got a Harry Potter book and a game which he probably won't ever use. Fun to watch the kids open gifts, and Tiger, Mary Ann's dog, had fun keeping track of everything. The little dog is darling. Really glad to have a pet here. Makes me happy. Went out for a walk. Cold out so an hour was enough. Saw a deer while I was out. Neat. We stood still, looking at each other awhile before it ran away.

December 26, 1999

As we were crossing Broadway on our way back to St. John the Divine for the 3:00 concert, Frank realized that Sally, an old girlfriend of his (they went together for about six or seven years) was next to him. Visited briefly with her. Interesting to see her and inwardly please for her to see us. She's now producing jazz programs for NPR. Wonderful concert of early music in a perfect setting of a small side chapel. Beautiful. Took the subway downtown to the Broadway Diner where we had good grilled vegetable sandwiches, and I had mud pie for dessert. Delicious! Met Carl at the Manhattan Theatre Club to see *Fuddy Meers* by David Lindsay-Abaire, directed by David Petrusca. Had no idea what to expect and was delighted that the play was extremely funny, serious, and important. It was very well directed, and every part was well played. Robert Stanton, who was in *All in the Timing* and whom I loved then, was fantastic in this as well. Thrilling. Finally, we saw some really great theatre. Stayed around to congratulate the actors, including a woman, Marylouise Burke, whom Frank had directed in a reading of Russell's play.

December 28, 1999

Went to the Met to see Ingres show: *Image of an Epoch*. Had Acoustiguide tour which was excellent. The show was mobbed, which made it difficult, but I jumped to the end and worked backward. Had to eventually stop looking at the entire exhibition, because we were under a time constraint, and just do the Acoustiguide. We will go back, and fill in the next time without the tour. Susie had to settle in from Connecticut and get them ready to leave for Florida tomorrow! It was helpful that we were willing to take the twins since Susanna is on vacation. First went to feed them and Frank Chinese food for lunch. Then walked down to the New York Historical Society where there was a kids show, which wasn't good because it was intended for younger children. But they still got a lot of benefit from Frank (and me) showing them

paintings and talking about them. They were very well behaved. Mostly the big deal for them was my seat stick which they shared. Our evening was with Al Berr and Robert Zuckerman. Found another Chinese restaurant and had a very pleasant time together. Really nice people. Went to see *Dinner with Friends* by Donald Margulies. Very good play about marriage and friendships, with good performances and good direction. Thank heaven! That was a relief. Quite touching. Long walk across to the subway followed by interminably long subway uptown. Finally got off and took a bus the rest of the way. Not bad because it gave us more time with Al, who sang us songs he wrote to the melodies of show tunes. Very clever. He's such a dear, intelligent man. Lovely time with him.

December 29, 1999

We went to see the Eastman Johnson show at the Brooklyn Museum. Enormous crowd there to see another show, but after waiting in a long line to check our coats, we went straight in to see the Johnson show. That was fantastic. The same era as Harriet, and he and she were not so very far removed because he painted pictures of slaves and freed slaves. Loved the genre paintings, the cranberry fields, which we had seen before, and the paintings of his wife. Similar in sentiment to the fiction which Harriet wrote, I felt. Frank loved it too, so we were both very glad to be there and to be sharing it with each other.

December 30, 1999

Finished seeing the Ingres show. Mobbed again. Then saw Carleton Watkins photography show which was beautiful. He carried a bulky, heavy camera, plates, and tripod up mountains at the turn of the century to photograph Yosemite and the Columbia River. Beautiful stereo photographs. Frank took me back to the Chinese exhibit, which I had barely begun, to show me some beautiful scrolls. Then took a bus down to 57<sup>th</sup> St. to the St. Etienne gallery where we saw some Schiele, Klimt, and others. We had an hour to see the Watteau drawings at the Frick, which we missed before. Walked up to it, and Frank managed to convince the admissions lady not to charge us, saving us \$12. That was nice. Beautiful show. So glad we were able to work it in.

December 31, 1999

Needed to get coffee beans ground at Starbucks, and Frank needed to escape from the crowd, so we went out together. People were lined up for half a block outside, waiting to go into Zabar's! Frank wanted to shop at Gryphon bookstore, so I had a caramel macchiato and sat in the window at Starbucks, watching the people go by. Enjoyed ourselves playing hooky. Stayed away about an hour. Back to Susie's to pick up Sue and Matt. Left again to catch the cross-town bus to the Metropolitan Museum. Not as crowded today, thank goodness. Showed Sue the quilts in the American

Wing, especially the one signed by the President and Harriet Beecher Stowe! Sue is a quilter, so she really enjoyed that. Saw *Northern Drawings of the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> Century from the Robert Lehman Collection*. Sue was talking to me the entire time. I couldn't really pay attention. Spent time with the Egypt exhibition, which was huge. Did the Acoustiguide tour, which gave us the freedom to go on our own speed alone. That was good. Museum closed at 5:00. Sue and Matt headed back to Susie's with a list of things to buy for Mary Ann, who discovered at the last minute things she needed. Party was a little slow getting started, but had pleasant chat with Tom, Lani, and Ned before they had to leave for another party. Then George and Barbara arrived followed by Tuck and Mary Ellen. Mary Ann's four friends from work came, and Marty. She was unbearable. Think her drinking and her medications made her more obnoxious than usual. When I was washing the dishes and she wanted to take over and wouldn't take no for an answer, she literally tried to pick me up. Told her not to, as did Mary Ann, but she wouldn't let up. That did it for me. Avoided her the rest of the evening. Then it was midnight, and we watched the ball drop and wished each other Happy New Year. Sue and I went to the corner and watched the fireworks. That was beautiful. So special to wish people passing "Happy New Year". This event is profound, if only because people around the world are all celebrating the same event together. George Taylor led us in singing *Auld Lang Syne* and then sang some party pieces.

## MEMORANDA

### New Year's Resolutions:

1. To give the best of myself to Frank, giving my total attention to him when listening to him, caring for his health & emotional well-being, & doing what I can to reduce stress in his life.
2. To spend more time together, listening to music & reading, & less watching TV.
3. To be more physically loving to him - demonstrating my affectionate feelings to him.
4. To spend more time playing with Bill.
5. To spend more time playing piano & singing.
6. To keep my weight at or below 125.
7. To continue exercising each day - a combination of yoga, aerobics training, & weight training.
8. To meditate twice a day.
9. To eat more well-balanced diet.
10. To write more disclosingly in my journal.
11. To do more creative writing.
12. To be more patient & loving to Mom & Dad.
13. To find the good-heartedness in other people & offer them my best self.
14. To construct my web page.
15. To knit more.
16. To drive more carefully & less aggressively.
17. To have faith in our financial security now & in future.
18. To pay off our debts.
19. To act in one Equity play.
20. To do one good role in feature film.
21. To find the presence of God each moment of every day.
22. To be happy in my life's work, whatever it may be.
23. To appreciate Frank's successes as my own.

## 2000 Journal

January 15, 2000

Mom and Dad called. Very disturbing short call. Mom chatted a bit and then said, "Dale, do you want to tell her the other news?" Daddy answered, very crossly, that no, he didn't, that she should tell me. Mom said the day after they put the acres in the back of the property up for sale, they had a call from someone who wanted to buy the land at the price that they asked for. I asked, what's the problem? Mom said that they want an easement to the waterfall. Daddy said that was a lie, that that wasn't the problem. She said she resented that, and that Daddy should tell me if he thought she was withholding the truth. He was very nasty and said no, she should tell me. Mom's voice was wavering, and she was obviously struggling not to cry. Then, after a silence, she said that she couldn't, and she would talk to me later. I told her I was sorry and said good-bye. Wonder what that was all about!

January 20, 2000

Got very interesting email from Mom. Apparently, the sale of the land is going through, and to avoid capital gains taxes, they need to buy property. Because the property being sold has not been income producing, they don't need any income generating purchase, so they are offering to buy a property for each of us! It would have to be accomplished within three months, so the question is whether we want to buy a house or condo, and could we find something in that length of time? Staggering proposition! Wonder what Frank will have to say about this!

February 1, 2000

Headed home from airport, picking up Frank from his London flight. Bill was so happy that Frank was home. Really darling that he's so affected by his family being together again. Settled in and helped him unpack. When Frank was ready to go to bed, at about 10:30, he told Bill that it was time. Bill couldn't get in bed fast enough, even before I got there. He was so glad to have the family together again. During the night, he kept coming up for tummy rubs again and again. Heartwarming. So glad Frank was home.

February 6, 2000

I told Frank about the three houses I found. He dismissed one of them as being too inexpensive and was irritated when I reacted strongly about us not having time enough to find a place. Felt as if he could easily feel relaxed about the time frame because I've been doing all the work. I lost it and started crying. Frank said I was being hysterical. Bad scene. He asked why



I was only looking in this area and said I was defensive when I explained I've only had time to do what I've done. I said he was welcome to look in other areas if he wants, but I can't. At the end of my rope!

February 15, 2000

Frank got home soon after me. He picked up Bill and got bitten and hissed at because Bill's claw was caught in his t-shirt. Frank was furious and shook Bill, which alarmed me. Told him never to do that, which made Frank more angry. Very ugly scene. Bill and I went into guest room to hide.

February 19, 2000

Asked Frank what he heard in Chuck's message last night. He said he thought it sounded as if Chuck doesn't think that, under the circumstances, we will get the house on Tuesday. That really disappointed me. Frank got defensive and didn't want to get involved in my emotion. There's nothing he can do about the house. He doesn't want to hear about how I'm exhausted--sick and burned out with pressures of searching for the house. I said "Forget it," and got busy with housework. Felt really dumped on. My total responsibility. He charged me with being emotionally strung out. Fell apart and let him know that I don't feel much support from him. He said if I don't enjoy my job and school, I should quit and drop out. When he said that I enjoyed library school, I told him that I was glad to be challenged, but I don't enjoy it. I don't work at the Getty because it's enjoyable. We need the money! Told him I need to feel more affection from him. I really depressed him today, and he went on a spiral about the ingratitude of Antaeus for his talent and the treachery of "friends" who he felt betrayed him during *Affliction*. Felt sorry that I ruined his day, and that made me cry more. He finally realized that I really need his help in understanding Chuck's message, and that he could help me write an email to Mom to clarify our confusion. Really appreciated his help with that. He went out after we reached a place of loving again. Thank goodness.

February 21, 2000

He said that he thought one of the reasons he's been depressed is because he got so angry at me when he shook Bill for clawing him. Told him I understood because I recognize how his personality is affected when he needs to eat something.

February 23, 2000

Chuck called to say that Mom and Dad are signing and returning the contract and that they do plan on covering the closing costs. Told Frank that Mom and Dad conveyed to Chuck their concern with our being able to meet the taxes on the house, even though it amounts to less than half of what we now

pay in rent, we're both employed, and have been paying income taxes for years. Felt embarrassed wondering if Chuck thinks we're deadbeats because of what Mom and/or Daddy might have said to him. Frank urged me to respond to that—not to just let it pass without calling them on it.

February 25, 2000

There was a message from Mom, not surprising but nonetheless very disappointing, to tell Chuck not to change the offer. They are against bidding on principle. They think that it's wrong for owners to set a price and then see how much more they can get. Mom said she thought Chuck shouldn't have said anything to me about the taxes. I got the feeling that he was impressed with Mom and Dad's concern and was passing it on to me. Felt very discouraged and downhearted because now we know that there are many others looking for houses in our price range and looking for the kind of house we are looking for. I don't feel we have any bargaining clout. It makes me wonder about what kind of house we'll be able to get unless it is one which no one else wants. Such anxiety!

March 3, 2000

Listened to the tape from Mom in the car and was irritated by a number of things she said. She commented about Susie's wonderful apartment in NYC and home in Connecticut, but then said she had been reading a book by the Dalai Lama in which he talks about the purpose of life is to be happy and that things don't make one happy. She said she didn't mean to imply that Susie's family isn't happy, although apparently her first marriage wasn't a happy one. It seemed to me that she was implying just that. She talked about how the University of Nevada job not working out for Frank was no surprise to her because universities don't split positions. As if she knows anything about university procedures! She wondered if Chuck were finding listings for us only in Pasadena and hoped that we could have a realtor who had our interest at heart and who would actively search for a house for us, as if Chuck weren't doing so already! She also said that she was getting inoculations for her trip to Peru, but that, because the Kauai doctor was charging twice what it would cost in Illinois, she was not going to be inoculated against yellow fever. So stupid of her! Emailed her urging her to put principles aside for the sake of her health and get the vaccine!

March 4, 2000

Met Chuck. He had a few new houses for us to see, one of which was on Canyon Wash, a little further east in a subdivision of family homes. Stucco. Pretty with some stained-glass windows, a good kitchen, attached garage, air conditioning, big closets, pretty little backyard. Carpets throughout, but not

bad looking. Frank said he knew as soon as he saw it that it was our house. Wish we could have something older, but this was the nicest newer house we've seen. Close to power lines, but Frank says that studies show that they aren't dangerous after all. He was certain about it at \$316,000. Made a plan to meet Chuck later to draw up the contract. He thinks we'll get it. Well, good. I'll be glad when this is over!

March 7, 2000

Chuck called to say that Mom and Dad approved the changes in the contract, so we'll be in escrow this afternoon! We've got a house! Checked my paperwork of the house hunt. I looked at the Canyon Wash house and wrote down that it was a pretty house on a nice street, but I ruled it out as being too far away. Thought I had seen it. Nice to see that my initial impression was that it was "very pretty."

March 11, 2000

Went with Frank to hear the Master Chorale in *Madrigal Magic* concert. Nice to be out with Frank listening to beautiful music. Drove by the house, which Frank likes even better than he remembered. When I showed him the library 2 ½ blocks away, the gym, and shopping center only about seven or eight blocks away, he was really pleased. Drove back towards Old Town Pasadena along Orange Grove with its beautiful homes. Both of us feel very lucky to have this house. Thrilled to see the sign in front of it which said "Sold" and "in Escrow."

March 12, 2000

We both realized that we've lived here longer than any other home. He's feeling very sentimental about our apartment and leaving it because it's been a good home for us. It has. He came to bed with me and tickled my back till I was tired. When Gwyneth and I were in the back yard of our house, a bluebird flew into a branch of our tree there. Gwyneth said it was a bluebird of happiness.

March 18, 2000

Frank and I went to meet Chuck at Coldwell Banker to go over the inspection report, noting which things we will ask the seller to fix and which things we will let slide. Chuck said that the office's escrow person called Daddy to instruct him about signatures necessary and, in Mom's absence, that someone with the power of attorney needed to sign for her. Mom emailed me that she gave the power of attorney to their attorney on Kauai. But Daddy denied that anyone had her power of attorney and was so abusive to

the Coldwell Banker escrow person, that she won't deal with him anymore. Embarrassing. Apologized to Chuck for his behavior. Got through the report business easily and pleasantly. Always enjoy seeing Chuck.

March 22, 2000

Chuck asked us to tell Daddy to sign and return the papers sent to him about the house inspection, etc. Waited till mid-afternoon for his call. He finally did and said that he signed off on the closing this morning. The second part of closing should follow in two days. He doesn't believe that there will be any problem now. But he said that he had signed Mom's signature because he didn't have Mom's power of attorney. She took it with her, or he or she had misplaced it. This could produce problems, because of course Chuck knew that Mom couldn't have signed it. Don't know what he'll say when he gets it. Daddy sounded totally strung out and fed up with the whole thing and said he wasn't going through this again. That sounds like a threat! Long, rambling talk, but good-natured after all. Great relief that, so far, we're still in business with our house.

March 23, 2000

Frank told me about the party he went to last night with the telemarketers. They love him, and he went up to one of them whom he described several times as attractive. His flirtatiousness irritated me because it went farther than is amusing to me. He told her something about not promising what you won't deliver, and she, talking about how she makes perfume in her kitchen, told Frank to smell her. Frank smelled her neck. Didn't like it at all. Even if he doesn't intend anything by flirting, I find it humiliating that people at the Taper, who know me, may misinterpret his actions. Unpleasant start to our day...Frank came home, but I didn't get up. He brought Bill in to bed, which helped me not be totally cold to Frank, but I couldn't forget this morning's bragging. Glad Bill stayed with me.

March 24, 2000

Astonished to hear that Daddy sent back papers without signing many of them, even though the places had been highlighted to show where to sign. Unbelievable! Can't for the life of me figure out why he neglected to do it right. Seems passive aggressive to me.

March 30, 2000

Called Mom and Dad in Florida when I got home to tell them about insurance information I had. Daddy said that I should tell Chuck that he's had enough of his faxes and papers to sign. I could not let that pass and said that he hadn't signed all the papers. Daddy maintained he had, which was untrue.

He asked for Mom to confirm that it was true, and Mom backed him up, even though she had been in Peru! Told him that I was not going to tell Chuck anything. If he has something to say to Chuck, he would have to say it. Said that I might have to have their signatures for the homeowner's policy, and if Daddy wasn't going to accept any more papers until he gets to California, then we might have to delay the closing. Really pissed me off. I was not going to let Daddy get away with his posturing. He hung up on me.

March 31, 2000

Called the AAA guy again. He said that he can't write the homeowner's policy for me because I don't own the house. I can't even have him draw up the policy for Mom and Dad. Talked to two other people at AAA to confirm that there is no way that I can do this for Mom and Dad. They have to get the homeowner's policy, and then we will have to get renter's insurance. I called Florida. No one was home, so I left a message, asking them to call me. They didn't. I'm sure Daddy is fuming about it all. Not looking forward to this conversation! Visited with Frank when he got home. He was frazzled and needed to eat, so the insurance news was a great irritation to him. He was impatient with me which I'm used to, but it still hurts. He told me that he thinks he's impatient with me as a way of protecting himself from losing me the way he lost his mother. He regrets it because he feels such tenderness for me. I try to remember that when I feel hurt.

April 8, 2000

Home just as Frank was getting ready to leave for the retreat. He was irritated with me again, right off the bat, because he wanted me to know that he needed newspapers to pack CD's. I reminded him that there are plenty still in stacks in his closet and in his bathroom. He said he won't want to go back and forth getting them. I said it was fine to leave papers in the living room, so long as we get rid of them while Mom and Dad are here as we had previously agreed. There was no argument, but he kept repeating his demands about papers. Expressed my sadness that he's always angry with me lately. That made him defensive which alienated me more. Finally, when he tried to hug me good-bye, I felt really tense and sad. This has been such a stressful, unhappy time for us!

April 13, 2000

Daddy had nothing nice to say about the house. Mom liked the stained glass and thought the breakfast nook will be nice. She likes the town feeling of Pasadena and the tree-lined streets, but I felt they both thought the house was very over-priced. Took them by all the other houses we were interested in after showing them all around our new neighborhood. Then went to Coco's for dinner. Daddy had two glasses of wine which mellowed him



somewhat. He made it clear that we needed to make a stop at the liquor store. Had a big set-to about the homeowner's insurance and that it was Woody who insisted on it to protect them. Then there was another confrontation about paying taxes and how they have to pay taxes even though we will send them the money. But unless they pay, the ownership of the house will be a red flag for the IRS. He was intractable, irritable, and irritating the whole time until we talked about Bonnie, Dad's dog. Looking at him his face was full of sweetness.

April 14, 2000

Told Mom that I would arrive to meet them at the hotel at about 11:00, but when I got there at 11:20, Daddy was in a state, anxious about shipping the truck. I tried to reassure him that we had plenty of time. That got us off to a great start. Really had to struggle not to throw in the towel. Just couldn't see how I could make it to the two museums which I needed to see for my class. Took Mom and Dad to the Farmers' Market and dropped them off. Found the gallery we were assigned to see. Didn't take long to see the installation and to take notes on it. Then went to LACMA. Saw the French drawing exhibition with beautiful drawings by Fragonard and Lorraine. Would have loved to stay there and enjoy that oasis in a horrendous day. Daddy said earlier today that he wouldn't blame us for wanting to move from the house sometime in the future, like the house is such a dump. So rude! He trashed Chuck, and so did Mom. They thought he was condescending. I said that the person they were describing was not the person we know. He was really obnoxious, having had too much to drink at the Farmers' Market and at dinner. Frank didn't let him get away with anything.

April 29, 2000

Poor Bill was really upset, sitting in his little box, trying to escape the bathroom whenever the door was opened. Frank let Bill out of the bathroom after the apartment had been emptied. Bill was totally freaked out, running from room to room and crying. Glad I wasn't there to see that. Nothing to be done about it. He couldn't come to the house because there was no room where he could be secured. Men arrived with the truck and unloaded as quickly as they could, with Frank and me directing them where to take things. I unpacked wardrobe cartons, china, and dishes. Worked hard till the truck was empty, and I was exhausted. Unbelievable to see how these men worked, carrying two boxes of books at a time! Real heroes, good natured and cheerful. Frank tipped them well, and they were on their way at about 11:00. Frank had to eat, having had no meal since breakfast—not wise for a diabetic. Went to Bakers Square. Had a sweet waitress. Felt very anxious about Bill. So relieved to get to the apartment and find him safe and sound. In fact, as soon as he realized that we were with him, he lay down and seemed completely calm and relaxed, as if to say, "So we're going to live

like this now? O.K.” He’s such a good boy! Took him, his box, and food bowls and were on our way. It was already 12:30. Home, and let Bill out of his box. That was amazing too. He came right out and walked to one piece of furniture and then the next, recognizing them and moving on. And he seemed fine. So relieved that we hadn’t upset him irrevocably.



May 12, 2000

Frank met me, and we went to Philharmonic concert. So nice to be at a concert together. Really enjoyed each other’s company and had a sweet time together. Frank said today that he felt like he was in paradise in our house and that he would have a hard time leaving it if we were to go to NYC. Amazing coming from Frank. So glad he loves it so much.

May 15, 2000

Billy had a “pussycat caller” in the form of one of the neighbor’s cats who came up to our French doors. Bill saw him right away, and they sat and looked at each other for about 45 minutes. The second time Bill has come face to face with another cat. Wonder if he recognizes the cat as an animal like himself. Glad he has that excitement in his life.

Frank and I were working in our office at the same time. Nice. He talked to Mary Ann, who is planning to visit with Army and Letha. Frank said he’s going to let Army and Letha have our bedroom. Nothing I could say about it. I’ve already told him I don’t want to do that and won’t for Mom and Dad. If they don’t want to sleep in the guest room with a mattress on the floor, then they can stay in a motel. So can his father, that’s certain, but he feels he owes it to his father. Good of him, but it won’t be easy, and I won’t like it! Dread it!

May 20, 2000

Frank had good luck talking to a woman at the cable company, so I tried to speak with her. She wasn’t there, so I figured I’d better take the appointment time instead of waiting to reach her to deal with. Frank got

angry with me for that, and my feelings were hurt. I have to be at home all day on Saturday to wait for them to come. Such a drag! And a drag beginning the day today in a bad way. When I was ready to leave, he hugged me and tried to console me, saying he doesn't hold me enough. And I agreed! Began to cry, and Frank tried to remind me that we're lucky. I know, but I'm so panicky about time. Strung out!

June 11, 2000

Frank said this was the first time he's been in NYC when it didn't feel like his home. Asked him if that was because he hasn't been able to do much of what he wanted to do this trip, and he said that was maybe a part of it, but mostly it was because this is his home. So surprising. Never thought he'd feel that way.

June 22, 2000

Both of us felt relieved to be on our way. Just as we were pulling out of the driveway, Frank and I saw one of the neighbor's cats slipping under a shrub into our yard. Frank joked about how Bill let the other cats know that we were going away and that the party was at his house! Felt like being on vacation. Just glad to be with Frank. When we got over the mountains we stopped at a café for dinner. I took over driving until we got to Needles. Listened to Handel's *Esther* with Drew Minter and Emma Kirkby. Glorious music and exquisite sunset to strains of *Ye Gods!* Then had spectacular lightning. Really dramatic and happy drive. When it got dark and began to rain, I didn't want to drive anymore. Then Frank drove. Talked about all our driving trips. Then Frank talked about Gigi. Both of us were so happy to be together.

June 23, 2000

Just before the turn off to route 160, Frank told me to go on to see the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. We didn't realize how far away we were from it and that we would need to backtrack to get back on the route to Colorado Springs. But it didn't matter because it was our chance to see the North Rim and Vermillion Cliffs on the way there. Really spectacular drive. Stopped at Marble Canyon. That was a beautiful sight too. Was afraid at about 4:30, when we were still far away and the skies were grey, that we were making a mistake and should turn around and give up the effort. But we kept on. Really glad we did. Long drive, even once we got to Grand Canyon Park, but there weren't many people and the sight was glorious! Saw Angel's Window and walked on trails just as the sun was setting. So lucky. An unforgettable thing to have shared together. Saw lots of deer and some foxes, I think.

June 25, 2000

Frank told me that he wanted to make love to me, and I was glad. He was going to try Viagra again, although it doesn't work for him. Didn't matter. Wonderful lovemaking. Longest orgasm I think I've ever had. Talked about how Frank was unable to have an erection before he realized he had diabetes. He knew he still found me desirable, but he didn't want to "start something he couldn't finish." Told him that I don't need his erection for us to make love. Wonderfully tender, erotic, and satisfying. Lay in his arms while he studied his lines for Toby Belch.

July 3, 2000

Frank spent the evening with Army and Letha and didn't call until later. Nice chat with him. Always feel a little anxious that each call may be our last. Never take for granted that our time together is without end. Always concerned about his health and our safety.

July 10, 2000

Bill got sick by the slider door in the study, and ants were swarming. Ugh! Hate that. Memories of wanting to save ants from Mom, when I was five, knowing she would kill them. But I wanted them out of the house! Had difficulty falling to sleep because I was preoccupied about the ants.

July 15, 2000

Beautiful costumes establishing a Peruvian location with music provided by Peruvian musicians. Some of the actors were very inexperienced, but, for the most part, they were committed and said the lines with understanding and sentiment. Frank was fantastic, which was no surprise. He was so funny and daring, and I was intensely proud of him. Happy he has this chance to act. He should be able to act much more. He's so brilliant, creative, and funny! The production was charming, especially because it was in a tent. It was raining and thundering, and the tent was flapping. Atmosphere, with families in the audience, and the experience of hearing the language was wonderful. Made me cry.

July 16, 2000

Frank showed me a heartbreaking letter he found that his mother wrote in the mid-70's. She defended herself against the charge Betsy and Army made about how Betty Lou said Susie was "using" Army. She said that all the children were using them both. She had no money and had to charge things and then would get in trouble. She said she wanted to be able to buy things for the house and go out for dinner, but all the children kept asking Army for money. Could tell that she had been drinking when she wrote the

letter, and she said that Betsy said she was drinking too much. So sad. Frank said he realized that Army's change is not only due to not having Betty Lou's alcoholism to struggle with anymore, but is also due to his not having to worry about money anymore. Explains why Frank has always been so determined about living the way he wants to live today, without regard to how much in debt he/we are.

July 17, 2000

Frank and I cuddled on the couch and had such a loving evening together. We are so in love with each other. How lucky! Hated the thought of leaving him, although I'll be glad to get home. But it's so good that he had this chance to play Toby and spend time with Army.

July 25, 2000

Letha talked about the trauma of moving, and Frank was stern with her, telling her to snap out of it. He said she was lucky to be married, healthy, and wealthy. Letha conceded that Frank was right and said that Frank was the happiest person she had ever met. It's true! Frank had me laughing and laughing.

July 29, 2000

Army and Letha moved back to Kansas City today, and Frank had his final performance in Colorado Springs. He said that he drove past the house and nearly cried. This was perhaps harder for him than the move out of the Kansas City house because it was the last place where Betty Lou lived, and Frank had the feeling that he was leaving her there. Sorry that I'm not able to help him pack for Grand Junction.

August 2, 2000

Home, and discovered, to my horror, that the telephone line was dead. Called repair service and was told no one could come today. Protested that I'm alone, I don't have any way to reach Frank, and our security system is connected to that line, plus this has been an ongoing problem for months. The woman I was dealing with was sympathetic and talked to her supervisor, but nothing to be done about it. Have to stay home again tomorrow, and they forwarded the telephone line to the internet line. Then I discovered that, for some reason, my computer connection no longer worked. Really upsetting. Frank finally got through to me, thank goodness, but predictably, he was impatient with me being upset, even though he was very angry about the phone fiasco himself. He can't deal with it when I'm upset and responds by being defensive.



August 6, 2000

Back to the hotel room briefly before leaving for the Colorado National Monument. 100-degree day. Met Tom and Steve (Andrew Aguecheek), who were doing the park today too. Had a nice time with them as we followed along to the overlooks. Gorgeous views of the canyons and spindles. Excellent outing. Glad to be together. Back into Grand Junction. Then went to the Botanical Gardens and the butterfly exhibit. Little but nice, except for when the children hurt a butterfly. Sad. Felt drained from the heat of the day. Nearly a full house, for which I was glad, and Frank was great. Felt very proud. The language really moves me. So beautiful. Glad to hear the play again. Lovely group of people, and they're all really fond of Frank.

August 7, 2000

On our way out of town at 2:00. Took the scenic route south at Cisco toward Moab with Frank driving. Got to Arches at about 4:30, but by then, we had already seen glorious cliffs and rocks as we drove along the Colorado River. That was even better, we thought, than Arches, which was also great. Fantastic spires, especially the Gossipping Women. Went from there to Dead Horse Point which is "unexcelled." Were there as the sun was close to setting, so the colors were amazing. Such a terrific trip we're making. Both of us felt lucky because we've been able to do so much travelling together to so many great places. We went on to Canyonlands and got to Islands in the Sky at sunset, just in time. Very surprised that we accomplished all we had planned. Drove to Moab where we got gas and dinner. Frank thought we should go on to Bluff to a motel which Murray told him about. I had been driving a long time and hit a small animal, which was unavoidable. I didn't want to drive anymore in the dark, but Frank was fine. Crestfallen when we got to Bluff, and there were no vacancies anywhere. 25 miles farther, in Mexican Hat, there were no vacancies either, and the next town was Kayenta, where our car had broken down. By then, it was 1:30, and we were told there were no vacancies anywhere in town. Really discouraged. Frank said he could drive another two hours, but I had grievous doubts. On a whim, Frank went to the Holiday Inn to confirm that they were full, which they were. But the woman there called the Hampton Inn which had three no shows. Miracle! So grateful that we didn't have to drive farther!

August 8, 2000

Frank thought he was taking one of his pills for diabetes, but he mistook it for Ambien. Bad news! He was falling asleep at the Blue Coffee Cup diner while we were waiting for our food. Had good Navajo fry bread for breakfast. Then headed for Monument Valley again. A comedy how the fates seem to be conspiring against our getting there. Stopped at the Visitors Center

briefly before continuing on along a very rugged dirt road down into the Valley. Had to have my eyes concentrated on the road in order not to fall into the pot holes. Both of us were skeptical to begin with, but after we had gone a few miles and seen a couple of the views, we both agreed that we weren't interested in seeing more. Unrelievedly rocky and dusty road. Almost like a construction site. As far as we were concerned, we had "done" Monument Valley, and we headed south toward Flagstaff. Of course, I was doing all the driving. Heard from Lillian, who is directing a musical adaptation of Molnar's *The Guardsman* in San Jose. She wants me to play the part of the Dresser in *Waiting in the Wings* and says that, as far as she's concerned, I have the part. But I must sing for the musical director. It will also be produced, with a different director, at Laguna, and she wants me to audition for both. I must hear the music and see if I can and want to do this, considering that it starts rehearsing in November and plays through sometime in January. So, would I have to skip Fall and Winter terms? Would it conflict with my Harriet show? Working with Lillian would be hard, even if the play is good, the part is good, and I can sing it. Sounds like a long shot to me, but I'm glad she wants me and is so sure of me, or at least wants me to believe she is. Surprised at Frank's response when I said that it would be nice to have a break from school. Talked about how I've always been ambivalent about a career in museums or curation. I've always said that the reason I'm in school is so I can support myself if anything happens to Frank. Said that I realize that Frank has supported me from the beginning, and he would like to leave the Taper. Understand that I should be able to step up and make things easier for him. But I want to act when the opportunity for something good comes up. I was surprised that Frank would not want me to take a good opportunity if it were offered to me. My joy comes from acting, and acting is what I do best. I'm not ready to say that I will put it behind me. Sobering conversation.

August 12, 2000

Listened to *The Guardsman* music, and Lillian is right about *Waiting in the Wings*. It's the best song in the show--very beautiful and heartfelt. Can see why Lillian is thinking of me for this. The song is about an older woman who was an actress watching someone else on the stage. That part of her life has passed her by. I could sing it. It's in my range and not hard. So now I need to decide whether I should do it or not. Oh, dear!

August 17, 2000

Talked about whether I should do Lillian's play. Frank really thinks I'm deluded thinking that I can work part-time in a museum job in order to be able to take acting jobs. I think he would like to leave the Taper permanently, and it's high time I supported him. He's been feeling tightness in his chest, and it has been really worrying us both. He found a book that says it's not something to be overly concerned about, even though he needs

to ask a doctor about it when we get back from the Edinburgh Festival. That's been making him more edgy. It probably makes him regret even more what he feels is a waste of his time and talent working at the Taper. I just have to face the reality of not acting. My heart actually was aching during the concert at Usher Hall of Benjamin Britten music with Ian Bostridge. Felt sorrowful and shutdown, even with Bostridge performing soothing, beautiful music. Opened my heart a bit...Frank, Sonya Raimi, and I found a nice little corner of the drawing room where we could talk. She looks a little rounder and older, but otherwise the same. She's had some health problems as a result, she said, of congestive heart failure. She can't do as much, and although Fred is directing her in a play when she gets back to Rochester, she's wondering if she'll be able to do it. She was filled with warm greetings and messages of love from Rochester friends. Got caught up with news of the theatre scene in Rochester. She expressed her displeasure that I am working at the Getty and going to school instead of acting. She's really a fan of mine and boosted my ego. Such a darling. Had 90 minutes with her before we had to hurry back to the Traverse for 11:45 performance. Then took a cab to the Dean Gallery where there was a Salvador Dali show. Quite a crowd there. There was a Paul Klee show across the street at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art. I left Frank to try it instead. There was a crowd there too, and I didn't want to fight it. Only had about 40 minutes altogether anyway. I took charge of ordering a cab back to the Travers to see a praised production. Walked up to check again for return ticket to tonight's mass at St. Giles with the Hilliard Ensemble which I've been trying to acquire all week. Was outside St. Giles 45 minutes early and was first in line. One of the organizers gave me a ticket free! Great! Beautiful concert. Good end to the day and to our stay.

August 23, 2000

Frank was upset when he got back because Lee tried to muzzle him, saying that he lectures the group too much. Lee would like Frank to lead a discussion among the group instead. Frank thinks Lee is irritated because Frank doesn't defend the plays more—the productions having been so bad. Frank is just about ready to tell Lee that Lee doesn't need Frank for these tours if what he wants is a discussion facilitator. Jeanne was irritated when Frank told her that I'm not going to the play tomorrow, even though Frank told them that from the beginning. Too much! Left for Bond Street by bus. Went first to The Button Queen, a store near Wigmore Hall. Amazing collection of beautiful new and antique buttons. Picked out a couple of big, Victorian picture buttons, a beautiful engraved button for Gwyneth, and a set of beautiful and expensive green and red stone buttons. Spent a lot more money than I would have spent had I been alone. They were fun/elegant purchases. Then went to the Wallace Collection. Glad to be back there after so many years. Started out with a special exhibition of watercolors by 19<sup>th</sup> century artist, Richard Parkes Bonington. Beautiful. He died at 26! Frank

had limited time there because he wanted to see *Two Noble Kinsmen* at the Globe. After taking a break together at a very nice, new atrium restaurant where I had cappuccino, he went off to do the rest of the Wallace quickly. I spent the remainder of the day there, taking my time. Such a wonderful collection. Loved especially the Dutch, Boucher, and Fragonard. Glad to see *Dance to the Music of Time* again and *The Swing*. When I got tired, I took another cappuccino break. Didn't have time to see everything, but did a lot by the time it closed at 5:00. Such a nice way to spend the day. Wished Frank hadn't had to leave. Then started walking towards Royal Albert Hall, arriving just in time for concert—Bach's *St. John's Passion*. Hall was really too large for the intimate nature of the music and period instruments. But I was still glad to hear it and to be with Frank.

September 5, 2000

Saw that Bill had gotten a little sick on the sofa, and Frank got explosive when I didn't clean it immediately. Didn't matter if I waited five minutes when neither of us had any idea how long it had already been there. I pointed out that he could clean it up himself as easily as I if he was so concerned. He was totally out of control, apparently because he feels pressed with preparations for tomorrow's book club and Thursday's New Works Festival meeting for which he needed to read four plays. And yet he had time to go to Costco to buy another boom box for the bedroom. Then he picked another fight with me because he couldn't get the TV in the living room to work. He blamed me, assuming that I had locked him out because of taping. First of all, that's impossible, and secondly, we agreed that I shouldn't tape in the living room. He was so unpleasant, it brought me to tears. Calmed down by isolating myself in the bedroom. Frank finally came into the bedroom and kissed me, not saying a word. Very upsetting evening.

October 21, 2000

Frank criticized me again for throwing away the shoe box which Bill had stopped going into in favor of another box while we were still in the apartment. Frank brought it up tonight saying he hated me for doing it. Harsh, and I told him that I was tired of him criticizing me all the time. Hurts me. Unpleasantness marred the fun of watching the World Series game.

October 22, 2000

When I got back to the car, I discovered my purse had been stolen from the trunk. Probably someone in the garage saw me put it in the trunk. No sign of breaking in, and the alarm doesn't go off when the trunk is opened. Calamity! Looked all over the garage and searched the dumpsters around the area with no luck. Home and fell apart. Not only did I lose \$145, credit cards, driver's license, address book, appointment calendar, checkbook, and

all the personal items I carry, but I also lost my Montblanc pen and my beautiful Coliseum pencil. Cried uncontrollably while Frank called the credit card companies. I made a list of lost things and then began to put together things around the house to replace the personal items to restock my purse. Spent almost four hours today, and I'll have to spend time tomorrow as well, getting the bank card, driver's license, and UCLA ID. Felt so cheated. So unfair! Talked to the police and AAA and tried to find documentation for the cost of replacing contents. I couldn't control my emotions through the evening. Weepy.

October 23, 2000

Daddy said he received our tax bills and was going to send them. He asked me to contact the tax board and have them send the bill to us. Don't know how many times we've been through this. We can't get the bill delivered here because it has to be sent to the owner of the house—the Trust. Daddy said I should tell them to send it to him at this address, but I said that I can't get his mail forwarded. He has to do that. Then he hung up on me. That was all I needed. The last straw. Don't understand why he doesn't get this! Upsetting! That got me weepy again. So upset I can't comprehend what I read. I feel depressed, unhappy, and angry. Frank said I could not legally get Daddy's mail sent here, when Daddy asked Frank to have me go to the tax board to do that. Unbelievable! Glad Frank took care of him. He said Daddy should send a letter with the bill, and we'll see if that works.

October 25, 2000

Got \$58 royalty check for my book. I've sold 788 copies to date. Proud.

October 29, 2000

Fabulous estate for the Inner Circle Brunch. This one was the most impressive place yet. Really incredible. Frank was great, as usual. Everyone expects him to be, and many openly tell him that he's the reason to come to the brunch. Felt proud of him. He was relieved it was over and exhausted from the expenditure of mental and psychic energy...Had to endure Daddy saying that the theft of my purse was my fault because we live in LA, which is "the worst place." Reminded him that all our purses were stolen when we were camping outside Washington D.C. Neither Mom nor Daddy acknowledged remembering that. Also reminded him that I was mugged in Worcester. He had nothing to say when I told him about Frank's wonderful talk with his publisher. So mean-spirited.

October 30, 2000



Had dream that Bill belonged to Mom and Dad, and we had to give him back. But they were going to get a kitten instead of keeping him. Mom was the present one in the dream. I realized that this was untenable, that Bill was ours, and we didn't have to give him up. Found Frank to tell him this, which of course, he knew already. Said so much about how I hold Mom also responsible for their heartlessness, in some ways, and how I was passively accepting this horrid situation until I came to my senses. Amazingly revealing dream!

November 4, 2000

Had nightmare that Frank died. Georgia was in the dream too, trying to comfort me, but I was crying uncontrollably. Woke up, relieved to discover it was a dream, but shaken. Entire body ached. Probably because of feeling so distant from him for days.

November 12, 2000

Daddy had sarcastic remarks about Frank's newspapers, books, and CD's. I just kept quiet, and when Mom said to ignore his sarcasm, I said I was used to it. When I told Frank about it, he was furious. Said that he never can be at home without something upsetting happening. I felt hurt, like my presence should have some positive effect on our home, and he was discounting me. He hadn't eaten, which was probably the reason for his anger. Several times, when I attempted to converse with him, he made it clear that I was interfering with his listening to the TV. Really felt undermined. Just shut down. Read for Renaissance research in bed. Frank joined me with Bill, and that made things sweet between us.

November 16, 2000

[My *White Ashes* performance for the UCLA Friends of English.] Smallish audience, and nobody I invited turned up. Sorry about that. The audience, which was mostly Friends of English and a few students, were very attentive and appreciative. I was strong, confident, and focused. The show was really good, and the discussion afterwards, which Frank moderated, was also interesting. Many very nice comments. Felt proud, happy, and relieved that it was such a success. Especially pleased that Frank thought I was great. He was so excited, wanting us to do more shows together. So glad.

November 17, 2000

Mom and Dad called to find out how the show went. Frank was on the phone too, and I was glad he was. He was able to talk about how good the show was. But it meant that Daddy said nothing. In fact, I didn't know that he was on the line until he said good-bye. He doesn't want to talk at all if Frank is

on the line, because he knows that he can't bully me then. So sad! What an unhappy man he must be!

November 24, 2000

Scouted Ryan out of the bedroom when he came right in, despite the closed door. Didn't realize that our room doesn't have a lock on the door. Too late! We needed it! Betsy seemed surprised that I let Ryan know that he is not allowed in our room. She asked me if there was some reason, and I said yes, because our door was closed, and Frank was sleeping! Later, after I left, she asked Frank for clarification about "rules." He reminded her of our talk last night about Bill, and our concern with him not going outside. That we were keeping our door closed partly to be sure that he was safe. But really, no explanation should have been necessary! It's startling to me that mothers get so stressed out that they lose a sense of proportion and objectivity about how others may feel about not wanting to share in their childrearing. I sympathize with her just letting go, or wanting to, of the constant responsibility of mothering, however, I'm not so sympathetic that I'm willing to take over for her, especially when I see Craig not assuming much responsibility at all. I like Craig, but he doesn't help Betsy much.

December 17, 2000

Exchanged our anniversary cards. Frank was happy about his jacaranda tree. His card to me had Klimt's *Der Kuss* on the front and inside he wrote, *Darling Girl. That's really all I have to say. I've said it to myself whenever I think about you for all the time I've known, and every year—every week—every day—it means more. I love you. (Billy, as usual, joins me in expressing his affection, and says why don't we get a nice flat quilt like the people on the cover? [of The New Yorker, framed in our bedroom—an illustration by Jean-Jacques Sempe.]* His cards are always heartfelt and so beautifully written and so funny!

December 29, 2000

Showed Army and Letha, when the game was over, my Harriet program. Think they're even more impressed with me since seeing my sweaters, cross-stitched tablecloth, Harriet program, and hearing me sing the duet with Linda. Want them to know that Frank has a wife worthy of him.

## MEMORANDA

### New Year's Resolutions:

1. To give the best of myself to Sam, giving my total attention to him when listening to him, caring of his health & emotional well-being, & doing what I can to reduce stress in his life.
2. To spend more time together, listening to music & read & less watching TV.
3. To be more physically loving to him - manifesting my love for him.
4. To spend more time playing with Bill.
5. To spend more time singing & playing piano.
6. To keep my weight at or below 125.
7. To continue exercising every day - a combination of yoga, aerobic training & weight training.
8. To meditate twice a day.
9. To eat a more well-balanced diet.
10. To write more discursively in my journal.
11. To do more creative writing.
12. To be more patient & loving to Mom & Dad.
13. To find the good-heartedness in other people & offer them the best of myself.
14. To knit more.
15. To drive more carefully & less aggressively.
16. To have faith in our financial security now & in the future.
17. To incur no debts which we don't pay off monthly.
18. To act in an Equity play.
19. To do one good role in a feature film.
20. To function the presence of God each moment of every day.
21. To be happy in my life's work, whatever it may be.
22. To experience Sam's successes or my own.

## 2001 Journal

January 1, 2001

We soon got underway for our breakfast at the Pantry. Took forever to get home because of atrocious traffic. Unbelievable congestion because of Tournament of Roses parade which was over by that time. Really a mess with litter all over the streets. So glad to finally get home, even though our spirits were still intact. Gwyneth went out to sit and read in the rocking chair. Not long before Patrick, Sandra, and Patrick's sister, Bonnie, showed up. Very nice visit with them. Laughed and laughed at Frank's stories. So happy with our marriage and our lives. There is much to be thankful for. Took time out to cuddle in bed with Frank and Bill. He was really vulnerable, totally surrendering to Frank's tummy rubs. Darling Billy.

January 2, 2001

Frank was in a whirl because he's being sent to New York on Thursday to see a tape of a Hal Prince production which Gordon may substitute for *Flower Drum Song* in his season. He needs Frank to report on it for him. Good that Gordon believes Frank is indispensable. Frank is glad to go to NYC and see Mary Ann, Susie, and the kids. He'll be able to bring back more books too! Hate it that it's during my last days of "vacation," but it's a very good thing.

January 4, 2001

Helped Frank get underway. Said our good-byes. Sorry to be separated from Frank, even though I get along well on my own. But I love us being together.

January 6, 2001

Talked to Frank who had a wonderful time with Andrew at *Fidelio*. He was enraptured, and Frank is in love with Andrew. Doesn't want to have a child himself, but he would like to have Andrew himself! This is a relationship which Frank and I are going to enjoy forever!

January 20, 2001

[Reading of new Russian play, *Lightning*, for the Beverly Hills Theatre Guild, directed by Frank.] Maybe 75 people in the audience, many of them older and some Russians. Sheila Belkin, from Frank's book group, and Judith Lind, who has been a fan of ours through the UCLA Friends of English performances, were there. The reading was great! I managed to keep focused and keen through the show. Knew I was good, and Frank nearly got exit applause twice. Some stood at the curtain call. Many people praised

my work, which felt good. Best of all was Frank, who said I was great, and Judith, who said over and over again, "Do you know how wonderful your face is?" Felt proud. Frank was really happy about our success. Just incredible that we're not rich and famous when everything we do is so great! Both of us happily talked over moments and reactions, basking in the glow of our triumph. Cuddled together until we fell asleep. Laughing and tender.

January 21, 2001

Talked to Mom and Dad. Frank went out and wasn't home for their call. Daddy talked for the first time in weeks. He just won't talk to Frank. I think he's really threatened by Frank. He's alienating himself. Sad. Nice talk with them. A neighbor of theirs died in his sleep at 50. I said how important it is to say to those you love how much they mean to you. Glad to have the opportunity to verbalize that to them both. Good talk with Gwyneth who told me how wonderful my performance was. Glad to hear her praise. Not that I have any doubt about my work, but I like knowing that she thinks so too.

January 22, 2001

Sad message from Gwyneth. Siân's cat, Mina, was very ill, and when Siân took her to the vet last night, the vet advised euthanizing her because of kidney failure. Poor Siân felt responsible, afraid that she might have been over-medicating her. (She has to give her injections on a daily basis.). So sorry for them. Emailed Gwyneth, telling her to relay to Siân my experience with Mr. Cat. It was such a profound gift that I was able to give him. How I saw God in the moment when he raised his head to look over his shoulder at me one last time. Sad. All I could do was send her my love and wishes for comfort.

January 24, 2001

A producer planning an arts center in Culver City said very kind things about my performance. He has lived in Russia, and he said he had never seen someone able to capture a Russian woman as I did. Frank said he feels that since they saw me as the "star" on Saturday, that he would be able to freely cast me if he were to have a company at the arts center. He so deserves this.

February 14, 2001

Frank gave me a beautiful card, supposedly from Bill. The card read *To that wonderful woman in my life. Happy Valentine's Day. Love, Bill! Your tigerboy! (Frank says so too).* His cards are always so great.





March 3, 2001

Got email from Lillian asking if I want to do Paula in the Fall at Milwaukee Rep. It would mean that I would be out of school for the Fall term, and I'm not sure I can do that. The requirements say that one must complete the work in three years. Lillian would direct, which would not be fun. Frank seemed negative about Lillian's offer. Not sure if it's because he doesn't want me to be gone for two months, or if he doesn't want me to delay finishing school for another term, or what. He doesn't think it's a good career opportunity because I've done Paula. I think that it would be valuable to introduce me to Milwaukee Rep. Frank thinks that's beside the point if I'm going to be getting a museum or library job. We went through this all again. Wish I could feel that he thinks this is a good idea. Think maybe he feels like it would be less complicated if I just got through school and had a job so he could quit the Taper. Once I have a real job, I won't be able to take parts like this. But I can now, if UCLA lets me. So if I can, should I do it?

March 7, 2001

*Julius Caesar* was great musically. Excellent voices, but the direction was overbearing and too cute. At the first intermission, I asked Frank if there was one or two intermissions. He reacted as he often does—arrogant and irritated. How should he know?! I was just asking an innocent question if he knew. Hate it when he does that. Makes me feel like an annoying little sister, not someone he loves. There was no affectionate touch through the entire evening. Felt estranged! I had been looking forward to being together for the evening. Spoiled. Hurt my feelings. Just closed off from him.

April 7, 2001

Both of us were a bit nervous about our dinner date with Michael Ewing and his partner, John Rechy, because we had never socialized with John before. John was very vivacious. A Tennessee Williams type character—very outspoken and uncompromising. He's been reviewed badly by critics, and he's scathing about them and about those who are homophobic or gay bashers. Wonder if he drinks too much or takes some kind of drug because of how hyper he is. He was very interesting and charming. Michael is obviously devoted to him, although he is, I think, much older than Michael. Dinner was good. We came back to our house for dessert and coffee. Michael is so pleased with our good fortune. Delighted when he said again what a wonderful actress I am and what a wonderful director Frank is. Really believe, still, that he will employ me in a movie sometime when he has a part for me. Glad that John loves cats so much. Really a lovely evening.

April 29, 2001

Went to Dodger Stadium where we were guests of Judith and Ian Lind, (she the president of the UCLA Friends of English). They have box seats right behind home plate. Unbelievable view. Really like her, and it was very easy to be with her and talk through the game. I couldn't pay much attention to the game, which was a good one. Judith encouraged me to contact a librarian at Beverly Hills Public Library to see their fine arts collection, which is one of the best. She also has influence with someone at the Clark Library. She wants to help us, it was clear. Very nice of her. Frank said he and Ian had a very nice time as well.

May 5, 2001

Found out Frank made dinner plans tonight with a book group woman who asked him to write a book based on her experience losing her hair. Frank has met with her about it and said he can't. Now she wants him to meet her doctor to see if she can write the book. For all of his complaining about the amount of work he has to do, I don't see why he needs to drive across town to have dinner with them, especially on a Saturday night! Seems like the only time we have together is spent talking about all the work he's oppressed with and his anxieties about finances. I feel very neglected and couldn't hide it. Feel stressed and unappreciated.

May 6, 2001

Frank wrote a very clever script for the Clark Library Acquisitions event using interesting, odd, and witty material from the manuscripts to be purchased for the library. Laughed and laughed. Worked better than last year, due in part to Marjorie Lord and Robert Osborne, who were much better than the actors

last year, although they couldn't approach Frank's skill, intelligence, and heart. So proud of him. Glad to see Judith there. We stuck together during the reception, enjoying each other and happy at the success of Frank's event. Judith promoted me and my Harriet show to a woman connected with the Clark. So pleased with her!

May 8, 2001

Frank is very anxious about our bills, and suggested, as I was afraid he might, that I might have to ask Mom and Dad for a loan. I said that I can't do that. They've given us a house, and we've never asked for help before when we had to pay rent on an apartment. Why would they help us now, when we have no rent to pay? Frank didn't press beyond that. I hope he doesn't ask again, especially when he's still buying books and CD's. I talked to him again a couple of days ago when he was acting glum because his blood is still high with this new last ditch effort drug, pointing out that he's trying to solve his diabetes with drugs alone, without exercising. When he said he doesn't have time, I noted that he had time that very day to go shop in a bookstore.

May 9, 2001

Frank vented his anxieties about our bills and how to pay them. He said that he may have to bite the bullet and stop eating out, but he hates to do that because that's the thing he does to reward himself. I pointed out how lucky we are, but that just made him more impatient, and he cut the call short. Seems as if the only communication between us lately is about money, or his diabetes. He's really feeling stuck.

May 16, 2001

On to hair appointment. Was irritated that Kim was late—stuck in traffic. I'm on such a tight schedule. Went out to get a key copied and was chagrined when I saw my irritation in perspective. The woman in the key shop was in her 80's. Her husband died last week of a heart attack. She said she was doing well, and I expressed my sympathy. An event pointing to the fragility of life. Have to take each day and make it count.

May 19, 2001

About 75 people in our audience at the Jane Austen Society, Southwest—all of whom are intelligent, interested people. That was nice. Frank was sensational. He spoke about society in the 18<sup>th</sup> century and their enthusiasm for Sarah Siddons. He read some monologues from his play, and then he and I did scenes together. I did the final monologue. Made a few mistakes, but was strong and good. Frank said I was great, and a man in the audience, who had seen the show at the Getty, said what he saw today was even

better. Such a shame that Frank didn't direct it and that I didn't play Sarah. Very gratifying. Nice drive from there through South Pasadena, basking in the satisfying afterglow of our success.

May 20, 2001

Helped Frank get on his way. Both of us feeling sorry to be separated and expressing our desire to have a life soon when we can spend more time together. Hate to see him go. So in love with him and feel so loved by him.

May 21, 2001

Good talk with Frank. He had a fun, high-intensity visit with the kids at Susie and Carl's. Casey is really crazy about acting and Shakespeare! Great. He got applause at his bar mitzvah, which never happens, the rabbi said. Such a surprise that he's into theatre.

June 3, 2001

Ann arrived about 12:40. Sat around and talked quite a while after showing her around the house, which she seemed to love. Talked a lot about Mom and Dad, who she also believes is failing, having more lapses and being more cranky and demanding. She seems to be losing patience with him. I think she's scared about being saddled with caring for them because of the condo being nearby. She knows that it solves the problem of what to do when one of them can't handle living in the Kauai house because of the stairs and the amount of work it requires. She's told them she doesn't want to be the executor of the trust, but they haven't relieved her of that responsibility. They don't want to pay someone to do it. She's very worried about Nicki and Tom being a problem down the road as far as the estate is concerned. Surprised me to hear that she's having problems with Mom and Dad. Tried to support her having her own life while Mom and Dad are around. She feels that Daddy especially wants her to come by all the time, and of course, she doesn't have time. Good visit with her.

June 15, 2001

Frank had bad news from the newest of his three book clubs. They decided that they're going to look for another facilitator. I don't trust the woman coordinator, although she was quoted in the paper in an article about book groups, saying Frank was like an ideal dinner guest. But she said the members want someone more scholarly. That stupefies me! No one knows more than Frank. She said he digresses too much. Frank was thrown by the news and the loss of income. So many of the people have spoken to him about how much they love him. I was incensed and supportive and said that I am glad for him not to do it unless they really appreciate him. Pearls before swine. Right after that he got a call from another book group he had

asked for a raise from \$300 to \$500 per meeting, and after notifying the members, they had agreed. Well, that was a relief.

June 28, 2001

Both of his book groups went really well. The woman who told him that they would be looking for a different facilitator at the end of his “contract” left him a message saying that they aren’t going to look for someone else after all. Think she’s getting back at him because he’s not sufficiently subservient to her. Frank was firm with her and said he doesn’t respond to attempts to “jerk his chain.” So glad he won’t tolerate such bull shit. If it means that he loses that book group—fine! Not worth it unless he’s given the respect due him.

July 1, 2001

We were loving Bill and having a sweet morning. I asked Frank if his knee was still hurting him, and he made a comment comparing me to Letha’s prattling conversation. Didn’t appreciate that. He comments frequently about my questions annoying him. Don’t understand that reaction unless the person is annoying to you—not just the question. It hurts me. Frank had to move books because one of the shelves was sagging badly. Asked if it was something that was the fault of the carpenter, and he responded sharply and with irritation, like my question was stupid. He looked as if I was really annoying him again. Asked him why that was—that I didn’t understand his reaction. He said he was sorry. Think he finally understood how it makes me feel. I noticed that the sprinkler I attempted to install had blown out of the ground when the water turned on. I tried to put it back in the ground, digging out around the pipe, but couldn’t fix it myself. Frank was impatient with me. He said I was out of line to think that we should ask Orlando (our gardener) to help. It isn’t covered by our homeowner’s warranty. When Frank got back, he went out, complaining, and managed, we think, to screw it in. Thank goodness he acknowledged that I did what I could and that we could ask Orlando to look at it and pay him extra. Talked about how he has been in a bad mood. He thinks that he’s been under so much pressure that even now, with the pressure off, he has been unable to relax. Appreciated his admission because then I didn’t feel that it’s because of dissatisfaction with me. Dreamt of having taken a stray cat and put it in the cabinet and forgetting about taking care of it. When I did open the cabinet, the cat had a cast on its leg.

July 13, 2001



Daddy had to be cajoled to come with us to the Gamble House. When Daddy realized that it cost \$5 per person, he started grouching about it. I told him to stop complaining and not to ruin it for Mom and me. If he didn't want to come, he didn't have to. He could wait for us or take the car—neither option he wanted to do. He hit my upper arm sharply, but with a grin on his face when I reprimanded him. He stopped complaining. Daddy made a crack later about how he's seen a lot of houses before. What a crank! Had a very nice time with Mom alone. Went to the Black Cow in Montrose. Talked about Ann and Gary's marriage, which seems to be in better shape now. Talked about what would happen if Mom dies before Daddy. Mom said he would have a very hard time, but if he dies first, she would never remarry. She would be fine on her own. Frank let her know that she should spend more time with us. Good of him. One of the most interesting things Mom said was that Ann is spoiled. She has Anna and her husband who cook and manage around the house and someone else who cleans. She doesn't know what it means to economize. When Ann was here, she said that Mom is "a little princess" who gets whatever she wants. Asked Frank what he made of that. He said he also had been struck by the comments and that he thought it belies their competitiveness with each other over Daddy. Very interesting!

July 14, 2001

Went to the Huntington for tea. Turned out not to be a good idea after all. Daddy was his old cantankerous self, carping about the food and coffee and then picking up the check so that he could feel justified for complaining. He made a crack about how much he hates London. Frank said that London will survive without him. Glad Frank came back at him. Mom read an email from David about the books he is reading and how he likes to buy the books he reads instead of getting them from the library. Really nice letter from him, but Daddy's response was that it was just bullshit. I left the room. Don't want to listen to him when he's like that. No sense in taking him to nice things because he's so determined not to enjoy himself and spoils others' enjoyment.

July 30, 2001

Frank said how beautiful I look and that he misses making love to me. He said that he wants to try to make time and said that it is on his shoulders whether or not we will be successful. It was said tenderly and playfully, but I was very thankful to hear him express desire for me, whether or not we actually can have intercourse. I can live without it, as long as I have his tenderness and love.

August 4, 2001

Cuddled with Bill and then made love. Frank told me mid-week that he wanted to make love to me on Saturday and Sunday and said, playfully, that I was not to hold him to that, but to be prepared. Was happy that he still finds me desirable. Wonderfully intimate. We were free to share fantasies of other people watching us while making love. I didn't like him to fantasize, especially about Robin, while we made love, but I am more secure, I guess, now that she's not living here, and also more willing to be free in order to encourage our love life. Very playful and fun.

August 8, 2001

Listened to Dodger Talk, the post-game show. Something so charming and sweet about Ross Porter, the host of the show, and the people calling in. Polite civility that seems all but lost in so much of our society.

August 20, 2001

Picked up my rug [purchased with money Daddy Herb gave me for my high school graduation] at the cleaners. Took it to the Pasadena Rug Mart. The man there said it was beautiful—classic Persian design, probably about 75 years old, made by machine in Europe. He said that it is a design of a pond with fishes, lotuses, and trees of life, all of which he pointed out, and a border of the Milky Way. So glad to know what it means. Really love that rug. Asked him to repair the hole and prepare it for hanging over our bed.

August 27, 2001

Relaxed a bit before leaving to go to the Norton Simon, which, fortunately, is open on Mondays. Had a great time going from room to room, looking at the paintings, and choosing our favorites in each room. Emily and Andrew are both so smart, interested, and interesting. Neither Frank nor I had enough sleep last night, so after a few hours, we needed a break. Had cappuccino in the new little garden café and then walked around the sculpture garden, which is beautiful. It's a great museum now. Frank made jokes about Ryan and how he would deal with a new, adopted baby. We were laughing so hard my stomach ached. Really funny, and the kids were delighted. Fun!



September 2, 2001

Frank was reading the New York Times while listening to the game. I said "Isn't that nice!" when I heard a commentator say that, when Cone pitched a perfect game, he gave everyone on the team a gold watch. Frank didn't hear the anecdote, and he became impatient with me when, instead of repeating it immediately, I indicated that I was listening to hear the end of the anecdote. Then he erupted, saying that he didn't give a damn about hearing my comments. Out of nowhere. Really ugly. He knew it too and apologized, but I felt hurt thinking that, somewhere, on some level, he didn't care what I have to say. Spoiled the evening for me. Frank came in to see if I was all right and to cheer me up. Glad for his willingness to take responsibility for his nastiness.

September 10, 2001

Dreamt that I was supposed to perform, playing the saxophone, but I didn't have the mouthpiece, and I hadn't had any rehearsal. Then had a dream that our house was being demolished. I hadn't taken care of our dog, and we were trying to get our cats out. Both anxiety dreams about leaving our home, Frank, and Bill, and feeling irresponsible about it. Hate it that I'm going away.

September 11, 2001

When I got in the car and tuned into NPR, I heard the dreadful news that planes crashed into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Unbelievable, horrible news. No word yet from Mary Ann. Saw that the World Trade

Towers collapsed. Staggering news. Inconceivable. The Horror. Kept remembering going to the top with the wonderful views of the city and having dinner there at Windows on the World with Vati. Learned that Mary Ann called Matthew, who relayed the news to the family. Mary Ann was still walking north to Susie's, and everyone was all right. The twins were crying and didn't want to live in NYC anymore. Susie and Carl saw the towers fall from the street outside their office. Although we were feeling relief that Mary Ann was OK, we worried that she may not have been far enough away before the buildings collapsed. About 1:00 Mary Ann called from Susie's. Thank goodness. She was shaken and described how she arrived at work at WTC subway stop. It was such a beautiful day, she decided to sit outside in the park and drink her coffee. The WTC is across the street from her office building, and she saw it as it was attacked. Rubble and paper were flying, and she ran under the canopy of her building. She heard the second plane hit and saw people jumping from the tower. Horrible! People started running, and she was knocked down and run over, but although her hip is hurting her, she's all right. Once she got to Susie's, she fell apart in Susie's arms. Susie decided to walk through the park because it was such a beautiful day. When she emerged at Fifth Avenue, she saw the towers on fire. She said that Carl was in meetings all day yesterday at the WTC. So terrifying. Susie is saying that she never wants to fly again. Traumatizing. Frank was shaky all day. I couldn't keep watching the TV. The pictures are so difficult to watch. This is the worst disaster in our country's history—an act of war. Really devastating to our world. Everything has changed.

[Letter to Ilse.]

So now it begins with the bombing. Yes, everyone seems to have their own story about the 11th. It's so horrifying and so infinitely changes our world and our lives. Frank's sister, Mary Ann, lives on Long Island and works in the building across the street from the World Trade Center. (Do you remember that Vati, Albrecht, Gertraud, and I had dinner at Windows on the World when Vati came to visit? I have a much-loved photo of us standing with our arms around each other with the view out the window behind us.) Mary Ann came up from the WTC subway stop at 8:30 and, because it was such a beautiful day, she sat on a park bench to enjoy her cup of coffee before going in to work. That's when the first plane hit. She took cover under the awning of her building, then came back to the bench to get her briefcase, and the second plane hit. She said she saw the people jumping from the top of the Tower. Everyone started running, and she was trampled, but not badly hurt. She just kept walking North toward the law firm close by the Empire State Building where Frank's other sister, Susie, and her husband, Carl, work. Susie, who lives at 76th and Central Park West, decided to walk to work through the park because the day was so beautiful. She overheard some Parks workers saying something about a crash. When she emerged from the park, she saw the WTC on fire. She continued walking, stunned,

until she got to her law firm. Carl was, of course, worried sick about her, and together they watched the buildings come down. Mary Ann and Susie have both gone back down to the area and say that the devastation is infinitely worse than what one sees on TV. Mary Ann doesn't think she can go back to work there, but her company will probably be rebuilt elsewhere anyway. Susie has four children--the twins are nine, and they said they didn't want to live in NYC anymore. The twins are recovering from the shock, but Susie is still staggered by it all. So is Frank. I don't want to see NYC for a while. It makes me terribly sad. I hear the stories and sob. It is a relief to be here [at Milwaukee Rep.] working, although I hated leaving home, Frank, and Bill less than a week after the calamity. But to have this work to focus upon is a very good thing. I never thought I would wear a flag pin because of all that it signified during the Vietnam years especially. Frank and I never would stand during the national anthem before sports events. But now things are different, and although I have little respect for Bush's abilities, at a time like this, there is great comfort in the feeling in this country of being united against this evil terrorism. I hope you understand. We feel deeply grateful for the support given by other countries and leaders. I have to get to rehearsal. Love to you and the family...

September 13, 2001

Frank talked to Betsy, who called, crying. She said that Craig wasn't going to be home till 11:30, and Frank said that he must be having an affair. Betsy didn't try to disguise her knowledge. Said she didn't know. She told Craig not to bring home any disease and not to tell her. Upsetting in itself, but more upsetting that Frank's attitude was that this is to be expected. Just biological imperative for men. I said, well what's the point of being married, and Frank said that Betsy has her home and child. Why have a husband when there can be no faith or trust? She could have her child alone and a home alone. Could not tolerate that! Asked Frank why, if it was a biological imperative, he had been faithful. He said it was because he was already old when we married, and I guess now because of his diabetes. I pointed out that he fell in love with Robin. Disturbing start to the day. At the same time, I feel so close to Frank, and he has been very loving and tender to me. Frank thinks I'm unreasonable for believing that, for me, it would be impossible to allow an extra marital relationship because of it destroying trust and faith. Luckily, it's a moot point—this verbalized by Frank.

September 15, 2001

Thomas was walking back and forth while we were watching a movie, and each time he did, Frank and I called out to him. Then Bill would rush to the



sliding door to see Thomas and attempt to follow him from room to room, although Bill doesn't have a good sense of direction and runs to the wrong room. At one point in the movie, there was a shot of the outside of the Waldorf, and a black hotel cat walking up to the door, and Frank called out that it was Thomas. Then Thomas came to the door, and Bill did too to meet him. So funny.

September 22, 2001

Last night was the first game the Mets played back in New York since the disaster. There was a bagpipe procession, and Diana Ross singing *God Bless America*, a 21-gun salute, and ball players with quivering chins. The neon skyline on the wall of the outfield had a red, white, and blue ribbon where the WTC towers used to be. During the 7<sup>th</sup> inning stretch, Liza Minelli sang *New York, New York* backed up by policemen who were doing a kick-line. The Mets haven't lost a game since the disaster. They've been wearing a cap with the insignia of police, firefighters, and emergency workers and the date, 9-11-2001 embroidered on their sleeves. They were trailing till the end when Mike Piazza hit a home run and won the game. I was sobbing watching it all. So moving. After dinner we worked on Act I, but Lillian directed me to do it more restrained, so that Paula acts more normal, although what she says reveals that she's insane. Think that she's right, but it's not easy to go in a new direction. And yet it's fresh and interesting to work on.

September 27, 2001

Worked Act I, which seemed like such a long way away from memory, even though I had reviewed. Played Paula as more "normal," or at least believing herself to be normal. Then, after we had gone through the Pavlova scene and stopped for notes, Lillian asked me to change the approach to that as well. She said it needed more legato, and I was trying to interpret what her direction meant. Seemed that what she was saying was that she is remembering the event as it actually happened. Although she's talking about it for the benefit of others, she is transported into the immediacy of memory. The bottom line is that it needs to be real—not a send-up of the moment. Took a break at just that point, so I had ten minutes to wonder about how I was going to accomplish the moment. Just figured that whatever happened, I needed to play the truth of the scene for Paula. I did. It was quieter and smaller, and when it was over, Lillian said that it was fantastic, terribly emotional for her. She said to me, "You can do anything!" So appreciated her praise, but then felt frightened that I won't know how to do it again.

September 28, 2001

Knew we would be working on Act I after the break, and I was feeling scared and vulnerable about doing it again, wondering if I had any idea about how to do it “right” a second time. Lillian found me and said how excited she’d been last night about this new direction. Asked her how she’d arrived at it after having wanted it the heightened, crazy way before. She recognized that it needs the initial semblance of normalcy with Paula, letting the language alone reveal her craziness. Then it reaches a new plateau in Act II and can climb to the breakdown of the Epilogue. Told her that I’m not comfortable in it, as belied by my forgetting the lines that I knew as the former Paula. I rely on her direction, and I trust that she’s right. It’s scary, but I try to play it truthfully as Paula. She was happy again, so that was good.

September 29, 2001

Paula has a crush on Henri, which partially excuses the excitement and preoccupation I feel about the actor playing the role when he’s in the room. The one playing Alberto looks an awful lot like John Retallack, except younger and more handsome. It’s all a bit disconcerting, but I can use it for Paula! We worked II, and I felt frightened and vulnerable again. Ran it once, and Lillian gave me notes for the Pavlova beat which makes it even more immediate and real for me/Paula. Did it again, and it was magic. What’s more, I know (I hope!) how to do it. Lillian said it was great.

September 30, 2001

Little Lillian, the girl, has taken a liking to me, although I haven’t worked for it. This is consistent with the response I seem to get from children. They are drawn to me, despite my not making an effort. Just natural affinity. When we were getting notes, and I was on the settee, she came up and seemed to be glad that I invited her to nestle in beside me. Sweet.

October 15, 2001

Frank sent me an opening night card and gift.



Anna Pavlova in Giselle 1903  
The State Museum of Theatre & Music, St. Petersburg  
All rights reserved

She should have  
seen you.

Love,  
Frank

Diaghilev - Creator of the Ballets Russes  
Barbican Art Gallery, London 1996  
News Productions, Stroud GL5 3EH  
57088 Printed in England 01453 767222



With secret cause, which no bad storm among  
Hides the smooth current of domestic joy...  
- Oliver Goldsmith, "The Traveller"

Billy and I are having a little more trouble  
with domestic joy lately. We miss you.

Happy Anniversary  
Happy Birthday  
Dazzling Operas

Frank  
+  
Betsy

So wonderful. Really touching. He sent me a thistle black and gold scarf—the design by Tiffany from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

October 19, 2001

Lovely opening. Audience gave us a standing ovation. Felt triumphant. Heard lovely comments from the interns with tears in their eyes, people I didn't know, and the associate artistic director.



On the left as Paula.



October 20, 2001

Kandice told me, after the show, that Anne McNaughton was critiquing the show, which she wants to direct herself, saying which performances she liked and disliked and said that my Paula is “definitive.” So nice to hear, even though I don’t have a very high opinion of Anne as a director.

October 21, 2001

Ran into Lillian. That was fortunate, because she was leaving this afternoon to go back to LA, and I didn’t take her up on her invitation last night to socialize. She said I was 50% responsible for the excellence of the show, and that someone told her last night, after seeing the play, that she must have loved Paula most. So nice to hear. In the three shows since we opened, we’ve received two standing ovations. I saw a man yesterday afternoon, standing and sobbing as he applauded. Very gratifying. Well, at 49, it’s good to hear.



October 31, 2001

As I was working out, an African-American man approached me to say he saw the show last night, and that I was wonderful. He said he couldn't take his eyes off me, and that I made him want to act. Told him how much his words mean to me, and he said that he couldn't wait to see me do more work. Really overwhelming praise, but it's exactly the effect I strive for and expect from myself! Made my day! By the time I got to my dressing room after the curtain call, Paul O'Neill was on first in the ninth inning with the Diamondbacks leading 2-1. Then Tino Martinez hit a home run to tie the score! When I got back to the Plaza, I saw Derek Jeter hit a home run in the tenth inning to win the game. Miraculous! It was past midnight, and for the first time, the series was being played in November. Jeter became "Mr. November." Crowd was wild. Fantastic game which I was able to share with Frank after I settled in and heard post-game interviews. So happy. Giddy really. How I love baseball!

[Letter from Carol].

*My dear Mary, Rick and I were enthralled by The Magic Fire. What a powerful play and dynamic ensemble!! The performance was captivating, and you must be very proud of the outcome of all your hard work. Although we knew very little about the play before curtain time, we were quickly absorbed in the issues of memory, history, loss and homelessness, among others. At times I found myself thinking of my grandfather's brother and sister, brother-in-law, niece and nephew who immigrated to Buenos Aires in the late 1930's and still live there. I wondered what their experiences as refugees and immigrants were like during the terrible Peron years. Before seeing Magic Fire, I never really gave that part of their lives much consideration. As Aunt Paula, you were terrific. Your presence--your connection to young Lise, to your memories, to your passions and madness--is so well done and so powerful. In a time and place like that, no wonder your character would retreat into the past and the life of the mind and its memories. You look wonderful, and I saw all the evidence of your diligent lifestyle and hard work. Many of the other actors' performances are still with me this morning. This is a very strong ensemble--from the notes I see that several of you have been together with Lillian through many other performances--and the evidence of your strong connections to the script and to each other is very evident. I also loved the grandmother, the younger and older Lise--and the way they interacted with each other and with the past/present. I could go on but class calls me away. I'm sorry we couldn't stay to greet you, but we were very tired by 10:30. We reached home just about midnight--a 90-minute drive, and I turned up at my health club at 5:45 a.m. energized by your show. Let's firm up our plans for the 18th. And good luck, my friend, with the rest of the run. Thanks for the tickets. Love, Carol*



November 1, 2001

Listened to Game 5 when I was in my dressing room and went over my script. So touching, hearing the crowd chanting “Paul O’Neill” because it was probably his last home game. Then was stunned when Brosius hit a home run in the ninth inning with two outs to tie the game! Again! Unbelievable. Almost makes you believe in this happening in order to give New Yorkers as much joy as possible after September 11.

November 4, 2001

An intern wanted to meet with cast women to pick our brains about the business and socialize. Everyone gathered in the common area of the hotel. Nice to relax together. All of us were pretty discouraging about what life in the theatre is like. Just being realistic. Even Kandice said she was trying to figure out how to get out. She’s just had it—working in compromising situations and living in shabby hotels. When I was telling my story, I had to struggle to contain my emotions about going back to school. Still hard for me to talk about, even when I know it has been right for me. But when I see again how (truthfully) exceptional my work is, it’s still very disappointing.

November 12, 2001

Talked to Frank, who was hosting a play reading as a favor to some friends at our house. He had invited Nicholas and Gedda to participate, and in order to make it easy for them, he had gone to translate awhile with Nicholas so that he could drive them to Pasadena. Gedda was in a bad mood, and as they were leaving their home, she asked if Frank minded living so far away. Then they commented about how hot Pasadena is. Frank affirmed that we chose to find a home in Pasadena because we prefer living there. Nicholas made a comment about how he hoped that Frank wouldn’t let his contact with Harry Abrams go by. The implication was, as he has often suggested, that Frank mismanages his career by not pestering people with phone calls. Frank has asked Nicholas many times not to presume to offer his unwelcome advice. If Frank’s career depends upon his begging agents for work, he doesn’t want a career. Both of them were totally out of line. They turned around and went back to their apartment. Felt so sorry for Frank, although he was in fairly good spirits by the time we talked. Too bad that Nicholas and Gedda spoiled the evening. At this rate, they will never see our house!

November 18, 2001

Lillian called me this morning to thank me and wish me a happy closing. Appreciated that. Wanted to just appreciate the performing. Everyone felt happy and loving, and the show was very good. The audience all stood immediately and cheered us at the curtain call. I was struggling to keep from sobbing. Got a lovely note from the dramaturg who said I was responsible for the success of the show. Especially sweet/ bittersweet closing. Can't help but wonder if it will be my last play.

November 19, 2001

Chicago is so beautiful with Lake Michigan, parks, and lots of trees. Really pretty. Evanston is also gorgeous with huge, handsome homes. Found the theatre school, and when we went up to the classrooms, Frank ran into the man who directed him at CSC, Craig Kiner, and the man who directed him at Northwestern, Les Hinderyckx, both of whom immediately recognized Frank. Visited with them awhile. Then walked to the building which used to be the theatre when Frank was there. Frank showed me the spot where Josephine, his glamorous girlfriend, danced the flamenco in front of him, before they had even met. Then we drove around trying to find the street where Frank lived with Josephine for a while. He couldn't remember the name of the street, but we found it. So, having done everything we had set out to do there, we headed back to Mike's apartment.

November 20, 2001

Walked up State past the Chicago theatre, which is a landmark, and past Marshal Fields. Looked at the Christmas windows. Went inside to find the atrium I remember from childhood which was so beautiful. It's been renovated and no longer pretty at all. Walked on to the Art Institute. There was a great show which focused on the relationship between Van Gogh and Gauguin. Very interesting. Spent most of the rest of our time in Impressionist galleries and saw paintings I had seen when I was a child. Stunning. Happy being there with Frank. Mike (Frank's cousin's son) met us for dinner. Really fun to share stories with him about Frank's family. He was able to get a ticket for *Billy Budd* at the opera. Opera was powerful and very engaging for me, even though the music is not easy for me to listen to. Glad Mike liked it and that he had joined us.

November 21, 2001

Caught the bus and went downtown to Sternberg Galleries which had some beautiful Cortes, Daubigny, and Galien-Laloue paintings. Then walked on to R.H. Love Galleries at Nickerson Mansion. This is a sumptuous 19<sup>th</sup> century home with three floors of paintings, prints, and drawings, plus a library of American artists. That was really good. Then went to Terra Museum of American Art to see *(Re)Presenting Women* show. That was another very

good and interesting exhibition. Saw a great portrait of Thomas J. Eagan by Eakins. Took a cab to the Art Institute where we had about an hour to see the Dutch paintings. Then I found the American 19<sup>th</sup> century paintings. Saw great sculptures by Bessie Potter Vonnoh, wonderful painting, *Shoe Shop* by Elisabeth Sparhawk-Jones, neither of whom I knew before, and a glorious *Husking Bee* by Eastman Johnson. Walked up Michigan Avenue and was glad to do that to say good-bye to Chicago.

December 9, 2001

Frank asked what I hoped for in sending a picture, resume, and letter to the Taper's casting director. I told him that I didn't want to concede that I might never act again and asked him what he meant by asking the question. He said it would be a waste to have gotten two degrees and then decide that I was going to pursue acting after all. Told him that I know that I have to get a real job, but perhaps something will come up that I can do which will still afford me sufficient flexibility to act as well. Depressed me that Frank would once again undermine my intention, which I've had from the beginning of graduate school to prepare myself for a job as a means of support—not as a career.

December 17, 2001

I woke up this morning to find, in addition to a beautiful card from Frank (and Bill), baseball cards for the Yankee team laid out on my desk according to the positions the players hold, and framed above them all was one of Kirk Gibson, who hit the home run which won Game 1 of the World Series for the Dodgers when I was first falling in love with baseball in 1988. Frank was off translating or something, and I was watching the game by myself, probably for the first time. It was that home run which really captured my passion for the game. But there wasn't a card for Paul O'Neill, my favorite player. I thought, oh well, Frank wasn't able to find one for him. But then, when I went into my bathroom, there was a framed card of him which Frank had placed there, he said, so that Paul could watch when I shower! He is the squeaky-clean player who indulges in graham crackers and milk after the games, but now that he's retired, Frank thought that he might be loosening up. How lucky am I!

## New Year's Resolutions:

1. To be more loving & generous with those I care about.
2. To love & care for Jack & Bill with open & whole heart.
3. To listen & be available to Jack with total focus.
4. To listen to music with Jack & read together.
5. To play piano & sing regularly.
6. To keep physically fit, working out daily & eating nutritious food.
7. To allow myself to sleep as much as I need.
8. To do writing which is not required by classes.
9. To develop our garden area around house.
10. To do another Equity production which is worthy of me.
11. To read for pleasure & not only for school during term.
12. To be more patient with Mom & especially with David.
13. To spend more time socially with Shogren & other friends & not live so miserably.
14. To be more generous & patient with people in public or freeway, not succumbing to aggression & anger.
15. To allow time for silence, reflection, & spiritual growth.
16. To incur no debts which we don't pay off monthly or right away.
17. To knit more.
18. To write more disallowingly in my journal.
19. To practice presence of God or Godliness in each moment.
20. To be happy in my life's work, whatever that may be.
21. To appreciate & be successful as my own.
22. To book another prestigious, high profile performance of "White Aches".
23. To act in feature film in very good role.

January 1, 2002

Laughed and started the first day of the New Year with Frank, which was sweet. But saw Daddy coming down the hall, and he said, "Is Frank still in bed? He'll sleep till noon." Starting his day cranky. Just not a very nice person. Daddy said nasty things about John Berger only being interested in sex and baseball, and he made a comment asking who would want to listen to Frank talk. I was glad when he didn't want to go with us when David, Nicki, Frank, and I went out to breakfast. Good talk with Nicki, venting frustration about Daddy's bad behavior. Nice to just relax and visit together. David is a very confident and a nice young man. Very good of him to be coming up so often and spending time with Mom and Dad...Stopped in Sausalito for dinner at Horizon, a nice restaurant on the water. Nice time with Mom and Dad. Was amazed when they asked Frank about Nicholas. Didn't think it would be a good idea to tell the details about their falling out, but Mom asked, and Frank told them what happened. Assumed that Daddy, at least, would be unsympathetic, but he was firmly in support of Frank and thought Nicholas was out of line and rude. Very glad that was his response. Talked about Nicki and Tom. Worried to hear the details about Tom's "mental illness" as Mom calls it. They heard second hand reports that Tom has a permit for a hand gun. That's alarming!

January 2, 2002

Could tell that Daddy had been drinking, but he was fine really. Went to see Sissy Spacek in *In the Bedroom*. Surprising and grim movie with very good acting. But not great. Daddy didn't understand it and probably was asleep through part of it. But he judged it a "piss poor movie," was condescending, and dismissive, criticizing one actor because he was British. He can be so ignorant!

January 3, 2002

When we got back to Mill Valley, Daddy was impossible about how we were navigating to get to Strawberry Village. Wore me out. Frank was good natured and teased him, but my patience had worn thin. Daddy had too much to drink, and he was obstreperous and really cocky. He knew that I was extremely uncomfortable, even though both Frank and I assured him that I was fine. The waiter made a mistake figuring our check, and Daddy was insulting about that. He left him a \$6.00 tip on a check of \$75. Luckily, I slipped him \$5 on the side.

January 4, 2002



Said our goodbyes, thanking Mom and Dad for working out the house exchange, even though it was a hardship. Wanted to acknowledge the fact that Daddy felt put out and that he made a point of saying that he wasn't going to do any more house exchanges. So glad to have made it to the end of our visit. Frank was feeling heady with the great success of the visit. He really had enjoyed managing Daddy, finding out how to tease and cajole him while not letting him get away with anything. Don't know how I would manage without Frank. So grateful! Headed for Betsy's. Ryan, I was surprised to discover, was charming. Played with him at his computer. He danced to *Nutcracker* music, and then he and I played Grinch board game in which he let me have second chances and hugged me when he was doing well. He was really taken with me and disappointed when we weren't staying. Loved seeing Magic and especially seeing how gentle Ryan was with him. Magic was loving with Ryan, so he must be treating the cat nicely. So glad to be home and see that Bill was fine. Ann left the house with a sticky floor in the kitchen, laundry needing to be done, and vacuuming needing to be done. Expected more. Ann being Ann, that was expecting too much.

January 5, 2002

Andrew had his Met debut last night in *Tosca* and was wonderful, according to Susie. Emily cried because she was so happy for him. Darling girl.

January 12, 2002

So proud of Frank and so entertained by him. So in love with him.

January 18, 2002

Listened to second half of Mark Twain special. Wonderful. He's one of the people in history I like the most. Moved to hear that when Livy was near death, they were only allowed to be together for two minutes a day because the doctors thought he would excite her too much. He wrote her notes which he pinned to the trees outside her window, telling the birds to be quiet so that they wouldn't wake her. Lay out the plastic again for the workmen. Billy liked walking up and down the plastic because of the nice crackle sound it made. Laughed and laughed till I cried, playing with him by pulling the plastic while he was standing on it. He is so concentrated on attacking it.

January 23, 2002

Frank was oppressed by all the work he has to do for the Taper program and distractions from the plumbers. I had to clean up after the plumbers—sweeping, vacuuming, wiping, and taking out the trash. Communication with Frank was abrupt and very unsatisfactory. Relieved when he apologized.

Went to bed, and Frank came in with Bill, who didn't stay for tummy rubs because he knew Frank wasn't coming to bed. Frank and I were distant. He saw his physical therapist today, was given some exercises for his back, and will be going back three more times. All that is good, but I wish he would see a specialist to find out the cause of the problem. Frank didn't appreciate my concern which he perceives as a lack of confidence in his good judgement. Instead of calming down to go to sleep, I became upset and unable to sleep. Six hours of skating on the surface of repose. Felt alienated from Frank and concerned that he may be avoiding finding out about his back.

January 25, 2002

Irritated when I asked for the music to be turned down at the gym because the jerk first lied and said that the level was "fixed." He asked what would happen if he turned it down, and someone else asked for it to be turned up. I said "turn it back up." Then he said he would "see what he could do." I asked what the problem was. He again said he'd see what he could do. I went through the "when we joined the club, we were told that the music level was not a problem. If asked for it to be turned down, they would turn it down." He said then that he agreed to turn it down, and I said that he didn't—he said he would see what he could do. By that time, the manager was turning it down, and I thanked her. Felt as if he were metaphorically displaying his penis to intimidate me. Asshole!

January 29, 2002

Visited with Frank. He received a letter from Nicholas to tell him Happy Birthday and to tell him how very badly Frank had behaved in not getting in touch with Nicholas, laying all the blame on Frank's shoulders. Really upsetting letter. Frank wrote an amazing, publishable letter in response which managed somehow to be both loving and also absolutely letting Nicholas know, in no uncertain terms, that no relationship could be sustained with him unless he stops presuming to give Frank unwanted and unsolicited advice. Brilliantly expressed.

February 2, 2002

Frank talked to Mary Ann about Joe, whom she believes is dying. He's doing nothing but drinking, and now Jim is drinking again. Frank talked to Susie too, trying to figure out how to deal with the situation. They are planning an intervention and finding a facility where Joe can go in Kansas City or Long Island. Frank wants to talk Joe into coming out here so he can show him he has a lot to live for, because otherwise, even if he goes through treatment, when it's over, he'll still have nothing to live for. Horrible situation. Gwyneth says statistics are very gloomy. Most people don't survive. Then went to LACMA for a showing of *Peter Pan*, part of a series celebrating *Disney at 100*.

Two animators, Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston were there with a few anecdotes before the short cartoon, *Clock Cleaners*, with my favorite, Donald Duck. Never had seen *Peter Pan* before. It is Frank's favorite, and he hadn't seen for 50 years! Even better was the documentary, *Frank and Ollie*, a great story about a lifelong friendship and working collaboration of these two men. Showed them acting out their characters and then the clips from the features, explaining their process. Really touching and inspiring. Both of us were thinking of poor Joe, who drinks because his life is so empty. Frank remembers reading to Joe when he was a boy, and Joe rubbing his eyes deeply, asking Frank how he got excited about things. He's always been empty. Frank also blames the Vietnam era when Joe dropped out of school because life had no meaning for him, even then when he just wanted to avoid the war.

February 15, 2002

Think Frank was upset because, when Bill bit him during his tummy rubs, Frank was mad and shook him "too much," he said. Scared me, but he said Bill was fine. He vomited on Frank, and around the room, I guess. Upsetting. Wanted to get up right then to find Bill, but Frank assured me that he was fine. I realized that Frank was feeling badly and needed reassurance that I wasn't mad at him. He made up with Bill in the meantime, and sure enough, Bill joined us in bed. He stayed a really long time getting his tummy rubs. When he was finally sated, he came to me for push-ums.

February 16, 2002

Really felt sad about Frank not being tender with me. It's not that I need intercourse, but I want his tenderness, and I want to feel I'm attractive to him.

March 2, 2002

Visited with Frank when he woke up. He had a rough time at the board retreat. He made a presentation about a good play, and then the board broke up to decide, as an exercise, the plays for the season. All but one group chose a bad Black re-write in hip hop style, of *The Seagull* because the theatre season needs to reflect "diversity." Frank feels compromised by the wrong values reflected in every area of the Taper. He really doesn't want to work there. He was gloomy, feeling unappreciated, and not knowing what to do instead of work there and still get insurance benefits. He wondered how he had made wrong decisions in his life which affected his career. Should he have gone for an academic career when English literature, at that time, was plunging into the depths of deconstructionism?! No! When I tried to comfort him, he rejected my attempts, so I felt gloomy too. After all, I too feel that my talent has been unappreciated and wasted. I've done my best to figure

out an alternate plan which, although it doesn't feed my spirit, is a way to make a living. It's not fun, but I'm coping. Unless Frank's luck changes, or he gets some financial windfall, he'll have to continue working at the Taper for the benefits it provides, or quit and do something else. I hate it that he doesn't have the life he deserves, but we have many blessings: our health, each other, Bill, and our house.

March 7, 2002

Found a message Margo left for me that, because she's been having a problem with our computer (I haven't), tech people tried deleting everything and reloading everything. I couldn't log-in. I called for help, and got that taken care of. But my email archives weren't there. I assumed that it was just a matter of rerouting it back where it was supposed to be, but after a tech guy came by, I was told that my archives were gone, as were all my bookmarks and my screensaver of Frank as Toby Belch. Unbelievable! I should have been told that the computer work was going to be done, and it should have been scheduled while we were both there. And all the paperwork that was done during "Discovery" before the migration a few months ago detailed exactly what needed to be saved from each person's files. Margo should have been aware of what was happening. Really makes me mad. Not only that, but her name is on the wall outside the workstation. Mine was taken down. I left a message for tech services, saying that I want them to retrieve my files, and I want an explanation. Mostly it's the personal emails I'm upset about, but there are work related emails I should have, and school emails I need to protect me in case Beth causes me any problems. Emailed the guy in the mailroom and asked that my name be replaced on the wall. Emailed Joyce, who was sick and told her about it. I said I was upset about it, and emailed Margo, politely letting her know that, when they work on the computer, I should be there, and I should be notified. Depressing. Feel disrespected. Didn't have any spirit to spare for Frank. Relieved to go to bed and so pleased when Bill followed me right away. That was the comfort I wanted and needed.

March 10, 2002

Watched a heartbreaking special about one firehouse in the Bronx that lost six firefighters on September 11. Hard to believe that tomorrow it will be six months since the attack. Wept hearing a son talking about how his father loved his job. The last thing his father said to him was that he lived for coming home from his job to his family. He said that he was lucky to have had such a father, that he had taught him so much, but he could have taught him so much more. Was glad to see the program to renew the sense of

gratitude I feel for those people who were so heroic, but it was almost more than I could bear.

March 14, 2002

Found out that my archives can't be recovered. They're gone. Really upsetting. Found out that Margo's archives were saved, so I asked how it was that that happened. Also sent emails to both tech guys reiterating how unacceptable their excuses are—I placed my archives where I was instructed to put them, and therefore, anyone at the Getty, following the instructions, would have archives residing on the hard drive. So why were they deleted! Said it was like having my scrapbooks for two and a half years burned in a fire. Talked to Joyce about it too. She didn't comprehend the extent of the damage, but I was fighting back tears, saying that Frank's emails are gone.

March 16, 2002

A cat I've never seen came face to face with Bill. They stared each other down and threatened each other through the glass. Bill held his own until the other cat retreated and left the backyard. Praised Bill, and he felt victorious and proud. For the rest of the morning, he acted as if he was on patrol on a very important mission. Thomas walked by a couple of times to reward his vigilance. Glad when something like that makes something interesting in his day.

March 21, 2002

Drive to Oxford was lovely—lots of scampering baby lambs. Frank wrote a poem when he saw he was travelling close by Banbury and realized Betty Lou had recited the nursery rhyme about Banbury Cross. In the poem he wrote about the "frolicking cask of lamb." The last line, referring to his use of a Blue Book which notes stars by things to be seen: "I'm starring the chapel, the nave, and the choir: the little cathedral of the lamb."

March 25, 2002

Walked to the Mall for the Royal Watercolor Society Spring Exhibition. Very large show. Realized that Frank wanted to buy one. We both looked alone and then together to decide which one(s) we wanted. I left the final decision to him. Bought *Artist's Model* by John Uht, a lovely nude, and Sue Read's *Bowl and Cranberry Glass*, which is a stunning still life in beautiful colors. That was 750 pounds, and the nude was 365. They were big purchases, but we were both glad about our extravagance.

March 27, 2002



Went to see Pamela Gien in *The Syringa Tree*, which I had seen and loved when she first was developing her one-woman-show in Santa Monica years ago. She was miraculous then and today. Fantastic show and fantastic performance. Talked a bit to the woman sitting next to me who travelled into London to see this show on a recommendation of a friend. Turned out that she had lived in South Africa, and she said how much Gien had captured of South Africa and how true it was. So glad to be able to see her perform again. Really great. Went to the stage door afterwards to thank her and send greetings from Frank. She was delighted to hear news of Frank and hugged me. Lovely person. Keep forgetting to write about the ducks we saw at Warwick Castle. The lady duck swimming along was sanguine, but the male duck was very cross and out of sorts, honking at her. Ever since, Frank says that the lady duck had probably just asked the male duck if he wanted any water. His response, "There's water all around." Frank says to me, at appropriate moments, as a warning, "Don't push me over the edge like the duck." Funny. Laughed till I was limp.

March 28, 2002

Freshened up and went to the Savoy Theatre to see *Iolanthe* with the group, although I bought a cheap seat in the balcony. Very good production. Laughed a lot. Sorry I wasn't able to sit with Frank. Discovered, when I was waiting for him outside, that Margaret Thatcher was there. Frank said that Lee spoke to her and repeated the quote from my thesis by Anna Lea Merritt, "The chief obstacle to a woman's success is that she can never have a wife. Just reflect what a wife does for an artist: Darns the stockings; keeps his house; writes his letters ...It is exceedingly difficult to be an artist without this time-saving help" -- Anna Lea Merritt 1900. Perfect that she would be there in the audience of that particular show on our last night here.

March 31, 2002

Called Gwyneth. Was shocked and sorry to hear that she hadn't gone to Cincinnati, because she had a really bad panic attack. She couldn't breathe, and was weeping uncontrollably. She is so worried about not working and needing money, maxing out her credit cards, being emotionally spent, worried about dying, not wanting to go to Cincinnati, and being in bad physical shape. She called Sarah to come and be with her. She asked her therapist for a referral to get a prescription, but that doctor couldn't work her in. She went to the emergency room at the hospital. When she was asked if she had self-destructive feelings, Gwyneth said that she had thought of suicide, although she hadn't gone so far as to make a plan. She was told that they were obliged, because she had said "suicide," to keep her there for observation and under guard! Alarming. Eventually she was evaluated and given a prescription for Xanax, which has helped her, she said. She has had some bad days, but she feels better now, although still very worried about

not having a job and money. She needs a break and feels, at the worst times, that she's fucked up, having used the money she inherited without having made anything of it. So sorry for her and concerned for her. Told her she could come over and stay with us and that, whenever she needs me to, day or night, I would come over to stay with her or bring her here. Don't know what else I can say or do. Not an easy call. Wrote cards to Ralph Raimi and Fred Nuernberg who had written to say that Sonya died on March 7. As soon as I saw Fred's return address, I knew Sonya had died. He said that he had been able to spend time with her at the end. So sad that she's gone, but glad that she didn't suffer a long time and glad that we saw her in Edinburgh.

doesn't seem possible that she is not here anymore. Ralph has been surprisingly wonderful before and after Sonya's passing. Sonya often spoke of you & I know you carried a correspondence. Perhaps the news has reached you already. She touched so many of us in so many ways --- . We will be having a Memorial Service for her June 15 or 16. If you have any special remembrance you'd care to share or a photo of her you would lend, please send to me for inclusion. Much love, Fred

Dear Mary -

I am writing to let you know that Sonya died March 7<sup>th</sup>. I believe I had told you that she was very ill a year ago, but then rallied. Then for the last few months all went bad again. Mostly Kidney Disease but added to Pneumonia & very severe Osteoporosis. She had made the decision not to do Dialysis (sp?). She did not wish to continue living that kind of life. Unable to do what she loved most. I was able to be with her often as she began her process of "letting go." It was so very difficult for all of us. I am grateful she chose to let me be with her. She was 74 years - way too young! It still

April 4, 2002

I'm afraid Hollander isn't going to be very good in this class. She had bad luck getting her lecture notes locked in the printer and was lecturing without notes. Even so, she was repetitive, rather superficial, and in talking about Anguissola, incomplete. I noticed, in quoting out of context, she entirely distorted the sense of the quote. That's disappointing. I've had such good luck with professors till now.

April 8, 2002

Got a really lovely letter from Ralph Raimi, thanking me for my card about Sonya's death.

Ralph A. Raimi  
46 Glen Ellyn Way  
Rochester, N.Y. 14618  
Tel. (585) 244-9368 or 275-4429  
email: RARM@math.rochester.edu

4 April 2002

Mary Stark  
768 Canyon Wash Drive  
Pasadena, CA 91107

Dear Mary,

I thought several times of writing you the news of Sonya's death, but something seemed always to get in the way. Mostly, it has been the answering of letters, so many of them so affecting that they called for more than formalities. Diana, my daughter in Ann Arbor, told me that I would be getting letters, and that if I sent them to her she would acknowledge them for me, saving me much labor she thought. Well, I got about 85 of them and read them all, and when the time came I could bring myself to send Diana about five of them, for in every other case it was a matter of real friendship, either for Sonya or for me, and in many cases both.

Your note brought tears to my eyes. Sonya had been so anxious to see you again, in Edinburgh, and it was so clearly our last chance, that I felt as if we had won a great victory over fortune for being able to make it happen. Sonya could barely walk, for that trip, and for the months before we went there, during which we had tickets to Festival events purchased in advance, and then airline tickets, I was not sure from one day to the next whether she would hold out in sufficiently good health. And yet, she held out for a couple of years beyond, though in diminishing strength, and we didn't dare go abroad, except to Canada last September for a weekend of theater at Stratford. Sonya was always hoping for the best, as was her nature, but when she came face to face with the decision she refused treatment for what would have been a short-lived and futile prolongation of her life, and died calmly with me and the children beside her for the last week.

It was so good of you to tell me that Sonya spoke lovingly of me when I was not around to hear it. People will doubtless speak well of me when I have died, but to hear it in advance is better. Sonya admired you enormously, both for your skill as an actress and for your courage in pursuing your vision. Me, too, and I thank you also for your continuing correspondence with Sonya, which meant so much to her.

April 19, 2002

Good to see Gwyneth and glad she decided to spend the night with us, even though she can't stay to hear the opera broadcast. Visited with her until Frank got home. He had gone by LACMA to hear Theo Saunders play. It was the first time Frank had seen Nicholas and Gedda. He said that it was very pleasant. Theo's wife, Susan, embraced Frank and said "Thank God." That's how everyone must feel—that Nicholas and Frank are going to move on. Gwyneth is feeling better, although she's still really concerned about not working. Frank stressed how only she can validate herself after she told us

that, when her father saw her *Marquis de Sade* movie, he told her it was a bad movie. Glad that she learned from her psychiatrist that her fuzzy thinking was not a side effect of prescriptions but rather an effect of depression. Don't want her to be afraid of taking medication she apparently needs.

April 21, 2002

Felt like I irritated Frank because I liked Brian Bedford so much last night. Frank feels he can act better than Bedford. It hurts him, I think, although he would never say so, when I'm so thrilled by another actor's performance. He's wounded by the lack of recognition from the Taper. I said how pleased I was last night when Martyn Bookwalter was given the Skipper award, and Gordon cited his set design for *Wood Demon*. It just reminded Frank that he's not been rewarded for his genius work. It seems I'm always interrupting something he's doing. Don't feel that he's in love with me sometimes. I feel like I'm his sister who takes care of the house. Let him know that before he went out.

April 26, 2002

Gwyneth has decided to adopt a cat. She asked her landlord, who said it was all right. She talked to her friend, Sarah, who was thrilled about it and said, if Gwyneth has to go away to direct a film, she will care for it. Gwyneth is going to trust that, with time, she will be able to adjust to her allergy, as she did with Betsy and Mina. She found a web site for the Humane Society that has pictures of many cats, and tomorrow we're going to go to see for ourselves. So glad she's doing this. Know it will be such a comfort for her. Yippee!

April 27, 2002

Gwyneth drove us to Long Beach. Looking at their website, she already had her eye on Henry, an older cat who had had worms and some problems when he was brought in. I was afraid that it was going to be a sad place, but it was really nice. Immediately entranced by a little case with four kittens, one of whom looked like little Bill. Laughed and laughed at their playing. They already had been adopted, thank goodness. There was a room with many adult cats, and as soon as Gwyneth went in, she went directly to Henry. He and the other cats were sleeping. Henry at first didn't stir, but after we kept talking to him, he got up and walked around. Gwyneth wasn't affected allergically by him. All the employees were delighted when they heard that Henry was being adopted. They said he grooms the other cats. Could tell he was a real darling. Her cat carrier was too small, so he wasn't happy in it. My job was to comfort him while Gwyneth drove. Both of us focused on him entirely—poor dear. He rested his head on my shoulder and



rubbed my hands. Then he settled on my lap. Emotionally exhausting, but so glad that she has her cat now. Know this will be a really good thing in her life.

April 28, 2002

Got dressed to go to Freiburger Barockorchester and Emma Kirkby. Met Shawne Zarubica there. All Handel music. Orchestra was great but was overpowering for Kirkby's voice. Glorious music. Frank wanted to take Shawn to Shamshiri on Sunset. Food was great. Manager came to our table, I think, because he sensed that we were friendly people. He told us his story about living in Iran, his love of Persia, how his father was tortured and killed, and how he has been affected by September 11. He talked and talked. It was emotional and riveting. Unforgettable. Frank was wonderful—sympathetic and engaging. He asked him his name, as I knew he would—Amir—but he also asked him his father's name, which meant "first day" because he was born on the first day of their calendar year. We were there much longer than we planned to be, but it was a remarkable experience.

May 19, 2002

Bill came up to do his push-ums, facing the window to the back patio, and suddenly his eyes got huge. Realized that he had seen Thomas walking on top of the trellis! So funny! Found Frank at the Clark Library Acquisitions event, and was introduced to Victoria Tennent, who's lovely, although she seemed tentative towards me. The program for *An Afternoon of Acquisitions* which Frank wrote was *Paper Cast Away*. Victoria was better than any other actors have been in the past two programs. Frank was brilliant! Laughed till I cried. So witty and smart. A terrific event. So proud of Frank! Victoria left a really nice message about how great Frank's script was. Frank gave her *Affliction of Glory* and *Summer People*.

May 21, 2002

Very worried about Frank, because now there are more alerts for public sites in NYC. Really hate it that he's there with the Taper tour. Decided to persuade him to buy a mask like I bought for us here in case there's an attack. In fact, I determined that I should carry one with me now. Good talk with Frank. He was grateful, I think, for my information about which mask he should buy and carry for himself. So worried for him! Wish I was with him. Want to die with him—not survive him.

May 24, 2002

Frank said that he's so angry about terrorism that he thinks he needs to see a therapist that the Taper has provided for employees. When he and Mary Ann saw *The Crucible*, Frank said, "Religion!" really loudly at the end of the

play. That's what it's about, and he was very moved by the writing, but it scared Mary Ann. One thing he's not doing is going to Ground Zero. Neither would I. I have no desire to see that. Would break my heart again.

May 25, 2002

Frank doesn't feel he should be doing these NYC tour trips anymore. They are incurring such an expense for what little he does. The tour guide could do those things—not as well, but the whole tone of these weekends is very low-brow anyway.

May 26, 2002

Got to Gwyneth and Henry's, happy to visit her home now that she's sharing it with her cat. This has made such a difference in Gwyneth. She's happy now. She's weaving again and writing. Henry seems totally relaxed and at home. Heard all about her two phone calls with the "cat whisperer" woman, who is able to speak over a distance with pets, help with problems, and give insight into the pet's thoughts and history. Henry has to have a special diet because of a kidney condition, and Gwyneth is trying to find something that he likes. She also is curious about what his life was like. She was told he left a previous owner and that he is happy to have a quiet life and know that Gwyneth is going to take care of him from now on. Frank called. His duties with the group are over. Think he feels unappreciated by this group because the tour guide did so much and received recognition instead. Frank is going to tell Charles that this is really a low-brow way of running a group, and although he hasn't been used as he could be, perhaps they don't need to send him. Laughed and laughed on the phone with him. Sweet talk.

May 27, 2002

Daddy was predictably irritating in his comments about how, not only did he have no desire to see Ground Zero, (nor do I), but he has no desire to see NYC ever again. Then he gave Mom a hard time about how long we were talking. Such a cheap curmudgeon!

May 30, 2002

Listened to a special about 9/11. Wasn't sure I wanted to see it, but was glad I did. Moving and horrifying, yet life affirming somehow. Hadn't seen the pictures of people jumping. Could see why people described them as "butterflies." Unbelievably deep. Later I heard a feature about how people are attempting to return personal belongings recovered in the rubble. One car was in pretty good condition, so the wife was notified. She came, and when the trunk was opened, inside was a birthday present for her and the card from her husband. 9/11 was her birthday, and they were going to go

out to celebrate that night. Agony. Today was the day that the workmen left Ground Zero, the job of cleaning out the site being completed. When the workmen filed up the ramp, leaving the site, the people gathered there to watch applauded. You could see them lift their heads and shoulders, heartened by the love and appreciation. So touching.

June 2, 2002

Mom and Dad called. Daddy was silent except for a sarcastic remark. I don't know why he bothers. There is no joy in his life, and he makes others around him (me) unhappy.

June 4, 2002

Dismayed when I saw that Orlando hadn't fixed the sprinkler. Frank made a lunch date and then went out bookstore shopping. He refuses to take responsibility for anything unless he wants to. This is a problem which I've done everything I can to deal with. Orlando doesn't return my calls, or come by, or let me know that he can't fix it so I can ask someone else to. Jeez!

June 5, 2002

Made another call to Orlando. Luckily, I was able to catch his English-speaking daughter with whom I had spoken last week. Explained our holding pattern to her. Was waiting for Orlando, who I had been told to expect at 5:30. I was still waiting at 7:00. When Frank got home, I watered the back yard again. Finally called Orlando. His daughter said he was on the way. Frank refused to intervene or advise me in any way—stubborn. He's trying to prove a point to me, I think: he is too busy or too beleaguered to deal with anything dealing with the house. I was feeling completely at a loss, and I needed to go to bed. Orlando finally arrived with his wife to translate. Sorry to have robbed them of their evening, but no alternative. Orlando can and will fix it. Relief. That taken care of, Frank and I were able to relax together.

June 6, 2002

Had made an arrangement to see Hui Shu Lee before my class to pick up my paper from last term. Nice to see her, but she was critical about my writing. She acknowledged that I hadn't had enough time to write it well, and that it was much better than the paper I wrote for her last term. She said I shouldn't quote so much and should synthesize and write more from my synthesis of materials. Original thoughts? Me?! She's right, of course, but I don't feel capable of that—particularly about Chinese art. It concerns me that she may be tough on my thesis. She actually called my writing "awful,"

even though she praised it last spring and said this paper was better. Hmm! I did get an A or an A-. I'm not sure how to interpret that except that I'll have to do some more work on the thesis before giving it to her. She's challenging me and expecting more of me, which is good. Relieved that I was going to my last class. Grateful that that is over. NO MORE CLASSES after 6 years. Yeah for me! What an accomplishment!

June 7, 2002

Called Dewey to ask for Bernard to empty the mouse trap. Called Dewey again after two hours because I needed to leave. Frank questioned my calling a second time, saying that I was acting like "a white woman." That's what he says when he thinks I'm being heavy handed. I protested, asking him what I should have done, since he puts all the responsibility on me. I was going to be leaving, and he would resent it if I suggested that he stay around to let Bernard in to get the mouse trap. He got the message that he had no room to criticize me. Good!

June 9, 2002

Called Gwyneth and had a good talk. She's so happy now, even though her career crisis is still as acute as before. Henry has made all the difference. He's started playing. At first, he wasn't playful at all, but now he plays on his own, dashing around the apartment in the early hours, and playing with Gwyneth. He wakes her at 4:30 by tugging at her pajamas, wanting her to join him and start her day. Glad that they have each other!

June 10, 2002

Gwyneth suggested that, if we let Bill in the garage, the mice might be deterred. That's what happened when she lived in a place with mice, and Mina arrived. She caught one mouse, and they never had a problem again. I coaxed Bill to go in the garage, although he was very cautious and tentative. I stayed in there with him. Big adventure for him. When Frank returned from breakfast, Bill was distracted and came back in the house. There has been a lizard in the guest room, which I saw for the first time yesterday. Tried unsuccessfully to coax it into a box to take outside. They're harmless, really, but Frank was concerned because of the droppings. I wasn't considering calling an exterminator about it, so I waited like a cat, hoping I could mentally seduce it out from under the CD racks. Waited as long as I could. When I came out of the bathroom, the lizard darted into the hall. I was able to drop the box over it and then managed to get it into the backyard where it would be happier. Then sat in the garage and read while Bill explored some more. Hope this works. Would like it if we didn't have to kill more mice.

June 11, 2002

Thought Hollander might give me a hard time, but was unprepared for the B- she gave me. Have to keep in mind that she's an idiot and that she probably is threatened by me. She commented again and again that I didn't use European examples contextualizing Bonheur. Don't know how she overlooked at least three examples from Europe explicitly stated and at least one other example in my footnotes. In addition, she made corrections which were unfounded. True to her idiocy. She said I could take an incomplete and rework the paper. Her grade means nothing, and I don't think the grade point average is important either. Just not worth the hassle.

June 14, 2002

Tackled a long email to Hollander, addressing, point by point and page by page, her comments on my paper. Told her that I'm not interested in taking an incomplete. Reminded her that I proposed the paper as the third part of my thesis at the beginning of the term and described the parameters and scope of the paper, addressing her comments one by one, and trying not to be insulting. Just responding to her criticisms makes her look stupid, I think. Told her that the paper deserves better than a B-, but that my straight A's make my GPA nearly unaffected by it. Don't know how she can avoid changing my grade. Think she must not expect me to contest it.

June 15, 2002

Was distracted throughout the afternoon by another lizard. This one was much more active, moving all around, and was too quick for me to drop a box on it. After a while, I saw that it was frantically trying to figure out how to get out the window of the guest room, so I opened the window and opened the screen. Figured it would eventually find the open part, but instead it got in between the windows and couldn't figure out how to get out again. Was afraid it would die from dehydration or exhaustion or finally from being squished when Frank returned. We had to leave to pick up the car, and I expected Frank would insist on closing the window in order to turn on the security system. By a miracle, he found his way out from between the windows and finally found the opening just as Frank was coming in the front door. What drama!

June 19, 2002

Received a response from Hollander. She said that she was sorry that I hadn't come to see her (although she told me that I could email her instead). She said she was turning in an "incomplete" for me, although she previously said that it was my choice whether to accept the B- or take an incomplete. I



told her that I wasn't interested in the incomplete. She didn't reply specifically to my response to her comments and said that I must rewrite the paper. She said she was turning the grades in today, although she wrote in the paper comments that grades aren't due till the end of the week. Replied to her that I was sorry that she hadn't responded to my email after she invited an email reply and said again that I don't have any desire to take an incomplete. Said although the B- grade isn't important to me per se, my paper deserves a better grade than that. Reminded Hollander that we agreed on the requirements for the course which I had "completed." When Frank got home, I showed him Hollander's email and my response. He wants me to talk to her as well as contest the grade, but I really don't want to ever talk to her because I'll be upset and emotional. I see no reason to. He convinced me to leave her a message saying that I left an email message requesting that I not receive an incomplete. I did and said that I request a response to my email comments on the paper. Hope that she doesn't think that she can give me a C for the course! Think that's impossible because we agreed that the paper was the entire requirement. Oh, I hate this!

June 23, 2002

Frank said earlier that he wanted us to make love. So glad he did, although I'm anxious about him taking Viagra. He doesn't seem to think there is reason to worry. Was also worried about me being able to achieve an orgasm, having become so accustomed to my vibrator. Great lovemaking. My orgasms are so much richer and more intense from Frank. Not to mention the emotional closeness and satisfaction. Think Frank is disappointed that even with two Viagras, he doesn't get hard enough to enter me. But I don't even want that because of pain. Perfectly happy with him as a lover and told him so. Such a nice way to end our day.

June 27, 2002

Grades were posted, and Hollander gave me an incomplete. Unbelievable. I emailed the acting dean of the Art History Department and also the office of the Ombudsperson. Made a plan to talk to her tomorrow because I want privacy in order to answer her questions. Cecilia Klein, the acting dean, said that the incomplete implies that I haven't done the requirements for the course, that I have until the end of fall quarter to fulfill the requirements or the incomplete will become an F. I emailed her the whole story. She said that it sounded like I should take the B-, given that the alternative was to rewrite the paper or take an F. She was sympathetic and thought it would be best, so I could get on with my life. I emailed her again to let her know that I don't know what more I can say about preferring the grade to the incomplete. I said so in two emails and one phone call. I said I would never rewrite the paper for Hollander. Said I needed an intervention at this point because I've done all that I can do without satisfaction. Sent a thank you

note to Ralph Raimi who sent me the program to Sonya's memorial service. When Ralph sat her up to listen to Beethoven's piano sonata on her CD player, he asked her if that was all right. Her response was "Wonderful." Her last words. Oh, the sadness. Cried.

June 28, 2002

Was told by the Ombudsman that Hollander can't dictate an incomplete—it has to be a mutual decision. Although I was told that only the professor can change a grade, that's not true. The acting dean can change it. Had a message from Hollander that she changed the incomplete to a B- on Monday, although it takes a while to show up on the website. Had messages from Klein saying she was going to ask Hollander to change the incomplete and then another message saying she had spoken with Hollander, and that it was done. I thanked her and said that I want to make a formal complaint against her in order to have it on record to ensure that she's never asked back to teach at UCLA. Frank no longer thinks that I need to contest the grade because it's too much of an ordeal. Making a complaint accomplishes what I want. Glad he feels that way because I didn't relish the task and was only doing it at his insistence. Felt such relief that this is over!

June 29, 2002

Had a message from Cecilia Klein saying that there is no formal complaint process, but that I could write a letter for her file. She said that Hollander told her that I hadn't come in to see her to discuss my grade and that therefore my complaint wouldn't carry much weight. Emailed her back and said that I had been invited to respond to her comments either in person or by email and that, because I live in Pasadena and work, I had opted to email her on June 14. She didn't respond to that email till June 19, and it was in that message that she said that she expected me to come in to see her. In that email she also said that she had already submitted the incomplete. I said that, if I had had any idea that my choice to respond by email would be interpreted as obstreperous or recalcitrant, I would, of course, have gone in to see her. However, since she hadn't deigned to respond to my email comments and had already submitted the incomplete, I felt no reason, at that point, to go in to see her in order to discuss how I should rewrite the paper for her, having no intention of doing so. Told Klein that I had documentation of all of the above in order to substantiate the sincerity of my complaint. Told Frank about my email from Klein. Before I had a chance to read it to him and my response, he said "I told you so." When I protested, saying that he needed to listen to the timing and the facts before making a judgment, he was miffed. He decided that I should drop the whole thing. Really upset me. Felt completely unsupported and unjustly blamed. Later Frank said that my email was well-written, and he sort of backtracked on his criticism, saying he just doesn't want to worry about it anymore. Well, too

bad! Guess I'm in this alone now. Don't want to say anything more about it to him. Unfair. Felt really bummed and shut down.

July 17, 2002

I moved over to him—he was lying on the floor having been there to love Bill. But when I started to lie down by him, he said that he was going to get up because he wasn't comfortable there, and he wanted to get something to eat. I felt rebuffed. Then he got irritated with me because he wants to have lunch or dinner with the Morsbergers, the older couple with whom we went to the Getty concert. I said that he should go without me. I thought they were a bit tedious, but Frank got pissed off at me for not wanting to be sociable. I went into the bedroom.

July 19, 2002

Home and was greeted by Frank's bad news that the phone still isn't working properly. Couldn't stand it. Already have spent Monday and Wednesday "days-off" and three hours of driving towards getting the phone fixed. I said that I couldn't devote more time on the phone until after I finish my thesis. That angered Frank who devised a plan whereby we would take the Cadillac to High Tech AGAIN to try to get the oil leak fixed. Frank is feeling the necessity, I think, because Rick, an African-American neighbor, spread sand on our driveway to cover the leak. Either neighborly of him or presumptuous of him. I quickly settled in, ignored Frank's complaining about me picking up the crewel cushion he left on the floor in the living room, and re-made the bed in the bedroom—both areas he had left to work in the study. He would prefer to have all areas of the house left the way he leaves them. But I want order, at least, in the rooms where he's not. Drove to High Tech where Frank left the Cadillac. Then drove, in rush hour traffic, to mid-Wilshire. By the time we got there, Robert had already left for home early. We were told that we couldn't leave the phone for him, or at least the receptionist wouldn't accept the responsibility for it. Finally, someone else was found who seemed to know something about phones, and it turned out that Frank's "problem" was only a matter of a switch being on "dial" and not on "tone."

Unbelievable that he didn't know that. I haven't used the phone, so I didn't question the veracity of his complaint. Frank complained about the route I was taking home. I said I would go any way he wanted me to. He seemed angry with me, and when I called him on it, he said it was because of my reaction about not having time till after I finish my thesis, as if it's no big deal that I spend my "days off" dealing with phone problems. Reminded him that he said he had lost his day when the Dewey man was coming over, and I'm the one who dealt with him! Then he said he didn't want to spend every

“fucking day arguing with me.” Really hurt my feelings. I don’t deserve this. He’s been so irritable, unhappy, and volatile for such a long time. And he’s not tender with me or even happy with me. Felt completely bummed out by the entire situation.

August 2, 2002

Went to Brazilian/Italian restaurant. Really good food. But the music was too loud. Daddy was argumentative and insufferable. Things got worse when Frank was talking about the evil of religion. I detached, but when Daddy asked how I felt, I said that belief in God doesn’t affect how I live my life. I don’t think it’s a prerequisite to believe in God in order to go to heaven. One should live a good life for the sake of a good life. Bill helps me to do that. Nature helps me do that. I don’t like organized religion. Ended unpleasantly. After Mom and Dad went to bed, I was relieved to have time with Frank to re-play the most surprising and irritating times of the day. We were able to laugh a lot and feel close.

August 3, 2002

Frank said he came up with some other ideas of things we could do tomorrow. Daddy was rude, saying that Frank should stop trying to come up with ideas. One idea was a movie and one was *Spoon River Anthology*, which had gotten a good review. Mom said that she would like to see a good play. I said that I didn’t want to see it, but they could go without me. Frank had already been rebuffed by Daddy, and he slapped Daddy right back, saying that Daddy didn’t have to do anything he didn’t want to do. When I expressed my lack of enthusiasm, Frank was really irritated and let me have it. I hated for him to criticize me in front of Mom and Dad. Don’t feel that he’s shown any tenderness towards me since they’ve been here. Really felt tense and unhappy. Frank and I were talking about everything that had transpired. He said that we don’t have to worry about money because Army has lots of money. This was in answer to Daddy’s questions about how much money I could expect to make working only part-time. Angers me that he should try to make that his business and glad that Frank said what he did, even if it may not be true. None of his business! Then Frank said that he was mad at me for saying I didn’t want to go to the play. I told him that I really don’t want him to criticize me in front of Mom and Dad. He got really mad then and was talking loudly in the hall. Didn’t want them to hear! Frank then got cold and said he didn’t want to talk to me. Know this is a hard time for him, and he’s trying hard to deal with them. I appreciate that. But I want to feel loved and totally supported by him, especially in front of them. When Frank came in, I said I was wrong to have responded negatively to his suggestion of going to the play. Frank was still angry with me and said

that he would criticize me again in front of Mom and Dad anytime I behaved badly like that. I still hate that. I think it's wrong.

August 5, 2002

Mom made a second comment about the tippy garage door—a criticism of our house. She said we need to paint the house. I said you mean the trellis, but no, she meant the house. Told her we had it painted before we moved in. They want to find fault. Daddy actually swept outside! No reason except to imply that we don't take care of the place. He said we need to paint our outside furniture. Frank said we prefer it unpainted. We will not tolerate this in the future. Totally unacceptable and insulting. Said our good-byes. Daddy looked sad, pitiful, and frail. Thanked him for coming and said I know it's hard for him. Met Frank and left the Cadillac at High Tech. Frank hadn't eaten, so I drove him to Eatz. Waited in the car so I could lie down. Frank said I should drive him to the Taper. I thought he should drive me home, but he angrily said that it was much more time lost for him driving than for me. He was furious with me because he said I was being selfish. I felt that that charge was far from accurate! Originally, Frank said he was going to take the bus down Sunset to the Taper, so I had done a lot to save him from that. I had an enormous amount of housework to do at home. It wasn't worth it. Just too worn out by Mom and Dad. Didn't want to fight. Continued comparing notes with Frank about this terrible visit. We were able to be united and commiserate about it, thank goodness, but we're both exhausted.

August 16, 2002

Picked up our baggage and took a shuttle to get our rental car. That was a circus with everyone suddenly on their cell phones and conversations held over half the length of the shuttle. Was so ridiculous that Frank leaned forward and called out to me, "Mary, you want to have a conversation?" I burst out laughing. Frank kept baiting me, and I kept laughing, but I couldn't respond. Laughed a lot about the Angels baseball announcer, Rex, the "Wonder Dog" Hudler, whose sincere, enthusiastic, earnestness pushes Frank over the edge.

August 22, 2002

Glad Frank is doing some acting in the New Works Festival. He's an astonishing playwright and amazes the other actors with how funny he is--smart and imaginative in his two small roles. He should have a career!

August 24, 2002

Really good, long talk with Gwyneth. Appalled to hear about her argument with Paul. On the day before she left, having spent a week, caring for them,



buying them gardening supplies and gifts, and working around their home, Paul offered to reimburse her for the cost of her flight. She said she needs a \$5,000 loan, to pay her rent through the end of the year. Paul told her that he was in a difficult position, even though he makes a lot of money, and the boys have a trust fund to cover their college educations plus social security from Camilla. He can afford to help her, but he won't. He told her that she has to move out of her apartment and that he didn't approve of her "lifestyle," whatever that means. Ironic since he has no idea about her lifestyle, never having visited her. So mean of him and so typical of family response to money issues—putting contingencies on the loan of money. He has no right to make demands on her in return for a loan. Really disappointed in him. Wish I had immediately said she would send her a check for her rent.

August 26, 2002

Frank told me to tell Gwyneth that, although we have no savings, we have great credit because we have a lot of debt, and we pay our bills on time, and he would think nothing of taking a \$5,000 cash advance on a credit card to loan to her whenever she should need it. So good of him. Told her, and I think she was very touched and relieved/grateful. Frank thought he'd let me take the twins to Universal Studios. I objected because he's known that he had to write these pieces about the season since last Spring, and he's known that the twins were coming. We both went into this with the plan of us both taking time from our work to take care of the twins together. I should be going to work at the Getty tomorrow. He pointed out that I offered to take the twins to Universal on my own, if necessary, but that was only if Frank really needed to work while they were here, and frankly, exhausted and stressed, I didn't feel up to taking care of them alone all day. He got angry with me and cut me off. Bad end to the day.

August 29, 2002

Frank and I were so glad to be alone again with Bill and our house. Frank sent me a wonderful email today that he had sent to Julie Jenson, describing the twin's visit. Wept, I was laughing so hard.

September 3, 2002

Frank was at home when Orlando came by, and I left a note of things to talk to him about, including white fly on the magnolia and other shrubs, which is still a big problem. Frank did talk to Orlando, but he didn't mention the white fly. He thought he had asked him to do enough. I cannot count on Frank to take responsibility for house stuff. He's resentful about it, and it's always an issue. The Dewey appointment, which is usually the first Monday, didn't happen because of Labor Day. Frank balked about the possibility that he

might show up today, so I called Dewey to tell them not to come today and to come tomorrow instead. Despite my having done so, the Dewey man came today anyway. So maddening. I lost it. Why is this always a problem!? Frank came in, but not until I had turned off the light and turned on the sound machine, to lie by me and put his arms around me. Wished that the offering of sympathy or tenderness had come earlier. By this time, I was too tired and depressed to do more than pat his arm to thank him for the gesture.

September 8, 2002

So glad to get a message from Preziosi saying he had been traveling in Europe and had sent me an email message some time ago saying that my thesis was excellent and, in his opinion, could be filed with the library. Such a relief. The Hollander experience was so demoralizing that I was afraid that, for some reason, I would have a problem with the thesis, or at least might need to do some rewriting. This was great news.

September 12, 2002

Frank got a letter sent out to one of his book clubs saying that, unless the members brought in new members, the next meeting would be their last. Really disgusting to think that these rich women can't come up with an extra \$6 and pay \$26 for their meetings. Too much! Insulting not to pay Frank what he's worth. He's not happy about giving up the \$500 a month, but he won't let them go back to the old rate...Our seats weren't as good as at the Dodger's game, but it didn't matter. We were sitting next to a man who was there alone and greeted us as we sat down. Nice feeling coming to a ball park with others with common interest and whole heartedness. Fantastic game. The Angels are such a great team, and they didn't disappoint. At one point I was afraid they were going to lose, but then, they brought in Erstad, who was being rested because he's had some trouble, and Erstad came through with a double and then stole a base. Spiezio got a hit to win the game. It was astonishing how good the game was. Crowd was screaming! Definitely the most exciting game I've ever seen. Such fun! Incredible night!

September 13, 2002

Mom talked about their visit with Nicki and Tom and said that, when she and Daddy went out to dinner with Sarah and Jon, she was glad that Tom stayed home and that Jon's girlfriend didn't join them. Made me think of how they didn't want Frank to go along to Las Vegas when we met them there for their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary. They want to be the focus and not to have the mix of family in-laws upstaging them. So controlling! Was chatting with Frank about how much I love *The Hours* when he mentioned the discovery at the

end that Richard's mother is the mother in the third plot, which I hadn't realized. I didn't tell Frank that I hadn't figured that out. Embarrassed that my brain couldn't put it together. I'm so literal. Remember how my literature professor at Earlham complained that we read superficially. I know that's true about me, even though I love reading.

September 14, 2002

Talked to Mom and Dad who were back in Charleston, on their way to Florida. When they heard about our going to baseball games and our enthusiasm about the Angels, Mom's reaction was that I don't need another obsession. So sad!

September 18, 2002

Played the piano for the first time in years, I think, and sang. So glad to have time for that again, even though I play badly. I'm determined to make this a priority in my life again. So pleased when Bill went to his basket of toys and dug around until he brought out his catnip mouse. He doesn't do that! Then I brought out the circular track with the ball inside and played with him. Usually he ignores such attempts, but he was playful until it became too intense for him, and he ran away. Made me laugh.

September 20, 2002

Feeling generally depressed. Feeling taken for granted by Frank, as if I'm just background for him. I went into the bedroom to read, hoping he might come in to cuddle or visit, but he didn't. Exhaustion is part of it. Haven't slept well for two days. Read *Mrs. Dalloway*. Reading it again because of having read *The Hours*. Wonderful book which speaks to me. Trying to find happiness in part of my life which I can control. Little things. Small comforts and joys. But the pain, which is without end, and the lack of work to look forward to—meaningful work--and not feeling like Frank is invested in me wears me down.

September 21, 2002

Made a conscious decision to steer clear of Frank until he comes to me instead of being the initiator of attention and affection. I'm feeling that, when he speaks to me, it's with correcting comments or complaints. When I left for the gym, I was nearly in tears. I have worked harder than anyone I know to be in good physical condition, and my body is always in pain. I have as much or more talent than anyone I know, and I have no career. Frank told me this evening that Roy Ritchie at the Huntington is, in fact, having an event in honor of Harriet Beecher Stowe's 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and yet he didn't, as he promised, book my

show. That was a blow. Was glad when Frank came in with Bill in the middle of the night. He finally was being tender and attentive to me, touching me sweetly and protectively in the early hours. Needed that.

September 25, 2002

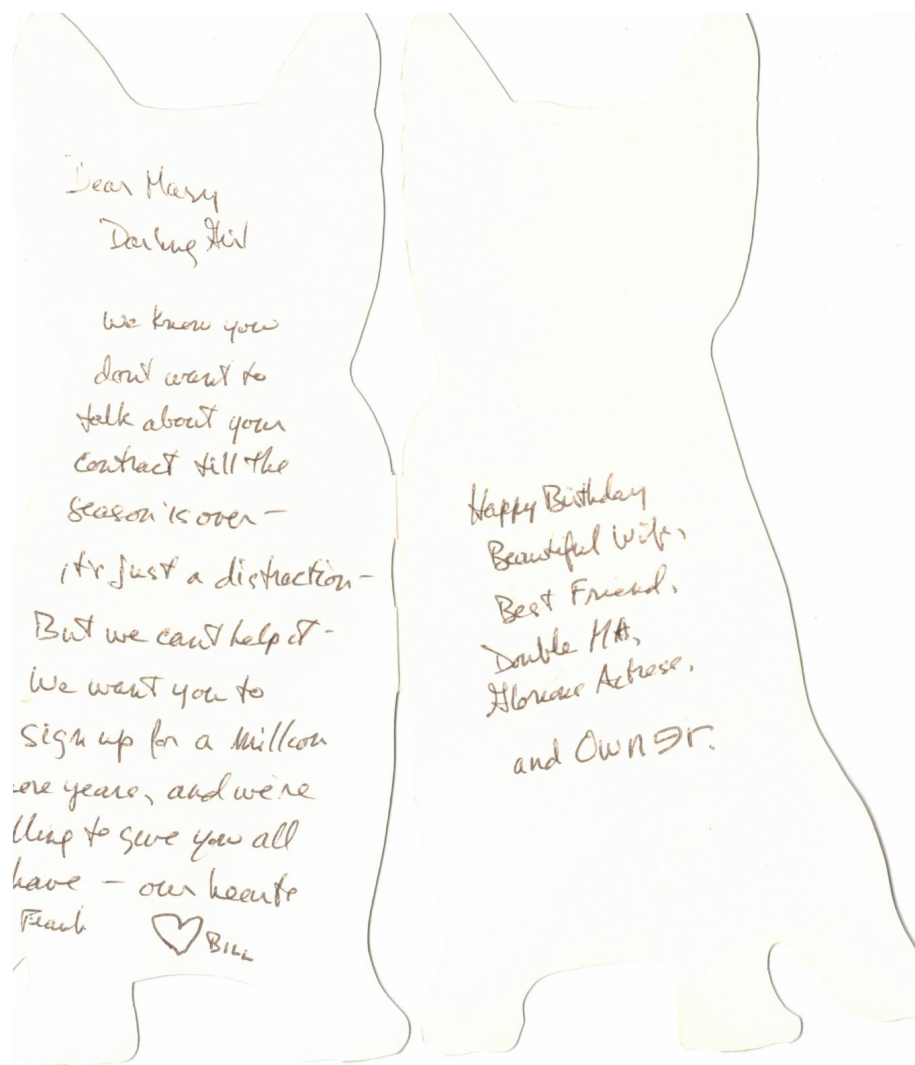
Frank heard from another of his book clubs with complaints about his \$500 fee. They've lost some members and feel the fee is a hardship. So Frank is going to suggest that they attempt to recruit more people in return for which he will agree on a lower fee of \$400 for a month or two. I support whatever he decides. He feels that, if he can't make what he's worth, then he should spend his time writing or doing something worth his time. Sorry for him having to deal with this unpleasantness.

September 26, 2002

Frank had left me a beautiful birthday card. A photograph of a little kitten, and he wrote inside, *Happy Birthday Beautiful Wife, Best Friend, Double MA, Glorious Actress, and OWNER.* (As if that had been written by Bill.). *Dear Mary Darling Girl. We know you don't want to talk about your contract till the season is over—it's just a distraction—But we can't help it—We want you to sign up for a million more years, and we're willing give you all we have—our hearts. [Heart] Frank [Heart] Bill.*







Meant so much to me. Exactly what I needed most to hear. Visited with Frank when he woke up. He was sweet and tender with me. Let him know how much I loved his card. A few days ago, he gave me a beautiful paperweight with a dandelion puff inside, saying it was for my birthday. Made me remember a milkweed pod paperweight I bought for a gift, I think, for Nicki's birthday. He ordered alabaster vases which he presented as another birthday gift. They're stunning. But then, after I was sure that I had received all my presents, I discovered my real gift: a cell from Disney's *Lonesome Ghosts* in 1937 of Donald Duck, my favorite character. He's in a fighting crouch with both fists raised. Frank wrote on a sheet accompanying it, 50!!!\*\*\*\*\**What's the Big Idea?!!* It's so perfect for how I'm feeling. Great gift. He really outdid himself. Really nice evening together.

September 28, 2002

Listened to Ken Burns on *Charlie Rose* talking about *Civil War*. He talked about a letter written by a soldier one week before he was killed at the first battle of Bull Run, expressing his love for his wife and how he would be with her after death. So moving, I wept. Decided I would start a "Grief" file and enter this quote and Tom Wortham's quote, thinking that they will help me deal with my grief when/if Frank dies.

A week before the 1st battle of Bull Run, Sullivan Belleau, a major in the 2nd Rhode Island volunteers, wrote to his wife, Sarah. A week later, he was killed in the first battle of Bull Run. From Ken Burns' *Civil War*, end of the first episode, with Chopin's *Farewell*.

*If I do not return, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I loved you nor that when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name. Forgive my many faults and the many pains I have caused you--how thoughtless, how foolish I have sometimes been. But, oh Sarah, if the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they love, I shall always be with you in the brightest day and the darkest night--always, always. And when the soft breeze fans your cheek it shall be my breath as the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by. Sarah do not mourn me dead. Think I am gone and wait for me, for we shall meet again.*

Tom Wortham, professor and departmental chair of English at UCLA, upon the passing of his companion of 25 years, George Chavez.

*I cannot imagine life without him, and in this I am brother to the billions of poor souls who have suffered similarly through our long, pathetic struggle to become human and who have been fortunate enough to love and to be loved...Forgive me for intruding my private grief to the extent that I have here. Instinct tells me to write on, and on, and on, because once I stop tonight and am silent the grief will be unbearable. Or perhaps the real fear is that it will be bearable. We are after all only human. I suppose it is time now to find out. 19 September 2002*

October 6, 2002

Talked to Mom and Dad. Bonnie had another seizure yesterday. Vet's not sure if it's epilepsy or maybe hypoglycemia. Of course, we're concerned. Poor little beast. Daddy is so vulnerable and sweet talking about his pets. So glad he has that area in his crusty heart.

November 2, 2002

Mike and Joyce arrived soon after 6:30. Good to see Joyce, and I like Mike too. She brought me a beautiful little brown leather purse from Italy and a lovely little bead necklace with amber beads, which I love. Looks like it was made for me. So sweet and thoughtful of her. Sat and chatted while they had cheese and crackers and then sat down to dinner. Everything was a big hit. Was glad to show Frank that I do dinner parties well. Everybody ate seconds of everything, so I felt rewarded for my efforts. Heard all about their travels in Italy. Talked about movies and theatre. They're both so smart and have similar views on art and politics. Frank remarked several times about how Joyce really is fond of me, and I know that's true. Was a little concerned by the way Mike was sharp with Joyce a few times—contradicting her in a way that was harsh and heavy handed. Made me feel protective of her. Also was an insight into why it was, perhaps, that they were divorced. But it was a very successful evening, and we parted with plans to get together again.

December 5, 2002

Deeply grieved to read email from Carol telling me that Rick had been in a bicycle accident on November 2, sustaining brain injuries. She said one side of his body is affected, but didn't say beyond that the extent of his injuries. So afraid that his mind is impaired. Devastating news. Thank goodness for the closeness of his and her families. His parents are there, so Carol is able to continue teaching, seeing Rick on her lunch hours and after work. She said that, if he continues improving, he'll be moved to a rehabilitation hospital downtown. So sad! Replied that we are available anytime for her for support in whatever way she needs. Urged her to be careful of her own health so that she can be in shape to care for her family. Told her our experience with Frank's diabetes, not that diabetes is anything compared to what she and Rick are dealing with, but that we see how science has new discoveries daily, and that changes the state of medical and healing arts all the time. I said that I believe that everything that happens in our lives can enrich us and increase the love we share and eventually the joy we experience. So difficult to know what to say that can comfort and help in a small way. Took Bill back to bed with us. Very aware of how lucky I am as I gazed at Frank and Bill in his arms. Knocked out when Frank reached out to touch my face. Bill touched Frank's hand that was touching my face and then Bill touched my cheek! So tender!

December 8, 2002

Left for Inner Circle brunch at which Frank spoke really well about *Mornings at Seven*, finishing by telling them how we spent that Thanksgiving in Gold Country with Betsy and Craig and read *Mornings at Seven* in order to set up the parallel situation with Betsy and Craig/Myrtle and Homer and their very long courtship.

December 10, 2002

Really looking forward to seeing *Big River* after having seen the scene at the Taper anniversary performance. Wonderful show. I was really emotional several times. The performance by Lyle Kanouse was fantastic. He's sensational. When, in two songs, the singers and instruments were silent and you only saw the signing of the song, it took my breath away. Had to cover my mouth so as not to audibly gasp. A great, theatrical evening. This will go to Broadway, and it should. Frank led the post-play discussion. Really exciting. People wanted to talk about seeing a musical, and the story of Huckleberry Finn performed by a company of half deaf and half hearing actors. Young people were especially enthusiastic about the show. So glad to congratulate the actors afterward.

December 20, 2002

We were having a nice morning until Frank made a comment about how the mailbox [my anniversary gift to him] is lunacy, saying that the former mailbox was perfectly fine. I pointed out how rude it was for him to criticize my having given him a nice gift. Reminds me of when I gave him a beautiful art book which he said he wanted, and he returned it! He's not an easy person to give gifts to.

December 22, 2002

The best gift was a sweet ring I remember seeing in Mom's jewelry box. Mom enclosed an explanation that "*Mom, my maternal grandmother, as you know, had to go to work when she was ten years old for a family that gave her 50 cents a week plus room and board.*" [Mom's mother had died, and her father was unable to care for all his children alone. Terrible thought of this poor little girl.] "*The woman became fond of Mom and gave her the ring for her birthday. Mother gave it to me with one set missing. I took it here to a jeweler who put in the coral piece...I wanted you to have it because I thought you would appreciate what it symbolizes in terms of family...Mom, by the way, was born in 1889, I think, so the ring must date from 1909.*" So precious! Heard more about Grandma Stark's father, who is believed to have killed himself by cutting his own throat, after which she married his twin brother, who died in a mental institution. Her third husband, Daddy described as a "bastard" who was so cheap that, instead of wearing socks, he wrapped his feet in rags. Interesting family tidbits.

December 24, 2002

Settled down to watch Sid Caesar tapes. Army and Letha really enjoyed that. Even Matthew like it. Worried me when Army was unsure where he was.

Was he home—was he where he needed to be to go to bed? Confused, but then he snapped out of it.

December 26, 2002

Mary Ann, Betsy, Letha, and Frank were in a whirl about how to split expenses up. Frank was irritated with Letha for intruding herself in figuring out about who owed whom for the villas, food, and last night's dinner, etc. Found out later that Mary Ann pointed out that Army made a check out to "Scofield" instead of "Scoville" and said that she didn't want him to give her the \$100 Christmas check. She didn't need it, and she owed him a lot of money. Army said she didn't, and Letha said that Mary Ann had gotten money from him in the past—this was before Letha was around—long before. Letha has nothing to do with that. It's none of her business. Frank and Mary Ann were furious, but didn't say anything. But Army told Letha to go take a walk around the block and to let him talk to his daughter. Later, Letha said to Frank that they had to leave for the airport at 7:00, Betsy said. Frank said no, that wasn't true, they didn't have to leave till 7:30, but they had said they could leave at 7:00 if that's when Army wanted to leave. He said that they could leave whenever Army wanted to leave, but he wouldn't let Letha dictate the situation by manipulating. This was a reaction to the earlier situation with Letha. He wanted to make a point with her. Right now, Army is in and out of clarity and able to assert some control over Letha, but it looks as if she's attempting to manipulate him. Worrisome. Hope that Susie's in control of the will. Part of Frank's irritation is due to our being responsible for the food that Mary Ann and Betsy bought, which was far too much, and we didn't eat it. Much of it is going back to Betsy's. And we really can't afford it! Awkward situation, but nothing to be done about it.

December 31, 2002

On Christmas morning, at Terry and Ron Sherod's, when I was setting the table for brunch, I saw in the silverware drawer that Terry has the pattern (a full set, she says) of my favorite spoon, which is the only spoon I use. "True Love" is the name of the pattern. Loved seeing it in someone else's house and to learn its name.)



- My resolutions - 2002
1. To be more generous & loving to Sam & Bill.
  2. To be more patient with people in general.
  3. To finish work on masters with commitment & care.
  4. To find good job in gallery/museum/library in Pasadena working great boss in beautiful environment.
  5. To sing & play piano more.
  6. To get another Quity contest doing great fly with great director.
  7. To strengthen my relationships with Mom & Dad.
  8. To keep weight at or below 134.
  9. To meditate daily more deeply.
  10. To write in journal more disclosingly.
  11. To do yoga, aerobic work-out, & weight training daily.
  12. To eat well-balanced diet.
  13. To drive more safely.
  14. To cultivate social life with good friends.
  15. To listen to music & read with Sam.
  16. To get enough sleep.
  17. To ignore & delete that aren't paid off at the end of each month.
  18. To be happy in my work, whatever it may be.
  19. To experience Sam's successes as my own.
  20. To book another prestigious, high-profile booking of White Aster.
  21. To act in feature film in good role.
  22. To "be here now" - experiencing spirit, presence of God in each moment.
  23. To knit more.
  24. To develop beautiful garden around our house.
  25. To write pieces in addition to school work.

January 28, 2003

Had listened to Bush's State of the Union address and was surprised that I felt fairly strong approval for the way he was talking about terrorism. Talked with Frank about what he thinks we should do. Doesn't think we should wage war. He thinks Hussein should be killed as well as all terrorists, but he doesn't think US should act. He thinks UN should have authority and desire to disarm Iraq because he doesn't want to see Matthew and Andrew, for instance, fighting this war.

February 22, 2003

Walked through St. James Park, enjoying the ducks, geese, black swan, and gorgeous, if cold, weather. Went to exhibitions at Mall Galleries, including Wapping Group of Artists and National Print Exhibition where we both spotted and loved a print of *Cat Show* by Hillary Paynter, which depicts row upon row of distinctive cats. So dear and only about \$100. Ordered a print which artist will send to us unframed. Both of us very happy with purchase. Then went to National Gallery to make our reservation for Titian show. Sat at café there to check our calendars and have cappuccino and shortbread. Then saw a small Holbein exhibition before going to see the 50-minute video of Titian show, which was really good, including interviews with writers, artists, and restorer. There was material about upcoming changes to be made to the National Gallery which will make use of a "redundant" courtyard. Frank went into a riff afterwards, playing a Brit explaining how a courtyard came to be "redundant." "In hindsight, it looked like foresight." I nearly collapsed outside the Gallery, laughing and laughing. Happy time together. We had to hurry to get to Wigmore Hall for 7:00 concert of lieder (Wolf) which didn't begin till nearly 7:30 because they ran out of programs. Audience waited while the lyrics were taken to be reproduced. Ah, England! Matthias Goerne is a magnificent baritone, and Christine Schafer was excellent as well. That was an "A+" event. Woke up in middle of night because room was so hot, and before I could fall asleep again, I heard Frank singing ~3 measures of unrecognizable music with great assurance! That's at least the second time I've known him to sing in his sleep!

March 2, 2003

Caught bus to South Bank. Frank had a little time to shop for books. Ate jacket potato and salad at café there. Then saw Evgeny Kissin, Russian pianist, in recital of Schubert and Liszt. Best pianist I think I've ever heard. Absolutely stunning. Knocked out by his virtuosity. Really exceptional. Whole audience was reeling as we left concert hall.

March 3, 2003

Visited with Frank when he woke up. Talked about the sweet family unit who sat in front of us at Wigmore noon concert. Little boy was so affectionate with his father and vice versa. Frank said that he realized observing them, that he can't remember ever having had that kind of physical tenderness with his father. He thinks it makes him feel unsure in the way he's received in male relationships. For instance, he's concerned about how Andrew and Graham feel about him. My reaction is always that anyone should feel lucky to know us and particularly to know Frank. If they don't, then too bad! I think that both Graham and Andrew are very fond of Frank. They're comfortable with allowing us to stay here without feeling any necessity to entertain us. This suits me perfectly.

March 6, 2003

Frank read in *The Guardian* a "correction" about a reference made about an animal referred to as "spazzy." *Guardian* said they regretted using the word because it isn't in keeping with their editorial guidelines. Frank said, in his British accent, he wanted to write a letter to the editor saying that the only way "spazzy" could have slipped by the editorial staff was if they were "mental midgets." Laughed and laughed.

March 7, 2003

Like Graham so much. The dynamics of their relationship is, in many ways, similar to ours. Andrew is terribly critical of Graham's driving, although Graham has never had an accident. Graham hates cell phones and also feels that phone calls are an intrusion upon private life at home. Andrew cannot keep order and is swimming in piles of papers and things that he cannot throw away. Disorder makes Graham crazy. Heard the story of how they met through a mutual friend, and Andrew knew immediately that Graham was "the one."

March 8, 2003

Hated for our time here to be coming to an end, but both of us look forward to home, Bill, our bed together, showers, kitchen, etc. Frank counts and identifies by memory every event he's attended since arriving here. Over 85 already. Unbelievable! And astonishing that he can recite them all in order!

March 9, 2003

[Kew Gardens]. Saw a gorgeous pheasant and a little, old man who was calling it and giving it food. We talked, and he told me about how he comes

to the garden regularly to write (travel pieces, mostly, for magazines) and how he made a living off writing about Bonnie and Clyde. He bought a letter Clyde Barrow wrote to Henry Ford to thank him for his very well made and reliable car which he took pains to use for his robberies! The man showed me a copy of the letter he had in his pocket! Told me about the pheasants, badgers, and robins (English, small-sized) to be seen in garden. Dear fellow.

March 16, 2003

Met Gwyneth at Nibblers for dinner. Good to see her and was happy to have my cornmeal pancakes. Frank and she started talking about the war. Gwyneth is very much against war and says that Bush is more dangerous than Hussein or North Korea. She was argumentative and dug her heels in, and Frank took her on. Knew he was upset with her. I was upset with the entire situation because I knew that neither would convince the other of anything. It was bad. Wonder if Frank will be able to get past this with Gwyneth. Think he'll probably excuse himself from socializing with her for a while. Depressed me because I don't want war either, but I feel that there's no choice.

March 17, 2003

Gwyneth called, I think, in order to make sure that we were OK. Had nice chat with her. She said that we must never talk about the war with Frank. And I said that was right. She said to give him a hug and thanked us for taking her to dinner. Glad that she wanted to get beyond last night.

March 24, 2003

Got check for The Professional A.C.T. royalties finally. Metamorphous didn't have our new address. Only \$28, but there were 30 or so books sold in the meantime and a total of over 800 altogether. Well, that's nice.

March 25, 2003

New computer arrived. Frank said he didn't have time to save his files and, when I expressed reservations about doing it for him because I didn't want him to be in the position of blaming me, he said I would be given "safe passage," meaning he would not blame me. But when I was going to start saving files, he asked if I would guarantee to save everything. I said I would go through all files, and then he got scared and wanted to show where the files were. That would have been fine, and I asked him to do that, but he was complaining that he didn't have time to do that with me because he had work to do for his money-making job. That made me mad because I need to do this, if I'm going to do the work for him, before I start my job on Friday. Then he blamed me for having lost files when I connected the computer to

the internet. That made me mad. He said it was his computer, and if he didn't save files for a month, that was his business, although his computer is my only access to the internet—thanks to my connecting it! Really unfair. Retreated to bedroom to calm down. Came out to say good night to Frank. I rubbed his back a little and kissed him good night, hoping that he would put our argument behind him. But he seemed to be sulking, and I feel he owes me an apology.

March 29, 2003

Frank said that we had to have a talk about what transpired Tuesday night. Think that he may have waited too long to eat, but he was cold and mean, wanting me to see how badly I behaved because I didn't want to be responsible for his files, as if I wasn't sufficiently respectful about the gravity of switching computers. I tried to explain how I didn't think there was any danger. He just needs to look, once the new computer is loaded up, to make sure that everything is there. Tried to get him to look now at the files I copied for him. But he wouldn't. He wanted me to concede that I was wrong for not wanting to be blamed by him. Was nearly hysterical, crying and asking him why he was doing this. Had to go to bedroom, turn on the sound machine, and cover my eyes with eye pillow. Bill knew I was really upset and followed me in. Was so comforted by him doing his push-ums. Meditated and stayed in bed for an hour, I think—until I was calm. Hoped that Frank would give some sign of peace. Was not in the mood to spend an evening with Morsbergers, but I figured it would be worse if I stayed home. Felt completely vulnerable. Made conversation with Frank on the way there, and he chatted about a book he's reading. But then he started talking about all the work he has ahead of him. He's really stressed out. Sorry he's got to work so hard, but don't like being the recipient of his irritability. Really didn't want to socialize. So difficult for me under the circumstances.

April 6, 2003

Frank asked me if I thought that strokes he gives Bill's are at the expense of mine. "Yes." He said that he feels as if I am the recipient, really, when we're loving Bill, and although I do think that's true, I added that I still miss the physical contact from Frank. Glad he and I communicated about that because it's important to me.

April 10, 2003

Guy on slick motorcycle gave me "thumbs-up" signal and asked for my phone number! Appreciated the compliment, but showed him my ring. He said "So am I!" I just laughed. But it was nice to feel desirable at 50 by young guy!



April 13, 2003

Frank made a comment, supposedly in jest, that he wanted to find another mate who didn't complain. Astonishing because he's been complaining so much in past weeks. When I made comment about what we're going through with Omar, who is re-tiling my bathroom, having promised to be finished in two weekends, by the end of March, but who is unreliable, with substance abuse, he didn't want to hear it. I didn't think it was funny. Really have the feeling of being taken for granted. Remember how he said he was going to rub my back every day. He has only touched me a few times, even when I've said that I miss it. Felt very depressed. I was ready to sleep but then couldn't because I felt so sad. Brought Bill in, and his push-ums calmed me.

April 15, 2003

Omar checked in with me midway through the night to show me his progress and check out a finishing detail. But at 1:45 he called me to say that he wasn't going to be finished tonight. I lost it. He hadn't finished the grouting at that point, which he said would be finished yesterday. He wanted to work tomorrow. I expressed my frustration with feeling like a hostage because of so many days when I have been waiting for him, and he doesn't show up and doesn't call. He said that he would come after work. I asked what happens if he's asked to work overtime. He said he would turn it down, which is what he should have done today. I was afraid that he was going to leave the bathroom in the state in which I saw it then, which was awful, but at 2:15, when they finally left, the bathroom was cleared out, at least. Frank got home just as Omar was leaving. Frank was upset with me for being upset, saying he had been working all day and that he has heart disease, which the doctor told him today. Like that's supposed to make me feel better by comparison! Frank is downplaying this latest health problem, saying that it's common. But it's alarming to me.

April 17, 2003

Frank told me at the airport that I shouldn't have gotten so upset about the bathroom. Explained how I felt responsible and that, with him not there, I didn't know if I was handling the situation correctly and was afraid that he would be mad if I didn't do things as he would have wanted. He said that I shouldn't be afraid of him, and that, if that should happen, I would be right to say to him, in essence, "back off," and he would. Good to get that clear. Appreciated the gesture. Read Bel Canto in bed, or tried to, but Frank kept sharing with me the parts of the Clark Library script that were amusing and especially good. Made me laugh till I cried. So good to be here [in Baltimore] and away, at least geographically, from LA stresses.

April 18, 2003

Michael and Kathe told us to walk into the Building Museum on our way to the National Gallery. Beautiful building, designed by Montgomery Meigs, 1887, with fantastic Corinthian columns, for the purpose of housing Civil War pensioners. We were directed from there to the Mall, but Frank suggested we walk another way through the memorial park for law enforcement officers that has some great sculptures of lions, lionesses, and their cubs. Because we walked that way, we turned on to a block where I instantly spotted a banner, a block ahead, with Harriet Beecher Stowe on it! That was a good omen! Really exciting to be walking along and seeing the Capitol building. Got to Gallery at 12:00. Went first to see Gainsborough exhibition, which was great. Love his landscapes even more than his portraits. Was charmed by the study he did of cats in various poses. He's really the best. Loved seeing his Sarah Siddons again. Was struck by Joshua Reynolds' observation after visiting him shortly before Gainsborough died. He said that his reluctance about dying was due mostly to the fact that he would be leaving behind his art. Touching. Then went to see the Vuillard show, which was much bigger and also more crowded. Started with the video. Felt good to sit. Went through with the Acoustiguide, doing those selected paintings. Then went back through, looking at everything else. Love his women in interiors and his treatment of fabrics and textures. Colors are so beautiful. Really interesting photographs of him and his social circle. Took break for mocha and lemon bar before heading to Dutch rooms to see the only Vermeer they have right now. Exquisite, creamy, pastel yellow jacketed girl holding breathtakingly fine feather quill pen. Loved looking at all those rooms and was thrilled to see my *Girl with a Broom* for the first time! [I had a bookplate bought at Chicago Art Museum when I was a little girl. I loved the image and described it to Grandma, not knowing the artist. She found a reproduction of it and gave it to me, framed.] What a treat! Who cares if she's been downgraded to School of Rembrandt! There was a still life vase of flowers that I think is as good as any by van Huysum. And a Teniers view of courtyard with bricks and wavey pavement that is thrilling. Went from there to see Fragonard, Boucher, and on to Impressionists. By this time, I wanted to get in as much as possible before we had to leave at closing at 5:00. Was glad that I found American Impressionists and Eastman Johnson.

April 20, 2003

Had little tiff with Frank because I misunderstood something, and Frank went into his standard "lefty lock" mode of reacting to me, which I responded to as his being imperious and condescending to me. Not a nice way to begin the day. Later I realized that he related the incident to Mary Ann when I went out of the room. I really didn't appreciate that. Always feel that, when he's around Mary Ann, he positions me as if I'm a younger sister. Don't care for it. Time for me to dash off an email message to Mom, wishing her Happy

Birthday--the first birthday she's had that has fallen on Easter Sunday since the day she was born. That's amazing.

April 25, 2003

Visited with Frank when he got home. He was irritable, hadn't eaten, and then got angry with me unreasonably. I was in a good mood till then and got mad at him right back, suggesting that perhaps he should look for someone else that he could get along with better. Tired of his irritability and being taken for granted. So that blew an enjoyable evening together watching Angels/Reds game. I felt whipped and could only watch the game—comforted by being a sponge to that entertainment. Knew that Frank got the message. He was chastened but could not be sweet or tender to me—only through Bill. Felt so depressed as I went to bed at 10:00. Kissed Frank good-night, and he pulled me back to see if I was all right, which brought tears to my eyes, although I couldn't, at that point, get into a discussion. Frank followed with Bill to the bedroom and tenderly touched my head as he gave Billy his tummy rubs. He apologized and said that he loved me so much and that he was wrong to be so out of control and hostile to me. Asked me if I still wanted to be married to him (yes) and asked me to forgive him, which meant a lot to me. I was so upset that even with Ambien and reading, I couldn't fall asleep till sometime after 11:00. Glad to escape into sleep.

May 13, 2003

Met Frank, Mom, and Dad at a new restaurant in Eagle Rock where Frank has eaten a few times. Great food, but they haven't gotten their liquor license yet. Know that that was a disappointment for Mom and Dad, but it was just as well. Daddy, at least, had started drinking early in the day. As it was, he made a comment when Frank asked our waitress to give her preference between two items on the menu. Daddy said that waiters can't be trusted to give honest opinions—they only push what the cook wants them to. Frank cut him dead, saying that he knew Daddy thought he was right, and Frank thought he was right, and neither one of them likes to be instructed. He was very sharp, and Daddy was chastened. So glad that Frank will not be bullied by Daddy. He pouted through much of dinner, but the rest of us had a nice time. Daddy ordered the cheapest thing on the menu. Then, when we needed to leave to get to the play on time, Daddy refused to go, saying that it wasn't important if we were on time. Frank said that it was important because it's his job. So unpleasant. And of course, Frank had to go back to add on to the insufficient tip that Daddy left. Was relieved that we weren't sitting with them at the theatre.

May 25, 2003

Gwyneth called, sobbing because she thought Henry was dying. He started getting sick on Thursday. She took him to the vet on Friday, and he stayed there all afternoon. When they released him, they said he was fine, but when she got him home, he was stumbling. He wasn't eating, drinking, or urinating. She took him back to the vet for tests, and the doctor was supposed to call her with results this morning at 9:00. It was 10:00 when she called me. The vet hadn't called, and she couldn't get an answer from the clinic. Gwyneth was glad when I offered to come to her right away with baby food and turkey basters to try to feed Henry. Stopped at Vons to get those things and was at Gwyneth's ~ 11:00. Poor Henry was resting under her loom, where Gwyneth had slept (or tried to) beside him. Gwyneth was talking to the vet when I arrived. Vet said that it was kidney failure. Maybe the heart medication that Henry has been taking for the last month has hurt his kidneys. Doctor said that he might only live six months because of his heart, so she had to choose whether or not to put him on an IV to flush out his system, knowing that it would be hard on his heart. If she did nothing, he would probably eventually fall into a coma, possibly having seizures before that. He didn't seem to be suffering, but if he was given water, he would only get sick again. I was so sorry and sad, thinking that maybe the best thing would be to put him to sleep. I left a note for Frank, and when he woke up, he called and said that he thought Henry would want to be given another chance. Both of us told Gwyneth not to worry about the money, at any rate, although that was not a consideration. We took Henry to the vet. He got sick in the car, but although not happy, he was fairly docile once we got there. No doubt he had little strength. We signed him in, feeling helpless because tomorrow is a holiday. But they promised that Gwyneth would get a report. The woman on duty left at 4:00, but someone would call her in the morning too. It was a relief for us both to know that something was being done for him, but I know it was terribly difficult for Gwyneth to leave him there. Went back to her apartment. Sat and talked for quite a while about Henry and about what he means to Gwyneth. She really feels that he saved her life this past year. Talked about how worried she is about moving to Missouri, especially because of Henry, whether he lives through this or not. Was glad to hear her say that she will get two kittens if Henry dies. Told her she shouldn't worry about the money, but she does because she doesn't know if she can ever pay back personal loans. We talked about how she still would give up graduate school if she were offered a movie to direct at Corman's studio. She's gone to Corman to ask for any kind of work because she can't pay her bills. I gave her \$60 in cash just because she seemed so low, and I wanted to be sure that she isn't in need right now. Asked if she could be happy just finding a job of any kind. She says she needs to feel that she's doing something more. Not like how I felt the other night, having come home from work, watching baseball with Frank and feeling so lucky and happy. Her life has been so hard. She's faced such losses and disappointments. She feels that she's made a lot of mistakes.

May 26, 2003

Gwyneth called to say that Henry died this morning. Called her and tried to comfort her, but I know she's devastated. While we were talking, Lisa called her and told her to come to Lisa's house. Glad that she was going to be taken care of. Told her to let me know when she is home again, to call or email if she didn't feel like talking, that I was at her disposal until I have to go to work tomorrow, and to consider staying the night with us. Told her what Frank and I discussed last night about how she doesn't have to worry about paying us back if we give her money, and that we will take care of vet bills. Just didn't want those worries to add to her distress. Couldn't ask for any details because I can't stand to think that he died connected to machines. Of course, there was no way of knowing whether the irrigation of his kidneys might restore him to good health, but knowing that he never recovered, it breaks my heart that he died separated from Gwyneth. Know she must be feeling that too. Poor Henry and poor Gwyneth. She said that she feels that, all her life her love affairs have been short ones. Such a hard life. Took solace in tending and loving Bill. Think he knows something is wrong.

June 10, 2003

Received an irritating email response from Mom in which she said that it isn't a good idea to loan money to friends because of the strain it can put on friendships. She asked if Gwyneth tried to get a job from Corman. Answered her saying that, of course she had asked him for work, but because of the economy, he's not making movies. And that Gwyneth isn't in a position where she has other resources. She needed us to help her, and, because we didn't put any strings on the money we gave her, that I hoped there would be no pressure on our friendship. Gwyneth told us that she didn't want to ask for money because she doesn't know when or if she can pay us back, and we told her that isn't an issue.

June 11, 2003

[Kansas City for Frank's high school reunion.] Cuddled with Frank in bed. Joe said how happy he is that we are so happy, and Frank was feeling very proud of me at the reunion, as I was of him. He's so admired by his classmates. Of course. He's so impressive, and we're obviously so happy.

June 17, 2003

Gwyneth and I had about an hour together before I had to leave. Prepared a bag of goodies for the road with Baltimore Burgers, trail mix, cappuccino



muffin, etc. She's leaving Henry's carrier and bed with us because her car is full. We'll keep them for her, hoping that she'll have need of them soon. She also gave me her mother's jewelry, because she won't wear it, and she knows I will. Noticed a good omen, I think—our jacaranda tree that we planted has purple blossoms for the first time. Said good-bye and reiterated that our guest room is hers. Really hate it that she's moving, but these last few weeks have been so stressful that it will be a relief that she is now constructing her new life instead of dismantling her life here. Gwyneth called from her motel. Good to hear she had no problems on the road, and she sounded good. We were both on the phone with her, encouraging her and making her laugh with the story about how Frank had been asked to do a bacon taste test at Eats, where he goes specifically for their excellent bacon. Hormel wants them as a customer, but the owner said she had to get the new bacon approved by her customer before she would switch products. Funny! Another distinction for Frank's tombstone.

June 20, 2003

Visited with Frank who saw his heart doctor today. Told Frank he must radically change his diet. Bacon only once a month, if that. He's got to learn how to prepare food in a way that will be appetizing to him but still safe for his heart. As he said, he's got to stop thinking of food as an indulgence. Must think of it as fuel to keep him alive and healthy. Know this is going to be really hard for him, and he's probably depressed at the thought. This is crucial.

June 24, 2003

Frank got a call from Charles asking for a meeting on Thursday. So many are being fired or getting salaries cut from \$25,000 to \$10,000. Frank is anxious about his job. He talked to Mary Ann who said that we could move in with her. He said we could rent the house, and I said no, we can't. Trust won't allow it, thank goodness. Attempted to get him to stop worrying about what may happen at his meeting. We're lucky we have a house, and I have a job, although no benefits. Frank was saying, maybe we would move from LA, but I said it doesn't make sense for me to give up my job to move unless we are moving because Frank has gotten a job somewhere. In that case, we would sell the house and buy a house wherever we move. Tried to stay above Frank's funk while encouraging him. The worst that can happen is he's fired, and then he's free of the Taper, which I believe he would really like. He just can't stand the injustice of not getting what his talent deserves. And, of course, I understand and sympathize. We just need to look at whatever happens as an opportunity to move on to something better.

June 26, 2003

Charles said Frank's job has been eliminated! Shocking news. Taper is firing twelve people. Three people are having salaries reduced by over 50%. Charles said the decision has nothing to do with the amount of time Frank puts in on his job or the quality of his work. So ironic that, at nearly the same time that I get a job, Frank loses his. Frank was feeling liberated by being free of the Taper, or perhaps he was looking on the bright side. He said that I should tell Mom and Dad, when they ask, that he doesn't want to work at Nordstrom's, if anything happens to me, and was thinking about going to library school. We're both glad that this happened after Gwyneth needed our help so that she didn't feel badly about accepting our help. Think Frank is looking at this as his chance to do something better with his time and talent.

June 27, 2003

Ilse and I talked about what Mutti and Vati did during WWII. She said that Mutti and Vati didn't know until late about the atrocities of WWII. She thinks Vati's breakdown on the Russian front was part of his realization of what was going on. Mutti told her that they both knew of people in Helmstedt who were hiding Jews. She said that Vati remained anti-Semitic, commenting once, she remembers, about how Jews were trying to "take over." Sad and shocking.

July 5, 2003

[Letter to Gwyneth.] Are you spending the weekend with your kitty friends? Did you see any fireworks? We didn't, opting instead to watch the Dodgers lose yet again. Actually, I followed a lot of baseball yesterday. My hip has been REALLY hurting--a pinched nerve or something. I'm attempting to get clearance for acupuncture since January, but someone dropped the ball in the process, and I'm appealing the denial. Anyway, after shopping for a brace so that I could get through the day without crying out in pain while at work and purchasing a lovely roller bag to replace my backpack, I watched baseball with an icepack against my back. My Angels won, but the Yankees were trounced. Frank received a Taper contract on Thursday to speak to an LA Times reporter about August Wilson yesterday morning. This was encouraging--only a week after his position is eliminated, they find that they need a resident scholar on the staff! He's still transferring all his archived email onto our computer with 100's to go by Monday's deadline when he will be cut off for eternity. That hasn't kept him from translating with Nicholas today. Anyway, I hope you're having a good holiday weekend and staying cooler than we are. Our house peaked at 88 degrees yesterday. Even Bill settled in front of a fan. Love...

August 12, 2003

We drove to Beverly Hills to the home of Marcy, Frank's labor lawyer, and her husband Xerq, who is some sort of financier or trader from South Africa. Fabulously wealthy. Amazing home with Rembrandts, Warhols, and Mary Cassatts on the walls. Marcy was having this dinner for Frank, as it turned out, complete with decorated cake to celebrate his leaving the Taper. After she said very loving and encouraging words to Frank, Xerq gave a beautiful little speech about how this is an important transition time for Frank with possibilities on the horizon for someone like him who has such talent to offer. Really lovely of them both. Delicious food that Xerq grilled outside. Delicious South African treats. Their three dogs were darling and obviously very loved. Conversation about films, politics, and our backgrounds. Interesting and interested people. Very enjoyable evening. Xerq insisted on walking us to our car. He again talked kindly and sincerely about how it would only be a matter of time before the next career would start for Frank. He and Marcy are so impressive. Xerq said that all he had to see was how women talk about Frank to know his quality. Really sweet of him.

August 20, 2003

Mary Joan Negro, an actress, came into the Brand today with her father. We had a nice chat. She's been friendly with Mona at the front desk, and today she said she "busted me." She told the staff that I'm an actress, and not only that, but that I am a fantastic actress, or the best actress she knew, or something really over the top like that. And then she said that they should ask me to sing! Told her that I hadn't let anyone in on my other life. They think I'm "just" a librarian! Sweet of her. Glad that they know now, from someone else, that I'm an actress and a fine one at that.

September 3, 2003

Mom said that Daddy is having memory problems, and that they are planning to see a doctor about it. She talked about his depression too. I replied to her that we've been concerned about Daddy's memory loss and were glad that they're going to see a doctor who may be able to improve Daddy's condition by a change in medication or a procedure of some kind. It is very good that they are talking about it. Said that I thought that would be reassuring to Daddy. He knows he can talk about it with her and us. He doesn't need to hide or deny it. I talked about how I am also concerned about his depression because I think that he's getting moodier and more depressed as he ages. Told her how I realized sometime after I started graduate school that I was no longer depressed. I often felt overwhelmed and sometimes felt sad or angry about not being in the theatre, but not depressed. Feel that it is because I'm too busy. Also said that I'm sure that

exercise is important, as she knows. Sent my love. Disturbing that, apparently, the memory loss is a big issue now, as evidenced by the selling of the RV and now this email. Sad.

September 4, 2003

Frank came home in a foul mood because he had to pick up some termite spray for Omar because Omar discovered an infestation in the wood he hadn't treated. This is infuriating to me because I remember months ago expressing my fear of termites getting the wood when Omar wasn't getting the job done, and his response being that "termites weren't in season." Really alarming to me that all the work may be jeopardized by termites because Omar has been so delinquent. Frank got angry with me for bringing this up. Omar is such a sore point between us with Frank in the position of defending Omar, for no good reason that I can think of. Had trouble falling asleep because I was upset.

September 7, 2003

Frank needed to eat and was on his way out when he started talking about Omar and what he needs to tell him in order for him to work more than one day a week. I said I am mostly worried about termite damage while he's not working. Frank then got angry with me and talked to me as if I were an imbecile. He says there is no reason to be worried about termites. Told him not to talk to me like that—that I don't appreciate it. He waited too long to eat, but that's no excuse. Frank went out shopping, and when he got back, I thought things were going to be OK between us, but he exploded at me for putting his shoes on top of his other shoes in his closet. The only reason I did that was because he reprimanded me for putting his shoes on his shoe rack! Turns out he wants some on the shoe rack and some not on the shoe rack, but he hadn't told me that. He's so irritable. Again, he hadn't eaten in a while. He came up to me to apologize, saying he was just nervous about his classes starting. Appreciated the apology but sorry that the entire day seemed to be defined by his explosiveness.

September 14, 2003

Realized that Omar turned the back sprinkler off, so the yard hadn't gotten water in nine days! Terrible! Lydia returned Frank's call and said that Omar left again after a bad period that culminated this weekend. Now she's had it with him, she says. She didn't know where he had gone. Frank leveled with her, telling her that now he's really angry with Omar and that he intends to take him to court, not only for what it takes to hire someone to complete the job, but for harm he's caused by putting our house in jeopardy of termite infestation, our backyard not being watered, and the aggravation of waiting four months. He said that the court would take it out of his (and her, since

she is the one to whom checks were written) paychecks in the future. He was nice and sympathetic to Lydia, and she asked him to wait a day before he does anything so that she can attempt to get in touch with Omar. It was the first time that Frank let her know that we know he's a drug addict.

September 20, 2003

Thrilling when an elderly man, Bud, who introduced himself to me the last time he was at the library, asked me to help him find a public speaking book on tape. I found a couple, at which time his friend, for whom the tapes were intended, joined us. He introduced me to Sydney Poitier! He was elegant in his baseball hat, which he tipped to me. I was so happy to shake the hand of this good man and to help him. Felt proud of myself in my professional guise.

September 26, 2003

Frank got me a book about cats in art and poetry, even though he gave me the grey pearls as an early birthday present. His cards are always what are most precious. It was a Winslow Homer print of children in a schoolroom. A little boy is reading a book. Another little boy is crying, and a little girl is sitting beside him. Frank wrote that he (as the boy reading) was going to take me out for a walk as soon as he finished reading his chapter and that was why Chris Benfey (the other little boy) was crying. He said that he and Billy love me. Love his cards. So that was nice to wake up to.

September 27, 2003

Headed to Glendale for the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra. The event was Lorraine Hunt Lieberson singing Bach's Cantata 199, *Mein Herz Schwimmt im Blut*. She is magnificent, combining the purity of Emma Kirkby and the emotional commitment of Ian Bostridge when he sang *Die Schöne Müllerin*. Really sensational. So glad to have seen her perform. Lucky life!

September 30, 2003

Omar said that he was going into a program and would be in lockdown for a month. Very good news. Means that Lydia may take him back. Frank said he sounded awful, but Frank was very supportive. Omar couldn't have been expecting such encouragement-- no hint of being put out in the least by our having to wait at least a month more for any work to get done on the trellis. I feel that way too. Wonder if there is hope for him to stay straight. I guess he's smoking crack cocaine.

October 1, 2003



Dressed and left for acupuncture appointment. Nice to see Han again. He treated both knees and both thumbs and commented on my high threshold for pain. Surprised me. Always thought I must have a low threshold because I'm so often in pain. Makes sense when I considered it, because I loved being Rolfed, and nearly always, that's considered painful.

October 4, 2003

Got a message from Mom saying that Daddy had seen a neurologist yesterday. She told them that Daddy needs to go through a complete battery of tests, some of which he just had last spring, but under different circumstances. Know that it is an irritation to Daddy whenever he has to go through any medical procedures, particularly if he believes it's unnecessary. But these tests will eliminate any possible reasons for his memory problems that don't have to do with Alzheimer's or dementia. First time those words had been written or uttered by Mom. That's sobering. Scary. The doctor prescribed Zoloft for Daddy's depression, so that's good news.

October 23, 2003

Mom sent message that the doctor has determined that Daddy is in early stages of Alzheimer's. Very grim news for which I was prepared. Had hoped that there was still a chance that they would find some other cause for Daddy's memory loss. There are medications that he can take. Mom said that she is assuming more business responsibilities that Daddy used to manage. Know she hates doing that, and I know how she responds to illness—not well. Wrote her that she is able to deal with this much better than if the situation were reversed. Also told her about Laurushealth.com for up-to-date medical information. One of my concerns is that I don't trust the quality of healthcare on Kauai. And with Alzheimer's, it will be important for her to be pro-active about keeping informed about breakthroughs. Wonder what's in store. Sad thoughts that I pushed away.

October 28, 2003

Call from the vet after inquiring about results of Bill's biopsy about his ear lumps. She said that they hadn't taken a biopsy because of a "miscommunication" with her staff. She said I could bring him back in to have the biopsy done or have it done next time he comes in, or watch his ears to see if there is any change. Let her know that I was upset about the necessity of bringing Bill back in when he's so stressed by it. Not to mention me. Said that the use of the word "melanoma" is alarming, so to be blasé about whether the biopsy should be done now or not does not inspire confidence. If he needs to be anaesthetized to take the biopsy, then he'll be sick for a week again. Really makes me mad. When Frank heard about it, he said he would take Bill in, but that doesn't make it any easier on Bill.

November 1, 2003

Discovered that our tickets for Globe *Twelfth Night* are for the matinee performance instead of the evening show. Tried not to get hysterical, although we knew it would be sold out. Frank handled the matter, and after talking to the house manager, we were walked in at the last minute. We had great seats. Was afraid that the production might be bad, judging from the reviews. Although the comic subplot was completely misguided, Mark Rylance as Olivia, was a revelation. He made me weep repeatedly, and I couldn't take my eyes off him. The first time I've seen a part done better than I did it. Really unforgettable. And Viola was perfect as well. So glad we saw it.

November 2, 2003

Frank was snippy with me because I washed his sleep clothes and a pair of socks he wanted to wear. Pointed out that I don't have a lot of different times from which to choose to do the laundry. I don't appreciate his attitude about my doing housework as if I were a chambermaid employed by him. Sometimes I need to make a point that I don't get paid for doing housework. It has to be done. I don't do it because it's fun to do, so his criticism and carping at me is inappropriate. He apologized for being cranky with me. Appreciated that.

November 3, 2003

Frank saw his doctor today, and the doctor said that the results of his blood test are equivalent of getting an "A." In fact, he doesn't have to go back for four months, and if it is still low when he sees the doctor then, he will start taking him off his diabetes medication. Wonderful news. Real results from his having lost weight and exercising more. Fantastic.

November 22, 2003

Went to Music Center to see *Lucia di Lammermoor* with Anna Netrebko. She's marvelous: young, beautiful, with a glorious voice, and she's an actress. The mad scene was revelatory—you could see every image flash across her face, and she took you with her inside her madness. Really exciting, especially because Frank was there observing and appreciating her with me.

November 27, 2003

[Thanksgiving Day]. So nice to be out together, enjoying fall colors. Gave Frank Roger Angell's article in The New Yorker about the baseball season. Watched his face as he read it, and whenever he had a reaction, I asked what he had just read to appreciate all over again Angell's writing and the baseball memories. Such a nice tradition for us. Determined to write Angell a letter, telling him how Frank has given me The New Yorker and baseball. I'll tell him about our Thanksgiving tradition. Frank thinks that Angell will appreciate that. By the time I got back to the house, Betsy, Craig, and Ryan had arrived. Mom and Dad called. Had a nice chat with them. Was telling Daddy that Betsy and family were here and reminded him that we all had dinner together in San Francisco. Sadly, he said that he didn't remember, but that he didn't remember things that happened yesterday. Glad he's being open and able to talk about it. He said he wasn't sure if the medication was helping him or not. How would one know? Poor man. Was worn out by Ryan almost immediately. He demands focus all the time.

November 28, 2003

Frank and I talked about how differently we would raise a child from the way Ryan is indulged. That led Frank to talk about his childhood and his relationship with his mother who, he feels, loved him best—even more than she loved Army. That has affected his relationship with all male authority figures. He threatens them, and he feels as if he deserves the world. That has brought him disappointment, not having received his due acclaim. He said he's pretty happy, and he has a fairly good life, and I said that concerns me. Think he should think his life is better than that, and if not, what is he going to do about it?

November 30, 2003

Billy was so happy and playful now that his house is back to normal again. Frank sings, "Oh the Nazi family is gone, oh the Nazi family is gone. If I were a turtle, I would flip myself over cause the Nazi family is gone." It's Bill's song, and it has many verses. Funny.

December 1, 2003

When Frank got up, he saw that Bill brought one of his toys to the door of the bedroom, but he couldn't open the door and carry his toy in at the same time. So darling! Frank put the toy in bed and played with Bill and the toy, which he loved. When he was getting his tummy rubs, he folded both of his front paws behind Frank's hand. Usually, he only folds one paw when he is read to, relaxes completely, and sleeps in Frank's hand. This was a new level of vulnerability.

December 2, 2003

More drama from Marcy and a few other controlling women from his book club. Marcy said that she has a few issues still she wants to deal with, including Frank's lack of punctuality and his penchant for "rambling." He always talks in a way that may appear to go off topic, but which he brings back to the point. My feeling and his is that they have no right to ask Frank to change his style. They can drop out of the book group or get someone else. Controlling of them, and another example of how they feel entitled because of their wealth. It's as if Frank has been employed by them like a nanny.

December 3, 2003

Found an ad in The New Yorker for converting cassettes into CD's. Frank interviewed Betty Lou years ago and has wanted to save the recording by converting it to a CD. Called and talked to a man in NYC who does it. Told him it's a surprise. He said that he can do a cover with a photograph, so I found a photo of Betty Lou that Frank carried in his wallet and another snapshot of the two of them together. Packaged up two cassettes of the interview as well as a microcassette from the answering machine that has a message from Army on Frank's birthday, the photos, and a note to send to him.

December 12, 2003

Feeling gloomy about this trip, about Daddy's future, and about how Frank seems totally disinterested in me physically. Not that we don't have sex, but that he's not tender and appreciative of how I look. He's looking for girls with their pelvic bones on display. Sat for a long time on the deck overlooking the ocean while Bonnie scrambled happily around us. Such lush beauty. Talked all afternoon and evening. When Daddy and I were off by ourselves, he said that he has Alzheimer's. Sweet of him to tell me like that. I commiserated with him about what a drag that it is. He said that he will be 80, and I said I can't believe how I'm 51 now. How did we get to be so old?! Talked with Mom about how Daddy and Mom have talked about finding out about clinical trials at UCLA. Mom says that Daddy won't agree to stay there in residence for any period of time. They are considering, when they have to move, going to a condo by the hospital, which has long-term care rather than moving into any assisted living place here or in Florida. Talked very candidly about how she must protect her own health. Daddy obviously doesn't remember things, but he's still spirited and otherwise confident and sharp.

December 13, 2003

Went out to drive through the valley below the house. Got out to see the macadamia nut tree Daddy and I planted on my 40th birthday after Iniki. It's big and frothy, and we took pictures of us in front of the tree. We talked about Mom's upbringing. Wanted to hear her talk about how she was raised by Mom, Grandma's mother. Mama nearly cried talking about it. It clearly is painful for her even now, although she understands why they needed to work at the state hospital to survive. Daddy made mean comments to Frank because he was drinking, and was generally unpleasant. Frank is so funny and generous with them both, but Daddy's ill-temper always eventually wears us down.

December 14, 2003

Frank was sharp with Daddy, even though he resolved not to get into discussions with him. But Mom likes to be engaged in conversation with Frank, and Daddy can't help but be argumentative. He will state something that is uninformed opinion as fact. Ignorance displayed as incontrovertible truth, and Frank can't stand it, so he has to engage with him after all. Daddy drove his truck, and on Frank's suggestion, I went with him. Good idea. Bonnie was with us too, so that made it sweet. Just chatted easily, and Daddy was nice and relaxed. But at the restaurant, Mom, Daddy, and I were sitting, waiting for our food while Frank was doing the buffet. When Frank came and set his plate on the table and went away to get something else, Daddy made a crack about Frank going to get "seconds" which I let pass. Then he pointed to Frank's plate of food and started to make another snide comment to Mom. At that point, I told Daddy that he was out of line. He started to defend himself, saying that he was talking to Mom, but I said that I was there, and that his comment about my husband was insulting. He was chastened, but he didn't sulk through breakfast, which surprised me. When we were leaving, Daddy was confused and said twice to me that I should come visit again. I told him that I wasn't leaving, and that we'd be back at the house in the afternoon. That's the Alzheimer's. Meanwhile, Frank had a talk with Mom about how she needs to be aware about situations like last night at the restaurant when Daddy made a mistake when he was figuring out the tip, which meant that the waitress would have gotten no tip at all had I not slipped her \$5. I would have given her more, but I assumed that Daddy had given her his usual stingy 10%. Mom said that it was just Alzheimer's, but Frank said that Daddy's behavior is bad when he's been drinking. She's in denial about that. Several times yesterday and today Mom was recognized, stopped, and praised for her teaching. So nice that she gets those strokes in front of us. Know she must feel proud. Frank reinforced how we would support her decision to have Daddy cared for in a managed care facility when that time comes. Think it's good for us to say these things, although Mom doesn't want to pursue the topic very far. Frank says that he won't come to visit again. It's just not worth it when Daddy is so rude to him. I don't blame him. Mom suggested that, since Daddy will be 80



in August, we should all try to go to Florida to be together there. Both Frank and I said immediately that we think that's a great idea, and we'll just plan for it.

December 16, 2003

Frank brought up the subject of the UCLA trials again and strongly encouraged them to volunteer for those. Daddy seemed sad and frail as we said good-bye. He said he hopes he will remember me when he sees me next time. I said that, if he forgets, I will remind him, but that we will be seeing him again soon. He told both Frank and me several times how glad he was that we had come. Poor man. Feel sorry for him and very grateful that we made this trip in spite of his meanness. He's afraid, and so am I. Had a very good chat with Mom on the way to the airport. She talked about how she and Daddy met and about how his first wife, Wilma Mae, was a cute little sex pot who had a "reputation." They were only married a couple of months before Daddy had to leave to do his military service. Frank made a joke about how that was Daddy's type he guessed—the cute little sex pot. Mom was girlish receiving his compliment. Very warm and affectionate good-bye. Funny thing happened as we were getting ready to leave this morning. I set the "shake-awake" alarm and then forgot about it because we were already up. When it went off, I thought there must be some kind of an exotic Kauai beast in our room, so Frank called it the "porcu-time." Laughed and laughed.

December 20, 2003

Ann called this morning to check on how I perceived Daddy is, so I called her back over my lunch break. She's so irritating, talking over me, being a know-it-all, and aggressive. Typical behavior for her. She takes credit for having diagnosed Daddy a long time ago and forcing the issue so that Mom and Dad would finally see a doctor about it. She doesn't believe that medical trials are going to do any good, and her main concern, she says, is that Mom won't feel that she can ask for help in taking care of Daddy when she can't anymore. Ann feels that they're going to have to live part of the year in Florida so that she can look after Daddy while Mom is given freedom to travel or whatever. Perceived that her agenda was to see how much I'm willing to care for Daddy and to get me more involved in seeing them. Let her talk and rant for the most part. She's angry with Mom, I believe, and talked about how Mom doesn't want to look like a grandmother, never babysitting for grandkids, etc. She's really resentful, I think. Interesting.

December 22, 2003

Got a thank-you note from Roger Angell for my letter which he said was "too kind." Thrilled that he wrote me to say he appreciated my having taken the

trouble to write. That made my day! Frank was also pleased. Put it underneath the baseball Joe gave me.

December 28, 2003

Frank determined that we should start with the Hirschhorn, which I would otherwise have skipped because it's modern art. But it had fabulous things. Saw the Rossi sculpture in wax of mother and child that nearly persuaded Frank that we should make the trip to St. Louis to see his exhibition. There was a Barlach sculpture that I've loved and some fanciful and witty installations, like a room continually filling up with more little sheets of paper already a foot deep. People were playing in it, and it sounded like autumn leaves as you walked through. Another magnificent statue of a giant, nude, bald man that was spookily real. Walked through the sculpture garden on the way to the National Gallery and *The Age of Watteau, Fragonard and Chardin: Masterpieces of French Genre Painting*. Took the Acoustiguide tour. That was a glorious show. Loved it and so did Frank. Then I toured around the neighboring American and Impressionist galleries before taking a coffee break with Frank. Went to see the Christoffer Wilhelm Eckersberg exhibition—painter of the Dutch Golden Age. That wasn't as good as we had hoped. Went quickly through the French and American galleries in the East Building and then went back to the West Building where Frank re-did the Watteau, and I went through the permanent collection of Renaissance art. I was aching and sore all day and needed to rest and meditate in one of the quieter galleries before I met Frank at *Colorful Impressions: The Printmaking Revolution in 18<sup>th</sup> century France*. That was beautiful. Frank discovered, at the last minute, that there was a free concert in the Sculpture gallery after the museum closed. Marc-Andre Hamelin played Mozart's Sonata in C Major, Schumann's *Fantasiestücke*, Op. 12, and Albaniz's *Iberia*, Book Three brilliantly. Great concert. It had become a real "London day" for us, but now we were faced with an odyssey-like journey. Back to Baltimore to load the car and shut up Mike's house securely, return the keys, and coordinate picking up Gwyneth at Mina's. We stopped for a midnight dinner at a diner. I was famished. We finally delivered Gwyneth at about 4:00. Felt desperately tired. My back and neck were really hurting me. So grateful Frank was driving, but getting us back to Port Washington was nearly making me frantic. We managed without a hitch, thank goodness. It was 5:00 by the time I settled in bed.

December 29, 2003

Was happy to be back in Manhattan on a beautiful day. So much has changed. Had about 90 minutes to walk around the Village before I needed to head uptown to meet Frank and Mary Ann at a new restaurant Frank read about. Like being able to walk with no particular goal. Passed a corner where a fence was covered with tiles made to remember and honor people

and rescue dogs from 9/11. Very moving. So odd not to see the Trade Center in view downtown. Took the train uptown and walked to where Frank said the restaurant was, but he wasn't positive of the street number, so I walked 2 blocks farther to 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue before I called information. Found out that Frank made a mistake and the restaurant was on the East Side, so I walked over to 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue and didn't arrive at the restaurant till 7:15. Neither Frank nor Mary Ann was there. Had to head on to the theatre to make the 8:00 curtain. Had to pick up a pretzel on the corner because I was famished, not having eaten really all day because we left the house too late to eat breakfast, knowing that we would be having dinner soon. I had been walking 2 ½ hours, and I was pretty exhausted by the time I got to the theatre to see *I Am My Own Wife*, a one-man show by Doug Wright performed by Jefferson Mays about a German transvestite who lived through persecution by the Nazis and Communists. Really interesting and very well performed. Loved it. Took the train back to Port Washington.

December 31, 2003

Funny thing at the theatre: Mary Ann was using an illuminating magnifier during the intermission of the play. The man next to her asked her where she got it, and she said she didn't want to say because it was on QVC, TV sales network. The man in front of her said "That doesn't make you a bad person—just weak." Laughed.

MEMORANDA

New Year's Resolutions: 2003.

1. To find a job which is satisfying & which uses my talents.
2. To be cast in finer role in great play.
3. To sing & play piano more.
4. To drink more.
5. To be cast in major motion picture in finer role.
6. To host more dinner parties in our home.
7. To paint & repair kitchen & fence.
8. To improve our back garden.
9. To read more for pleasure.
10. To keep in closer contact with my friends.
11. To be emotionally available to people.
12. To be kinder to people with whom I come in contact.
13. To be safer driver & less aggressive towards other drivers.
14. To spend more time, drawing more attention, lovingly to Bill.
15. To be more patient & loving to Mom & Dad.
16. To do more creative writing.
17. To write more dispassionately in my journal.
18. To keep weight at or below 134.
19. To meditate daily more deeply.
20. To do yoga, aerobic work-out, & weight training daily.
21. To eat well-balanced diet.
22. To listen to music & read with Jack.
23. To get enough sleep.
24. To ensure no debts which aren't paid off by end of each month.
25. To be happy in my work, whatever it may be.
26. To experience Jack's successes as my own.
27. To be more supportive & encouraging of Jack's work, his & his experience.
28. To look another high-profile, prestigious looking of White Oaks.
29. To be here now, experiencing spirit, presence of God, love & my interest that idea, in each moment.

2004 Journal

January 3, 2004

A man whom I helped came to the desk. He mentioned that he was going to San Francisco soon, and when I said that he was lucky to go there, he said that the truth was otherwise. He is HIV positive and has hepatitis. He needs a liver transplant, but the odds are not in favor of a man his age receiving a donor liver. Sweet man. One year younger than I am. He talked about how he was a product of the '70's, as I am. He said he loved the '70's and his life then. A dear encounter.

January 6, 2004

Left for LAX to pick up Frank. His plane was supposed to be in at 8:35, but it was delayed. The traffic was light on the freeway, but security at the entrance to the airport was surveying each car individually. That was frenetic. After circling around the airport three times, Frank came out. He

was still really sick and could hardly talk. He was exhausted from the flight, and I was tired from the stress of the airport traffic. As we were on our way home, we started talking about his life insurance policy. The original one expired before Frank knew it, and he's been jumping through hoops to get a new policy. He doesn't want to pursue it any longer. He doesn't think it's affordable, although he hasn't gotten an estimate. He feels unwilling to pay money when I've got a house and a job and parents who, Frank believes, will leave me money. When he said that he didn't want to spend his money on it, as if I don't contribute to our income, that made me angry. That set Frank off. He was really mad at me, so I let him alone to be in his foul mood while I settled in and helped Frank unpack. Then he blamed me for not having bought him groceries! He needed to eat, which was part of his problem, but he doesn't ever want me to buy his food, so I felt he was being unfair. I would have bought food for him if he had asked. I lost it then and told him to let me know when he could be nice to me, ask me about my life, and not be so totally self-absorbed. I shut the door to the bedroom, turned on the sound machine and calmed down with Bill's push-ums. Glad he was with me. He stayed through the night, but Frank slept in the guest room. Hated it. Bad night. Didn't sleep.

January 11, 2004

Ann called with news through JW Oglesby that Mom and Dad had been in a car accident. Mom was driving although, because of a concussion, she doesn't remember that she was driving. They were going home after they went out for breakfast after church. Mom has a severe ankle injury and has already had surgery on that. They think that the ankle and concussion are her only injuries. Daddy was sleeping at the time of the accident. He has broken ribs and is being watched because of his difficulty breathing due to the impact on his lungs. Ann was in an aggressive state, saying that she would have to go there, with the implication that I should as well. Very glad Frank was on the phone because he can handle Ann. Once Daddy is released from the hospital, if Mom is still in the hospital or even after she gets out, someone will have to be around to do homecare. Daddy will need it, and Mom won't be able to get around. There is a question whether she'll even be able to get into the house because of having to negotiate the stairs. Ann is already thinking that they will have to move to Florida now. This forces the issue.

January 12, 2004

Nicki called after I went to sleep last night. She managed to talk to a doctor who said that Mom's injury is significant. Tomorrow Mom's ankle will be evaluated to see if a reconstruction is possible. He is doubtful. If not, they will have to fuse it, which will mean that she'll have no range of motion. She'll be able to walk, but not much more. She will be able to do virtually

nothing for six weeks. If she has reconstruction, there are only three doctors in the county who can do it, and it's a procedure that takes six months to accomplish. She's been complaining about a sore arm, so apparently there is a fracture. Mom seems to have recovered from the concussion and sounds pretty good. She's wondering how she'll manage, but she has no intention of not returning home. Nicki will be able to help them find homecare help since she knows a lot of people there. And she'll be able to temper Ann with her agenda. Ann has changed her mind and is going to be there tomorrow instead of this weekend because Daddy is being intubated, she says. But Nicki thinks, and I agree, that it's probably because she's jealous that Nicki would be there first. Nicki said Daddy looks awful, which was very upsetting for her and Mom, who hadn't seen him till today. His eyes were closed, but the nurses said that he could hear them, so Mom and Nicki talked to him, and he squeezed their hands. He was especially glad to know that Nicki was there, and she said it looked like he was going to cry. Very touching. So glad she's there. Such a good talk with her.

February 4, 2004

While I settled in, Frank told me that his teaching assistant for his large undergraduate class on the History of the Theatre told him that about 70-80% of the class is unhappy with his teaching style. They don't like his digressions, and they're concerned because they aren't doing well on his quizzes to test whether or not they've read the assigned plays. They don't know how they should prepare for the midterm or final, and they say they preferred the teacher of the first section of the course, who always had an outline of his lectures which he followed to the letter. Really infuriates me because it confirms my dislike of young people in general. They're entitled and insolent. They should thank their lucky stars that they have the opportunity to learn from Frank. There are students who say the night before the class that they can't find the play when there are multiple copies in the library! But Frank is concerned that he might lose the job, and that would be a second failure. Told him that he can reassure the class about what they need to know in order to pass the course, but that he shouldn't be concerned about their opinion of his style of teaching at all. Their opinions mean nothing. The bottom line is, does he want to teach in a place where the students don't appreciate him? And if he doesn't, then he shouldn't teach there. We'll get by. Sorry this happened. So unfair. He needs to be more appreciated!

February 5, 2004

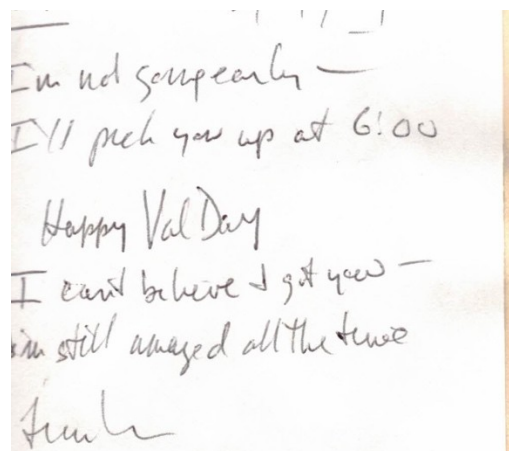
Frank was busy working on his study guide for his class, having come to the realization that, although he still doesn't like the attitude of the students, it was a good thing to make clear and linear what the history is that they need to know. Furthermore, that writing it was going to be enjoyable for him—not



easy, but worth the effort. Glad for him to have reached that good resolution.

February 14, 2004

Frank picked me up at 6:00 to go to Joyce and Mike's for dinner along with another couple, Dan and Elizabeth. He's a documentary filmmaker who just won an Emmy, and she teaches third grade. Nice to see Joyce and Mike. Like them both so much, and there was plenty of really good conversation about travel, films, and baseball. So proud of Frank in situations like that. It's much easier for me to be comfortable socially now that I'm no longer trying to "make it as an actress." Easier for me to talk. I guess I don't feel defensive about not being successful in the theatre and feeling bitter because of the unfairness of the business. Very nice evening, although I perceived that Elizabeth was ambivalent about Frank, maybe because he is so smart, talented, funny, and uncompromising. Her problem. I love Frank shining in public, and when people are threatened by his excellence, it reflects on them, as far as I'm concerned. Obvious to me how much Joyce and Mike like us both, and that means a lot to me. Frank brought me my Valentine. I gave him a Valentine with two kittens, and I wrote that I wished that I had been young when Frank and I met so that we would have had more of our lives together. Frank wrote how it was better that we met when we were already fully ourselves, and that our life together now is so wonderful, there is no room to feel sad. Meant so much to me. Bill joined me for push-ums. Lovely end to Valentine's Day.



I'm not going early -  
I'll pick you up at 6:00  
Happy Val Day  
I can't believe I got you -  
I'm still amazed all the time  
Frank

MARY

2/15/04  
Follow-up Valentine  
(New policy)



There are several good reasons we didn't meet and become lovers in our first youth. When you were in your first youth, for example, I could have been arrested for being your lover.

We did not miss the passion of young love, but we did miss the all-or-nothing, all hills or valleys, breakfast, reckless, careening aspect of love — in which the moments of extraordinary, self-annihilating, self-aggrandizing joy are mingled with terror, despair, pain, and jealousy, and all of that is afterward, to be remembered with great tenderness, but more bearable as memory.

We had become people by the time we met, and we knew very quickly we wanted to be lovers and to share a life.

I cannot regret not having had more years at the beginning, or grieve to be more years at the end, because the present, when we live together with Billy (who just jangled to be included) is so blessed, so charmed, so inhospitable to any sadness.

I love you.

March 3, 2004

Usher at Disney Hall recognized me as working at the Brand. Felt proud. Lucky that I've been able to make that mental transition in identity after no longer being able to define myself principally as an actress. On the way home, Frank was complaining of being overworked and stressed, and I felt that he was not being sensitive to how hard I work. It's not a competition, he admitted.

March 22, 2004

Had an email from Mom waiting for me when I checked, asking if I might be able to come for a “daughters only” weekend before they head back to Kauai by the end of April. Mom offered to pay for my flight. Don’t know why she does this when she knows that “weekends” don’t exist for me. I can’t afford not to work, especially on Saturdays and Mondays. Explained all that AGAIN. Also explained that Suzy has hepatitis C, and that I’m substituting for upcoming dates for Jeri, who’s going to the ARLIS conference, and for Kathryn, who’s going to Europe. Not to mention Essaye being out of town for some sort of emergency. So, no, I can’t go. Also, don’t like the restriction of “daughters only.” I mean, Gary is there, and Tom wouldn’t be coming anyway. So that means “Frank can’t come.” That’s unacceptable. Perhaps she meant that they would only be willing to pay for my flight, but it’s out of the question anyway. Period. Said that I want to see their condo and Punta Gordo and hoped that we would be able to do that when we do the cruise. Went through all the insurance forms I could find in order to work on the application for insurance. Then sat down with Frank to get his help. Mom and Dad will have to fill out the forms as the “applicant,” but there are parts that I don’t understand, and Frank said that I need to talk to Leroy to ask him to explain what it means in order to tell Mom and Dad. Tried to convey to him how impossible it is to reach Leroy, how he doesn’t return calls or answer questions I leave on his voice mail, or give me a time when I can call to reach him. But Frank is so wrought up in his own responsibilities that he was totally unsympathetic. I was weeping and feeling alienated from him and totally frustrated. Really a bad scene.

March 23, 2004

Visited only a bit with Frank who said that he didn’t want to have any trouble with me. I wished that he would get to a place where he could pay tender attention to me. I wish he’d stop constantly complaining about work. It’s wearing me down.

April 6, 2004

The concert was sublime. Brendel played Mozart’s Fantasia in C minor, Sonata in B flat major, and E flat major, Schubert’s *Drei Klavierstücke*, and Beethoven’s Sonata # 30 in E Major. Beautiful concert. Heart felt so full with beautiful music and being so cognizant of fragility of life and of how lucky we are: what a good life we have.

May 2, 2004

I visited with Frank and Constance Towers, the actress who was doing the Clark Acquisitions program with Frank. I found myself a shady place to sit to

read the sports pages. Really hot day. Program was, I think, Frank's best. Although Constance wasn't terrific. She was adequate, and Frank was fantastic. Really, really funny. Material was great, and it was so well structured and written. Laughed till I cried! Mingled with others at the reception awhile before I escaped.

May 8, 2004

Noticed there was still a small leak where the plumber worked. Frank talked to him today and was told that this was a leak that resulted from the increased pressure after he repaired the other leak. I asked why he hadn't seen the leak when he did the repair, and Frank erupted, furious at me because he thought I was criticizing him on second guessing the way he dealt with the plumber. I was stunned, because that wasn't my intention at all. Realized that Frank had only just eaten, and that his fury is directly related to his blood sugar. I simply must not say anything when he's talking, and let him get to the end of what he's saying, and then not question him unless I'm sure of his blood chemistry. It's so unpleasant. Feel like he really hates me at times like this. Apologized to Frank for making him so angry, but when he challenged me that I had to know that my tone of voice was vehement, I could not lie and say "yes" just to appease him. This made him angry again.

May 16, 2004

Mary Ann suspected that Joe had been drinking and looked through his things to find her suspicions confirmed. Joe was angry that she invaded his privacy and was packing for Kansas City. Mary Ann told him that he either has to get back into a program or move out. Of course she feels guilty about doing that, but she really can't allow him to stay there if he's destroying himself. He'll die either in Port Washington or in Kansas City. I feel sorry for them all—including especially Tiger, who loves Joe. Joe loves him. Suggested that maybe Mary Ann should let Joe take Tiger with him—that it would be better for Joe and for Tiger, but Frank is afraid that Joe isn't responsible enough to be trusted with caring for Tiger. Maybe that's true.

June 9, 2004

I noticed that a little girl cat (Frank has named her Dorabella) was out in front, so I showed Bill where she was. He got in the windowsill of the guest room, and when Dorabella noticed Bill, she climbed the tree that is right next to the window. They were practically touching each other, and Bill was really excited. So fun to watch them together!

June 27, 2004

Mom called twice but insisted that I not call back because she gets free calls or something. Stupid. She knows it costs us five cents a minute, and I don't care! My couple of hours were evaporating. I was totally frustrated, and Frank was out of patience with all the calls he was taking which, he claimed, kept him from accomplishing any work. He became unhinged when I said he should just go ahead and watch the game. He resented my having gone to the gym on his last day at home. That hurt. Felt punished for working hard and doing what I can to manage pain. Called Gwyneth. Relief to get voice mail. Told her I couldn't talk because it was Frank's last night, and we had made a date to watch the game. Told her I would call her Wednesday. Cried. I swear that my heart ached. Frank admitted that he had been mean, and he followed me to bed after the Yankees won, bringing Bill with him. He said he missed us having time together, especially now that we're not going to London and Edinburgh. Me too.

July 22, 2004

Mom talked about Grandma's Aunt Nettie, her mother's sister, who lived with Grandma's parents, "Mom" and "Dad" when she was still a teenager. Nettie and Elsie ("Mom") were both pregnant by "Dad" at the same time! They remained friendly throughout their lives. The illegitimate son, Leonard, considered "Mom" more his mother than Nettie, who didn't raise him. He would often visit "Mom" and "Dad" as an adult and not visit Nettie. Amazing! When "Dad" died, it was Grandma who insisted that his estate, what there was of it, be split evenly among all his children, including Leonard.

July 25, 2004

Daddy was watching baseball, so we watched while both the Dodgers and the Angels lost. Then I set up his birthday program and arranged everyone at the computer to see it. That was a big hit, as I knew it would be. When it got to the part where Daddy sings "Happy Birthday," he cried. Knew he would. Really touching. Big pay-off for all my work. Think he really loved feeling so cared for. Having Nicki here was great. She managed to extract a promise from Daddy that he would get his hearing checked in an incredibly loving way, saying that she doesn't want anything else from him, but she wants him to be able to listen to what's going on around him in order to participate. She also made him promise to see a physical therapist because of his shoulder pain. He was crying because he was so touched by her tenderness in extracting these promises. She made Mom promise to get him on antidepressants. I agreed with her that he doesn't need to be prey to depression. There's no reason why he shouldn't be able to take Zoloft or whatever. Mom is not nurturing by nature, and Frank thinks that she is already showing signs of caretaker fatigue that manifests in passive-aggressive ways. I prepared meals ahead of time for us, and when I was



working until late, I had a casserole out for her to put in the oven for them, which she ignored. Then on Sunday we went out for breakfast in the morning. When I mentioned that I was going to put some left-over chicken and rice (from Wednesday's dinner) and half a loaf of the dilly bread I made for them in the oven, Mom said that, after their breakfast, they would only have popcorn. I went ahead with the dinner preparations, made a tossed salad and said that the food was out for everyone to help themselves. Nicki and I loaded our plates, and when Daddy saw that we were eating, I asked him if he would like me to make up a plate for him too. He checked with Mom, and Mom said that she would fix a plate for him in a bit. She was watching a Kerry special on TV. When she did make up a plate for him, it was only some salad and some Wheat Thins. I gave him three pieces of chicken with rice and a slab of bread with butter, all of which he ate. Then there was birthday cake. Mom cut it, giving us all small pieces and herself a sliver. Nicki made a joke about the size of our pieces and said she was having a second piece and asked Daddy if he wanted another piece too. He did. He doesn't need to lose any more weight. I think that Mom was, in a way, being passive-aggressive to me about the trouble I had gone to, preparing for their visit. Part of it is that old Depression-era pride about "we don't eat much." She was overly correcting when he made a mistake about where they were heading to. "Are we going home?" We explained that they were on their way to the Midwest, and then he allowed as how that was, to him, going home. Mom corrected him in a kind of school marm way that no, Kauai was home. It wasn't necessary. There's no reason to make him feel more confused than he does. There was almost none of his sarcasm, snideness. For that I'm very grateful. Frank told me that when he said that he was sorry that he wouldn't be home next month to take them to the two doctor's appointments that are scheduled in Santa Monica, Mom said that they just wouldn't go, as if that's an option! Frank said they would just have to take a cab if I were unable to drive. As it turns out, the appointments are on my day off, so I'll be able to do the driving without any problem. But how she could think of just not going is beyond me.

August 13, 2004

Stunned to learn that the hurricane had been upgraded to a 4, (Iniki was a 5), and that the eye hit Port Charlotte with winds of 145 mph--much stronger than anticipated. Gary stayed at home, but Ann, John, and Daniel arrived in the middle of the afternoon to surprise Daddy. [Mom and Dad were in Charleston with the Oglesby's.] The rest of the day was grim. Ann said they lost all their trees and the cage to their pool. They lost shingles, but other than that, the house withstood the storm. However, the condo is apparently a loss. Talked to Mom. The neighbors said that their door had been blown out, and the slider doors to the balcony were blown out with the interior a complete wreck. They still have a ceiling, but the unit above them is devastated. Luckily, they haven't lost anything with sentimental value—no



photo albums, quilts, or afghans of Grandma's. Thank goodness! She seemed philosophical and calm. Ann bought a generator to take back because they don't have electricity and may not have it for two weeks. They do have water in their kitchen at least. So sorry for them all. Certainly a memorable birthday!

August 19, 2004

Visited awhile with Daddy. He was very sweet, asking me again where I work and did I like my job. Know he was feeling that time was drawing short, and when I said good-bye and how I want them to feel that this is their base for as long as it takes for us to get through all of this, he was fighting not to cry. Tender good-byes. Who knows what kind of shape he'll be in when I see him next.

August 22, 2004

Headed back to Ojai. Arrived at the theatre shortly before 2:00. One of the minor actors had been confused about the schedule and didn't make it, so there was a lot of commotion about how to fill in for him. It rattled the actors at the start of the play, but the show was beautiful, and the direction was great, the badminton scene, golf scene, and pool scene, and Frank's character direction for the really wonderful performance of Don John were terrific. Peter has enormous charisma and was open-hearted and solid as Benedick. Laura was intelligent, beautiful, and Shavian as Beatrice. Although Richard caused Frank enormous problems because he didn't learn his lines when he should have, he was great, I had to admit. The little local actors did their best, and the whole show was a piece—everyone acting in the same world. Miraculous that Frank was able to pull it off, against all odds!

August 23, 2004

Frank and I talked more about the insanity he dealt with at Ojai. He wrote Mike Collins a really funny email, describing all the challenges, including a minor player (the actor who missed yesterday's performance) who, he mentioned in passing, was fine when he was on his medication. Said it reminded me of *Marat/Sade*. So funny!

September 3, 2004

Got into discussion about the siege in Russia of the schoolhouse where hundreds of children were held hostage by Chechen rebels. Frank said that the Russians are accountable for the way they've handled the Chechens, and he said that he now advocates terrorism as a strategy against oppressors. I maintain that only the guilty should be the object of retaliation, and that terrorism, because it punishes the innocent, is always wrong. Think that

Frank was badgering in the argument because of coffee and not having eaten, but he wouldn't be satisfied with my disagreeing with him. He feels his opinion is right and will not relent until his opponent shares his point of view. By the time we were approaching High Tech, I was yelling at Frank to stop arguing and allow me to have my own opinion. I couldn't wait until he got out of the car. Ugly! Especially hurtful because Frank was planning to go to Ojai today to stay until after tomorrow's show. Couldn't help but think how horrible it would be if he died before we could make peace. Bad way to go to work.

September 6, 2004

Ann started yammering about how Mom is slipping now and can't deal with managing all the property. Told her that I thought she was transferring those duties to Woodie. Apparently, Mom asked Ann to help them buy a house in December when they come two weeks before the cruise, but Ann doesn't think they have any business buying any more property before they sell. She said that they ought to either turn over ownership of the houses completely to us, Nicki, and Tom or sell the houses and just provide us with a monthly stipend for a mortgage. That was a red flag! She said that Mom said that, according to the trust, they can't sell the condo. I said then that Ann should sell it, but she maintains she can't. She would like to live in a condo if they could sell their house. But now, because of the hurricane, they can't sell the house. Think that Ann doesn't want to be saddled with any more responsibilities of property management, and I sympathize with that. I can't take her yelling in my ear, not listening, and bullying me. It sounds like she's bullying Mom and Dad too. Had to end the call, but not before I told her that I didn't want her planting seeds in Mom and Dad's minds about selling our house because of the burden it is to them in case we don't pay our taxes or insurance. I was angry and really upset when I got off. She's so unpleasant. Can't talk to her.

September 7, 2004

Sent message to Mom, relating Ann's information that Mom and Dad can't sell the condo. Want to see if Mom confirms that. Said that I want her to know that we feel what is important is that Mom and Dad get themselves some place where they can live comfortably with Bonnie and Dolly. Said that I observed that, whenever Bill was in the room, Daddy was happy and engaged, and the same was true whenever we talked about Dolly and Bonnie. Said that I didn't want him to have to spend any of his days separated from them. Don't want them to feel bullied by Ann if she's getting in the way of their getting a house wherever they decide they want to live.

Also said that I hope that Woody is taking the burden of handling their properties off of Mom's shoulders.

September 11, 2004

Sold-out house. Show was fantastic! Laughed till I cried throughout. So proud of Frank and so glad I was able to see it again and see it so successfully encompassing Frank's vision. Loved hearing Betsy laughing. She loved it. Everyone loves Frank and envies me.

September 14, 2004

Got into it again with Frank about Morsbergers, who want to make a date with us on my birthday. Told Frank I don't want to do that on my birthday. I've said that I would prefer him to do whatever he wants with them without me since I'm not included in the conversations, except when Kathy attempts to carry on a separate conversation with me. They're interested in Frank, not me. But Frank wants us to see them together, and he won't let it just be that we go to an event together. It has to include dinner too, so that robs me of a day! Notice that he doesn't feel the need for us to do things as a couple when it involves lunch with a younger woman. I was tired, hurting, and feeling dread about tomorrow's appointment with the vet, and feeling like I'm working all the time without getting credit for it. Feel as if Frank is taking me for granted generally because he's under pressure with the beginning of classes. Just wanted to disappear into Mozart's music in *Idomeneo*. Saw some Ojai people there and felt proud of looking slim and good.

September 16, 2004

Frank hadn't eaten and was manic. Not a good time to be in the car together, especially because he decided that Joe's detoxing is only a preliminary solution to his problem. He doesn't feel he has anything to live for, and Frank is convinced that, if Joe were to come and live with us, Frank could take him on as an assistant, receiving a modicum salary of \$100 a month to be paid for by the \$20 contributions of each sibling. He would go to Frank's classes and book group and learn how to get excited by life. Otherwise, he may commit suicide, as he mentioned already. I didn't immediately agree with his plan, saying that I don't want to have him with us if he is drinking or not working. Frank said that, either I agree with his plan, or Frank will move out. There was no room for discussion, so I said that I don't want Joe to kill himself. Really don't want to give our lives to a permanent housemate. Already, I don't get enough attention from Frank, and if Joe is here, I would get less of him, plus no privacy. Felt like I have nothing to say about it. Really depresses me. Hope that Susie and Mary Ann think of a better solution. Went right to bed. Frank came in with Bill, feeling

as if, having eaten, he might have gone too far. Not that he will change his mind about his plan, but he should not have been so dictatorial about it.

September 18, 2004

Visited with Frank when he got home from shopping. He said he talked to Joe, and that he sounded good. Apparently, he didn't have a heart attack after all, but he's still in ICU. Frank told him that he's smart, despite what he thinks of his intellect. Told him that he wants him to come here. He has planned six months here, and figures that he'll put the CD cases that are in the closet in the guest room and the twin bed in the garage. (Joe is too big for the bed.). We'd have to replace it with a double bed, although I'm not sure a double bed would fit in there without removing the row of CD racks. Frank said he hoped that I would agree with the plan. I said that he didn't give me a choice—that he said that he would move out, but today he backed off of that threat somewhat. He did say that he would have to figure something else out. But I repeated what I said before, that it is his decision to do what he wants, although I'm not happy about sharing our home with a housemate. It's hard enough on me to have a house guest for a few days, let alone six months. I won't resist his decision because I want Joe to recover his health, and I will respect Frank's opinion on how to go about that. That wasn't good enough. Frank wants me to want Joe here without any reservations and is angry at me for feeling sad about losing our life as a small family unit. Frank hadn't eaten, so he didn't have the patience to discuss anything. Makes it so unfair for me.

September 23, 2004

Frank went to the resale shop and selected clothes for me to try on for my birthday present. Some didn't fit, and some we didn't care for, but there were several pieces that were really good. So nice of Frank. He really likes shopping for clothes for me. He tickled my back and said I should have a man making love to me. I said that was what he was doing right then. Sweet end of the day.

September 26, 2004

Frank left me a beautiful card painted by an Ojai artist of a red-headed girl walking in a flower garden with a basket. Frank wrote, *The little girl you were is the wonderful woman you are. We think you're perfect and getting better. Thank you for gathering us up and putting us in your basket. Frank Billy. We love you.* He drew a paw print and a heart. So touching that my eyes started to tear.

October 3, 2004

Had a table of girls, each of whom had their own clamp set up on the table holding a model of a mouth on which they were practicing as dental hygienists, complete with their arsenal of tools. They unpacked their food and put out their cell phones. I let them know that “this is a quiet study area” and if they wanted to talk or work together, they should go somewhere else. Otherwise, put their food away, and turn their cell phones off. After a while, they started working together, of course. People were stopping at their table to visit or to wonder about what they were doing. I warned them again, to no avail. I called the monitor and told him that he needed to tell them all to move. At that point, they started to create a disturbance. People were shushing them. He gave them five minutes to leave, but when he went away, the girls confronted me for turning them in. Nasty little scene. When they were leaving, one of them came up to the desk and called me “trailer park trash”! Coming from dental technician wannabes, I thought this was priceless! Still, it had me shaking with ire. Every table in the area was occupied all day, and my primary job was to keep things under control. Hostile table of young men were insolent to me, and another man at the end of the day insisted on using his cell phone and called a regular patron whom he was disturbing “crazy.” Exhausting afternoon.

October 7, 2004

Got to the Beverly Hills Hilton by 6:30 for the cocktail hour before the buffet dinner hosted by the Brady Center for Gun Control. Good dinner followed by a program hosted by Arianna Huffington. She is magnificent! Admire her so much! Chief of Police Bratton, and David Kelly, writer of *L.A. Law* were honored, as was the head of the company, Working Assets. He was really impressive. His company gives long distance phone service for three cents a minute and then gives a percentage of their assets to charities like gun control. He had fulfilled his pledge to register one million new voters because he feels so strongly that this election is important. A great man. Robin Williams ended the program with a stand-up message about gun control. He was terrific. Really important event, and I was proud to be in the company of so many right thinking people.

October 18, 2004

Suzy [my supervisor] said that Frank, the head librarian, complained about me having left the Arts desk before he showed up to relieve me. He was only a couple of minutes late, he said, and I should have waited. That caught me by surprise. I told Suzy that I have no problem with that. I know that the reference desk downstairs is busy, and sometimes they can’t get away on time. But I thought that our policy is that we forward the phone to the AV desk and go ahead and leave rather than wait, since it’s rarely busy upstairs

where one person can't cover both desks. And I told her that, when I was supposed to be off at 6:00 last Thursday, I waited till 6:15 for either Eric or Lisa to show up, in order not to leave both desks without someone there. Irritated me that Frank would complain about me, and Suzy knew it. I won't roll over for him, especially when I'm paid by the hour, and Frank is on salary!

November 14, 2004

Talked to Mom and Dad. She had been to see an acupuncturist who expressed concern about her foot and attempted to persuade her to see a local doctor instead of waiting till December to see her surgeon in Florida. She's not going to do that because she doesn't think that the local doctors are good, and it would take so long to get an appointment anyway. Asked her if she had called the surgeon's office in Florida, as I suggested. She said she hadn't and is not going to, because, as she said, there is nothing they could tell her that would make any difference anyway. I asked her what if they told her to stay off her feet till she came to see him. She said she wouldn't do that. She said that she knows her body well, and I said that, while that's true, she's not a doctor. I reminded her how, when I had appendicitis, she didn't get me to a doctor until after my appendix had burst. She said she'll always feel badly about that. But she said that, whatever happens, she'll live with it. Nothing more I can do, although it's really disturbing to me that she may be doing irreparable damage to herself.

November 16, 2004

Frank saw his doctor today and was told that he has three months, and if there isn't an improvement in his numbers, he will have to go on insulin. Sobering news. Feel the same way I felt about Mom. He knowingly does things like eating bad things and not exercising that are jeopardizing his health. For years. Nothing is enough to motivate him. Maybe the threat of daily injections of insulin is enough to scare him. Nothing I can do about it, yet I'm facing the possibility of his physical impairment and shortened life span.

December 24, 2004

Shocked when I heard Mom say that Bonnie will go to Nicki, and she doesn't know where Dolly will go! She says Bonnie is really "too big" for the house, and she seems not to be able to deal with bringing a cat here. I don't know why. Asked her if she had talked about this with Daddy, and apparently, they talked, in general, that Bonnie could be cared for by Nicki. He doesn't know that they won't have Bonnie with them. Horrible. Don't understand. Gave Mom her vase, which she loved, and the calendar to Nicki. Had fun looking at the pictures together. I gave everyone else their calendars [with



each family's photographs for their individual calendars]. Big surprise was how much the niece and nephews appreciated them. Wasn't sure they would. Didn't expect more than a little gift from Mom and Dad. After all, the cruise is Christmas for us. In addition to more charms for my bracelet, I got a check for \$10,000. Really overwhelming. We'll be able to pay off our debts, and Frank pointed out, I'll get my chair from Relax the Back!

December 25, 2004

Talked about how Nicki thinks that I need to not engage with Ann when she bullies me. Although I agree with her and have adopted that philosophy to the degree where I told Ann on the phone that I couldn't talk anymore, Nicki assumed that I resist Ann and should just let her "wash over me." This she had learned from her experience in life. Felt a little condescended to.

December 28, 2004

Met others for dinner at 6:15. I was seated next to Daddy tonight and helped him order, encouraged him to eat more, and tried to keep him engaged. Frank said that I didn't do a very good job. During dessert Ann sat down on his other side and flirted with him and teased him. Heard her say, at one point, that she had been using her wiles for 25 years to work it out so that Daddy would be close to her. Interesting.

December 29, 2004

We were having a nice time. Frank got to talking about WWII and his willingness to "push the button" that would kill the Germans if it would save the train filled with little Jewish children. Daddy, who hadn't been talking at all, suddenly exploded at Frank and said that he had been there and gave Frank the finger. So crude and ugly. Spoiled the evening. Nicki asked me to tell Frank to stop talking. Daddy really hates Frank being dominant. Frank made love to me. So good! Very glad to be physically intimate with him.

1. To receive benefit at my job.
2. To be cast in great role in a excellent play.
3. To sing & play piano more.
4. To be able to knit again.
5. To be cast in a major motion picture in a good part.
6. To host one dinner parties in our home.
7. To cultivate our back garden.
8. To read more books.
9. To keep in closer contact with my friends.
10. To be open-hearted towards other people.
11. To be a safer driver - less aggressive.
12. To spend more loving, attentively devoted time w/ Lnd.
13. To play with Bill more.
14. To be more patient with Mom & Dad.
15. To do some creative writing.
16. To write disclosingly & expressively in my journal.
17. To keep weight below 134.
18. To meditate more deeply & with more commitment.
19. To do yoga, aerobic workout, & weight training.
20. To eat well-balanced diet.
21. To listen to music & read with Lnd.
22. To get enough sleep.
23. To incur no debts & to pay off all our debts.
24. To be happy in my work, whatever it may be.
25. To experience Lnd's success as my own.
26. To support Lnd's work, his pursuit of good health & personal goals.
27. To book a high-profile, prestigious booking for
28. To be here now, living fully in the moment.

## 2005 Journal

January 1, 2005

Ann talked about how Mom will not be able to care for Daddy through a long, prolonged sickness. She also talked about how she's afraid that Tom might kill Nicki in order to get the house. Really surprised me to hear that Tom blames Nicki for his ruin. She was running his office. This was when she contacted us to co-sign a loan. We couldn't because we had no equity, and it was right after that that he really was in trouble. According to Ann, their

marriage is very rocky. That's the reason, she said, that Nicki was thinking of moving to Florida.

January 31, 2005

Visited with Frank. He told me that he was asking himself why he's so impatient and angry with me over small things that are innocently said or unintentional. He thinks that it's because he's so in love and attached to me. When we're away from each other all day, and I come home and say something that he perceives as critical, or if I'm not able to just be still and attentive to him, he feels that I'm out of his control or slipping away from him. I told him how, when I first get home, I need a little time to make order and do things that I'm afraid I'll forget to do unless I do them right away. He understands that. But he said that, now that he's figured it out, he thinks he'll be less likely to be angry with me. Really appreciated that!

February 12, 2005

Frank wanted to give his Valentine's Day presents before Christie arrived, but I was achy and needed to lie down. Frank got angry with me. I think it was another case where he had done something nice and was waiting for me to get home so he could give me his gifts, and I was not in a proper mood. On the other hand, he knew I really hurt and was in pain, and what I wanted was for him to rub my hip. Felt sorry and sad that we had disappointed each other, but I couldn't go to him after he said that he didn't want to talk to me.

February 17, 2005

Left for the city about 1:00. Beautiful, cold day. Drove to see the north end of Central Park first. Found a parking space and walked around an area of the park I've never seen before with the Christo Gates meandering up and down hills and around the lake. Really wonderful effect. Not a lot of people, certainly no crowds, but all seemed to love the Gates. Saw one old woman who wore a long velvet skirt and coat trimmed with fur, carrying an elegant cane. She was a wonderful sight. Drove all around the park and got out to walk again on the west side around 100th street. Another area I had never seen before with a little duck pond, waterfall, and pretty bridge. Really beautiful when the sunlight falls on the saffron fabric. So glad we came here to see it. Went to Susie's new house and visited with the twins. Great house; hard to believe it's even better than the old house of theirs. Twins are great, and we had a nice, if brief, visit with them.

February 18, 2005

We were on our way to the Barnes at ~ 8:30. Joe decided to go with us after all. Glad both he and Susie were coming with us! Very grateful that Mary

Ann was happy to do the driving. Visited all the way there, so it was a lively trip. Arrived ~12:15, actually ahead of schedule. Had 30 minutes before the tour started to take a quick look around the whole gallery, which is bigger than I anticipated and more densely crowded with an incredible collection. The tour guide had been taught by Barnes' protégé herself, and her hour-long tour was a mini-lesson in how to look at art. No labels at all, not even to give names of paintings, because that would, according to Barnes, pre-determine how people would see a painting, rather than seeing it fresh. After the tour, we all took our Acoustiguides and went around on our own till 4:00, when we had to head back. Not nearly enough time to absorb everything, even on the first floor. Joe did the Acoustiguide and even bought a poster of the mailman by Van Gogh, who resembles Frank! Surprising and very good day for all of us. The ride back was lively with talk. Frank and I hurried and caught a cab to hear the Philharmonic at Lincoln Center. Only arrived minutes before 8:00, so we had to pay full price, but it was a wonderful concert with a new piece, *Cantus in Memoriam Benjamin Britten*, by Arvo Pärt, Mussorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death* with mezzo, Marina Domashenko, and finally Stravinsky's *Firebird*. That was magnificent. Gorgeous music. Walked up to Grey's Papaya, and while Frank ate there, I walked around. Susie, Carl, and the twins were home from the theatre, and Susie was feverishly working to pack for their ski weekend.

February 24, 2005

Yesterday Frank told me about having talked to the man who did sound for *Wood Demon* and who now also teaches at Cal Arts. Frank told him that Dakin described me as the best classical comedienne in the country, and told him that he regretted not having cast me in *Wood Demon*. Said no other director in America would not have cast me because I was his wife, because he didn't think it would look good. First time he's actually said that, although he's hinted at it. Appreciated hearing him say that I'm a great actress, that he was sorry I hadn't had a career, and that he felt it strongly enough to tell his colleague.

February 25, 2005

Left again to meet Shawne and Bill Snyder at Twohey's for dinner. Nice to see them both. Concerned about Shawne. She just learned today that she didn't get the Philharmonic job, and she's losing confidence about ever finding work. Went to hear Capella sing concert of Tallis, de Lassus, and Byrd. All but two of the singers were sick, but they still sounded fabulous. Glad to be able to share them with other music lovers. Glorious, spirit soaring music. Irritated afterward when Frank invited them both back to the house. I knew that dishes were in the sink, my stuff on the counter, and possibly Frank's clothes lying about, or what kind of shape his bathroom was in. I knew that the cat box needed cleaning out, and he knew that I had to

go right to bed. Then he got mad at me because he knows that I don't like it when things aren't picked up before guests come over. Frank always says he wants to get things in order, but he's just too busy, and he wanted to spend time with friends. I said before we left that, if he wanted to go out with them afterwards, I would drive a separate car, and he said no, that we were having dinner with them before. The evening ended on a sour note between us.

March 13, 2005

Mom called. Had a good talk. She was concerned, of course, about my being sick. I was more concerned when she said that Daddy has declined a lot, manifesting in memory loss mostly. He misses his siblings, Joyce and Bill, Mom said, and he asks whether they are alone in their house. I asked if he's depressed, and Mom said yes. I asked how she's doing, and she said that she doesn't have much patience. I encouraged her to call for some help so that she can have time when she doesn't have to supervise Daddy. That person could go walking with Daddy. Mom can't do that, and he can't be trusted to find his way back to the house. She seemed anxious to change the subject, but she did say she was looking into getting some help. She also said that Daddy had a doctor's appointment and that she was going to ask about something that would help elevate Daddy's mood.

April 16, 2005

Had two tables adjacent to each other who were trouble for me. African American girls at one and Asian girls at the other. Told both tables that it was a "quiet study area" and that there was no talking, but neither table took heed. Called the monitor and asked him to warn both tables. Had to treat both the same way, although the Asian women were, at least, only whispering. I knew that the other table was making sure that they weren't being treated differently. An Asian woman and an African American woman came to the desk, and the Asian woman asked how they were supposed to study together if they couldn't talk and said that there ought to be signs saying they can't talk. I pointed out the sign. She went downstairs and complained. The other table stayed and continued to talk out loud and create a disturbance. I talked to them two more times, but I was reluctant to call the monitor back because I was certain that they would cause trouble. Finally, they went really over the top, and I had to call the monitor. Another patron confirmed to the monitor that the girls were being disruptive, but one of the girls said she was going to tell her mother and make a complaint. Really upsetting. Don't want to defend myself for upholding the rules! Oh, I hate young women! My prejudice grows.

May 9, 2005

I sent Frank an email this morning, and he didn't answer it. He copied me on emails to others. Irritates me. Feel taken for granted. When I asked him why he didn't reply to my email, he got really mad at me because he was feeling "euphoric" having finished the Taper program. He's been under so much pressure, and I brought him down. Bummed me out. Feel very distant from him now. Want him to be affectionate, but I feel like a roommate. I really felt badly being yelled at again. Went to bed ~ 11:30, I think, after apologizing to him for making him feel badly.

May 18, 2005

Alyssa called to tell me that I didn't get the full-time Art Librarian job at the Brand Library. Really surprised. Asked her why, and she said the other candidate had more programming experience and more enthusiasm about the direction that Alyssa wants to pursue. She wasn't more specific than that. She did say that the decision didn't have to do with my performance in either interview, in which she said I was excellent. Alyssa said the schedule wouldn't change till the second week of July, and that, if I felt I wouldn't be comfortable working with the other person, to let her know when I can. I said that I would need to talk to Beverly Hills and then I'd let her know. It was a blow. Told Frank and emailed Gwyneth, Mom, Suzy, Mona, and Jeri. Thank goodness we know that Frank has half benefits from Cal Arts. That, after all, was my main motivation for pursuing full-time employment. Got a lovely, commiserating email from Mom. Frank wholeheartedly agrees that I should give two-weeks' notice, but not to ask for more hours from Beverly Hills, especially because it would mean another day commuting. He doesn't appreciate the anxiety that remains about needing my own benefits if Frank dies.

May 20, 2005

Was not looking forward to being at the Brand at all. Was unloading my food in the kitchen when Alyssa came in and asked me if I wanted to come and talk with her. She told me on the phone on Wednesday that, if I wanted to talk to her, she would be available for that. I said that it wasn't necessary and told her I had my letter for her. As I asked her how her back was, she read the letter and just commented that what I said was nice. Was afraid that she would protest about my leaving her in a lurch, but was glad she didn't. This will mean that she will have to work my hours, and Mona will be gone at the same time. As soon as the coast was clear, Hike said he heard the news, and he was sorry. He wanted me to get the job and said that they would get their just deserts down the road. So sweet of him. Jyoti was also very disappointed when she heard and said she had prayed for me. So touching. Throughout the afternoon I had patrons—one after another—who were incredibly warm and attentive. Know they will miss me and felt really pleased when Blair and Alyssa walked by and noticed how I was sailing—



really majestically—through the day. They are making such a mistake! Astonishing to me.

May 21, 2005

Stopped at Hollywood Starbucks and saw that the Angels pitching coach, Bud Black, was there. Recognized him even though he wasn't wearing a baseball cap, and his hair is greyer than I thought. Gathered courage and hoped he wouldn't respond like a jaded Hollywood star. Told him I was a huge fan, that baseball makes life happy, and that I was going to have to start carrying around my baseball to collect autographs. I gave a cue of ending the conversation, but he was really lovely, sweet, and chatty, following me to the chair where I sat to wait for my order. Talked about last night's game, Vlad's injury, and Washburn's excellent pitching. When I left, he said to have a great day. Really thrilling and such an affirmation of the goodness of baseball people. Great way to start the day!

May 26, 2005

Dismaying news that Beverley [BHPL's Library Director] has changed the no cell phone policy. People may use them in the library, and we may only say something if they are talking too loudly! Terrible news. People aren't supposed to talk at all in the quiet study area on the second floor, so this undermines the study area's profile altogether. Jeri and Katherine feel the same. We will talk to Suzy when she returns next week, but I wonder if anything can be done to protect our area. Insidious! We can no longer be expected to enforce quiet when it can be undermined by the use of cell phones. Hate what cell phones have done to the public space. There is no sense of sharing privacy in public.

June 1, 2005

Saw *Rosenkavalier* in a ghastly production. The singing was generally very good, but I hated the set, costume design, and staging. Frank had a very stressful day. He was in a terrible mood to begin with, but soothed by the Strauss music. He's talking a lot about hating LA and wanting to move to Canada. I can't consider moving unless I have a job lined up, we have medical insurance, and we would be able to turn around the house and buy another, which I don't think is reasonable. I would hate to add that legal hassle to Mom's already full plate. I don't feel much courage about shopping myself professionally after having been unsuccessful in my attempt at the Brand. Talked a little about how he created the unusual stress on this latest deadline himself by scheduling two days translating with Nicholas last week. He said, as he has many times before, that Nicholas may die, to which I said "so could you." If he wants some relief and relaxation this summer, he's going to have to make that possible himself.

June 3, 2005

Daniel wished me luck and said he was sorry I was leaving the Brand. Sweet of him. Mona and Jyoti met me with parting gifts and notes. Jyoti gave me a beautiful Indian notebook and purse, and Mona gave me a Starbucks leather covered thermos. They cried before I arrived and nearly again as we hugged. Dear of them! Nice note from Alyssa too. Promptly at 5:00, before all the patrons had left, I waved good-bye, having alerted Mona that I would be flying out at 5:00. Mona, Blair, and Alyssa came to me to hug me good-bye, and I left swiftly and without ceremony or emotion. Friendly, but not heavy-hearted at all.

June 4, 2005

Read Frank's *Stuff Happens* program for David Hare's play at the Taper. Fantastic program articles by Frank and Chris Breyer about the US involvement in Iraq with astonishing quotes by Bush Sr., Jr., members of the administration, and historical figures. Really terrific. Want to send it to Ilse, Gwyneth, and Mom. So proud of his work!

June 19, 2005

Called Daddy to wish him Happy Father's Day, but they weren't home. Left message that I love him and am so grateful for all he has given me, including our vacations every summer, the Sundays he drove us to spend the day with Grandma and Daddy Herb, the pets we grew up with, the education he gave me, and our house. He'll probably cry when he hears it. Frank talked again, at lunch with Shawne, how he wants to move to Canada because he feels the terrorist threat is high in LA, and he hates the traffic. I said this evening that I don't want to move because I don't want to start over again, and I wouldn't want to move unless there were jobs waiting for us. Asked him if that was disappointing to him. He said he doesn't want to live here forever, and that we should have already moved because of the terrorist threat. Reminded him that last fall, after the election, I had been checking for jobs in Canada, and he said that we couldn't move, even if I found a job, unless he had work there. He said yes, we would need to have jobs before we could move unless we inherit money so that money wouldn't be an issue. I was crying because I found the conversation upsetting. I just can't conceive of attempting to start over again at nearly 53. The idea of moving is awful to me. I remember clearly how Frank swore he couldn't move all his books again.

July 7, 2005

Frank woke up to tell me about terrorist bombings in London. Terrible news. Brett is there, and although he was in the underground, and the underground and buses were targets of the bombs, he is fine, although shaken. Awful news. Found out that Brett would have been on the bombed subway train except that he couldn't keep the door open long enough for his friend to make it on, so they waited for the next train which never came because of the bombing of the first train. He saw bloodied people whose clothes had been blown off and people who were injured by the blast. Frank was in a rage, firing off emails all day, although none in reply to any I sent him. Hate that! Feel so ignored and taken for granted when all I receive from him are copies of emails he's sent to others. He told everyone that he's going to move to Canada because it would be safer there. No mention of "we'll move" or that I may have other feelings about moving to Canada. Told Frank, tearfully, how hurt I feel by his ignoring my emails, and that angered him, because, of course, my feelings are so unimportant comparatively. That's true, but nevertheless. Frank barricaded himself in the guest room with the door closed, and I didn't venture in to say goodnight.

July 10, 2005

Mom called. She said Daddy was asking, "Where's my family?" Talked to him, and again was struck by how weak and feeble his voice sounds. He doesn't remember much. Asked if he'd been to Ann's new home, and he didn't remember they were there yesterday. Upsetting. Think I can't wait until they come back through from Kauai to Florida. Thought I could plan to fly to Kauai over Labor Day weekend when the library is closed on Monday.

July 11, 2005

Frank gave me a beautiful Edwardian magnifying glass on a necklace after a design by Fabergé. Love it. I think I approach my work as a librarian as if I were playing a part. I've accumulated props and costumes for the role, including my beautiful pencil that I bought when I started my first internship, my Montblanc pens, my gloves, and now my magnifying glass, my portfolio, and rolling bag. Always wanted a lorgnette to be prepared, just in case I was cast in a role requiring one.

July 18, 2005

Marina, who is a shelver and housekeeper in Fine Arts, had a birthday yesterday, and Silvia, another Fine Arts shelver, knew about it. She organized getting a cake and card, and we sang "Happy Birthday" to her. She's been working at the library for 15 years but speaks only minimal English. She said no one remembered her birthday, except Silvia. She has a 17-year-old daughter who remains in Nicaragua, but her case to bring her

here is still pending. Horrible. She last saw her two years ago when her mother died. Sad story.

July 20, 2005

SAG event downtown—an interview with Sid Caesar. Joe Mantegna interviewed him, and although I had heard most of the anecdotes, I still was laughing till I cried to see him talk. He was so frail, but his mind is completely lucid and sharp. He talked about Einstein having been a fan of his, and honestly, he transformed himself into the visage of Einstein before our eyes. Such a gentle soul, and a really good, intelligent human being. So touched by him, and he was moved by the enthusiasm and affectionate response he received from the audience. Unforgettable. I was sobbing as he was helped offstage. He said in his talk that he wasn't an actor, or only passible, but Frank saw him backstage, and said to him, very forcefully, "No one is a better actor than you. No one!" So glad he told him that! Really emotional for me.

July 24, 2005

Left about 2:50 to meet Morsbergers at Peet's. Ordeal I wasn't looking forward to, but Frank wouldn't let me out of it, although I said that I don't see why I must cultivate Morsbergers, whom I find tedious, when we see them socially far more than people we both like. Mentioned Michael Ewing, who asked Frank to call him over a year ago, and Frank didn't. Spent close to three hours over coffee drinks. I endured being unable to hear either of them, and refused to be dominated by their pronouncements about a bad performance, play, or film. Don't care what they think of me. Didn't respond when she said she wanted us to come out to Claremont to see them. Too far. No!

[Frank's email in response to losing one of our Independent Directorships].  
*Dear Susie, I got a letter today from the President of Kohl Partners, LLC, telling me that Church Healthcare LLC has been refinanced and that as a consequence my services as Independent Director will no longer be required. President Alan G. Litt was kind enough to say it had been a pleasure working with me and offered his "best wishes" in all my future endeavors. Alan, Alan...but I'm sure he would give me a good letter if I needed a reference. Just like that...out of the blue...Church, kaput. And I remember Carl and I, in the early days, talking about golden parachutes, laughing, everything seemed so good... I'm okay. Oh, sure, there are a few things, little loose ends I wish I'd had time to tie up, you know, say goodbye to all the guys and girls, clean out my office, copy my rolodex, maybe go through my files over the weekend--but it's okay, fine, it's business, I know, come on, I'm a grown up. Actually, just between you and me, it's something of a relief. It was time to move on. I'd gone about as far as I was going to go at Church. And I'll*

*admit it, I'm looking forward to spending more time with my family. Besides, that name--"church"—I don't know--maybe it wasn't the best fit, though I'm proud of what I achieved there. Anyway, thanks so much for all your help with this and all my other accounts. Best regards. (a little startling isn't it, a little cold: that's what Alan wrote--after all we went through together--all right, I know, water under the bridge, forget it, get a grip, move on, grow up, right, I know. It'll take a while.) Frank*

July 28, 2005

Mom reports that Daddy's decline has been really rapid. He now asks to go to Cisne to see his parents! Alarming. Mom was hoping he would still agree to go to the Cultural Center for time with other Alzheimer's people. I'm sure she's feeling the need for that respite when she can be free of caring for him. But four hours a week isn't enough. Worries.

July 29, 2005

Elizabeth's husband has left her—not the first time. She's 49, and he's 31. Her mother is ill, and her car broke down, needing \$1800 worth of repairs. She has no money, and she's thinking that the universe is telling her to go home and care for her mother. How fortunate that I went to graduate school and equipped myself to earn a living!

July 31, 2005

Talked to Mom and Dad who leave for Kauai tomorrow. Was glad that Daddy was responsive when I asked if he was looking forward to going back home to Kauai, and he laughed when I said that I wished I could see how happy Bonnie will be when she sees Daddy. Mom said that Dolly will remain with the woman who has been caring for her. Glad she's taken care of. They took Dommie to the family who is going to be her foster home while Mom and Dad are gone, and Mom said she felt good about that arrangement too. Gwyneth called. She's struggling because she must publish her thesis in order to get her master's, and she's gotten no responses to any of her job applications. She's broke, Siân has been paying the rent, and her phone may be cut off. She says she wants to find a job in New Zealand and would really like to go there for a few weeks in September to explore possibilities there. Felt she would have liked to get an offer of money, but I told her that we don't have any left after spending money for Omar and Mark's work and the improvements. We would have to get cash on credit cards in order to help her out, which we would do, of course, if she needs our help. Wish she would get a good job offer. Glad to hear how happy her cats still make her. She said she wouldn't even consider a job if she couldn't have her cats with her, and she had done research to reassure her that she could take the cats

to New Zealand without them having to go into quarantine. Glad to talk to her.

August 1, 2005

Decided we would let Gwyneth know that we're \$12,000 in debt and have no cash, but we would always be glad to get a cash advance for her if Siân can't continue to bail her out, although neither of us are keen about financing a trip to New Zealand.

August 4, 2005

Mom said Daddy had a fairly easy re-adjustment to Kauai, and Bonnie had been really happy to see him. That made him happy. Good to hear.

August 5, 2005

Frank is feeling pressured because his summer is nearly over, and he hasn't started assembling his lesson plans yet. We've been through this, and I've pointed out that he created the situation because of doing so much translating. He wants to take advantage of Nicholas' health and life while he can. I've suggested that his health is affected when he's under stress, and he shouldn't sacrifice his health for Nicholas'. Nothing to be gained in this discussion, but I don't feel sorry for him. He does this as a tactic in his creative process. He never is able to start writing until he's in a crisis situation.

August 11, 2005

Frank seemed to be sunnier, but I felt depressed, tired, and feeling sorry for myself. Frank, I know, resents having to go to work and preparing for Cal Arts classes, and I would rather be working as actress. But I'm dealing with life like everyone else—grateful that I've got a job at all. What is hard to take is the lack of tenderness and affection from Frank, let alone the hostility I sometimes feel just because I'm in his vicinity. Felt weepy, and he knew it. Just said I was tired. Don't want to add to the pressure he already feels! Frank sent an email of concern about me and asked if he had done or not done something. Told him how I'm affected by his emotions—his depression, and I feel that the best way to help him when he feels so stressed is by staying out of his way. But I miss closeness and tenderness. He said he was just being a baby, that he loves me and has not taken good care of me lately. Really appreciated the message!

August 16, 2005



Left for LACMA as soon as Frank and Emily returned from “breakfast,” already close to 2:00. Wanted to see the Jacob von Ruisdael exhibit first. Love those Dutch landscape paintings! Glad I wore my little magnifying glass necklace so I could look really closely at the brush strokes. Emily had her sketchbook and pencil and was happy going through the exhibits on her own, lingering to sketch here and there. Then went to the Kertész photography exhibit. Wonderful, tiny, shimmering images, and great shots of NYC and Paris. Looked at Tim Hawkinson exhibit of sculptures and installations—very odd and imaginative. Also a fantastic installation that was a series of rooms minutely recreating a garage interior. Amazing. Took a break for brownie and mocha before going to the Japanese building. Emily loved the netsuke collection. Saw an exhibit about Japan exhibits at the World Exhibition in late 19<sup>th</sup> century. Really good time together.

August 20, 2005

Left right away to meet Lillian at Saladang Song for dinner. Good to see her and spend time with her. We share a lot of views about atheism, feeling like there is no place for us in contemporary US culture, and disillusion with theatre, etc. She is out of town working most of the time and said that we’re the only people she’s having dinner with. Mutual admiration society. She’s such an impressive person. We took her to her car, and I decided to play her the tape of Linda and me singing the Mendelssohn duet, which she was not familiar with. Very special to me when I play it for anyone. I love hearing it, and it is so beautiful—really stunning. Wanted her to know that I’m a real singer, and now she does. She was also very touched by the story of Linda and the duet. She appreciated, it, and so did Frank, as he always does. In fact, he said that I could have probably pursued singing professionally and wondered why I hadn’t. Told him how Mom told me that she thought that I had more talent as an actress.

August 21, 2005

Talked to Mom and Dad. She said that Daddy thinks we’re around all the time now. Well, that’s good, I guess.

September 2, 2005

Left about 7:20 for the Taper to see August Wilson’s *Radio Golf*, his last of the cycle of ten plays chronicling an African American neighborhood in Pittsburgh in each decade of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Now Wilson is dying of liver cancer. Wonderful, if flawed play with a sensational performance by a Wilson regular, Anthony Chisholm, and another great performance by John Earl Jenks. Very powerful and moving theatre. So glad to have seen it. Sobbing at the beautiful poetry of Wilson’s life and life work.

September 3, 2005

Frank brought Bill in for some tender family time. Frank doesn't want me to leave, especially now that the country is reeling about the calamity in New Orleans. Bush has fucked himself with his lack of leadership, his lack of response, the revelations of how he trashed legislation that would have reinforced the levees while pushing legislation for tax breaks for the wealthy. Everyone's aware that there is a racial side to this. How much quicker would the response have been if the victims weren't, for the most part, poor and Black?! Plus the realization that the lack of support is connected to the fact that our resources are going to Iraq! Shameful.

September 4, 2005

Mom and Dad were waiting for me in Lihue, and my suitcase arrived intact. Good to see them both. Daddy seems better than I expected. He asked several times who was at the house now. David and Becky left the day before yesterday, but Mom said that he's under the impression that the family is around. Later he asked what I knew about his parents because he doesn't remember having experienced their dying. He said something about being afraid of dying. But he didn't want to get into it. We sat on the deck and talked. They were very glad to hear that I am getting benefits now. Daddy said how proud he was of me, having gone to graduate school and having a good job. Told him how grateful I am to have been given the opportunity to go back to school because of their generosity. Watched reports about the hurricane aftermath. It's unbelievably horrible. So difficult to watch—so heartbreaking and painful, and then difficult to stop watching. Really deeply disturbing.



September 5, 2005

Went to see Tom Danbury. Rosalie is still in the Midwest, but I was looking forward to seeing him again. Had thought we might be there for a couple of hours, but didn't get back to the house till nearly 8:00. Mom brought crackers and dip, and Tom had chips and cheese. Both had bottles of wine. Sat outside and talked about politics and religion. He's such a diehard Democrat who doesn't want to spend time with Republicans, like Frank and me, and he's an atheist. Love to hear him talk. Really good man. He talked about his background, coming from the Midwest, and so did Mom and Dad. That was nice, but they ended up finishing off nearly three bottles of wine, and by the time we left, Mom and Dad were both staggering. Daddy nearly fell outside, getting to the car, and he did fall in the bathroom, once we got back to the house. Mom was slurring her speech. I've never seen her have that much to drink. It was bad. I had no desire to have dinner once we got back, and neither Mom nor Dad were hungry. Just wanted to leave them to themselves, so made sure that they didn't want me to fix them supper and made a gracious exit.

September 6, 2005

Nothing was said about last night, for which I was grateful. I may need to talk to Mom about how she needs to take responsibility for Daddy's safety, and last night they both had too much to drink. Consequently, he fell. I was able to keep him from falling by the car, but not later. She couldn't keep him from falling, even if she had been beside him. But I didn't want to get into that now. Left for Na 'Aina Kai Botanical Gardens and Sculpture Park. That was at 9:30. We were in a cart with three other couples for a 3½ hour tour of a magnificent place where they're raising hardwood trees for long-term sustenance of the garden, while planting all kinds of other trees, vegetation, and sculpting a really beautiful 250 acres of land. Whimsical and lovely bronze sculptures are scattered all around—rather like Norman Rockwell illustrations—a girl turning a cartwheel, a fisherman describing to a boy the fish that got away, an elderly couple sitting together on a bench, etc. A desert garden, a Japanese garden, a maze, and children's garden. Such a gift showing the vision and imagination of the wife and the skill and ability of her husband to materialize her vision. Mostly riding in the cart, but we often got out and walked a bit. Daddy mostly stayed in the cart, but he also got out and walked some with my seat stick to steady himself. Was delighted to coax him and Mom into buying a walking stick, carved by the husband, Doty. Surprised that Daddy seemed to agree that it would be a nice thing for him to have. That's a relief! A small victory. Gave Daddy his "Memory Book" that I made. Made him cry, but he and Mom both really loved it, I think. He said what a good family we have. Tender time.

September 18, 2005

[From a letter to Gwyneth.] Frank went to a book-signing yesterday for Salmon

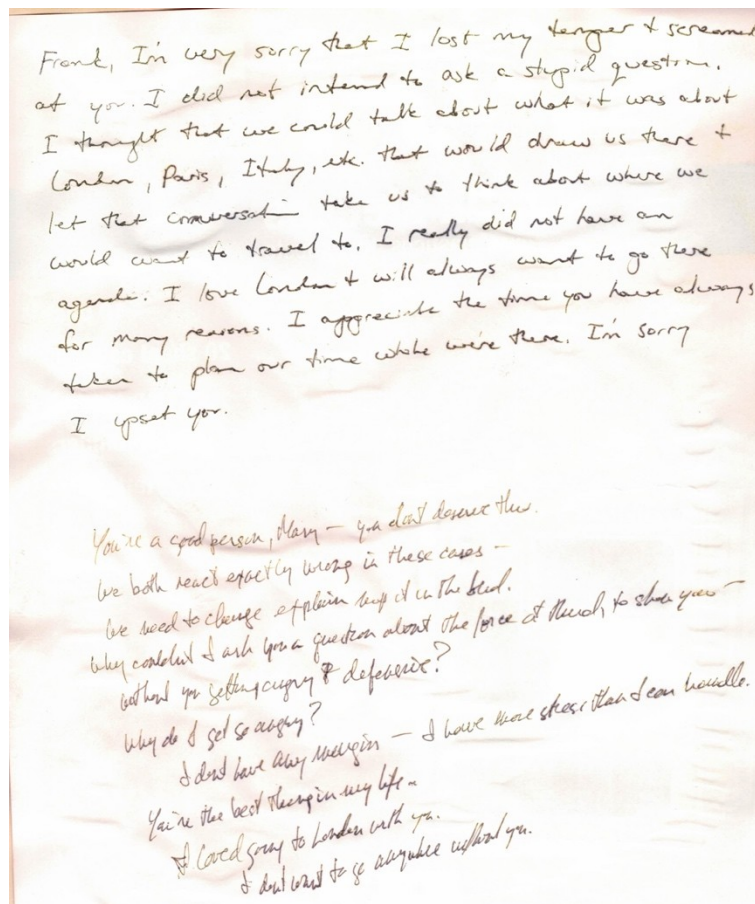
Rushdie's newest, and when he arrived at the venue, the church was nearly full except for way in the back and in the front of the church, near Rushdie. Frank sat in the closer seats. After Rushdie read from his book, he entertained questions, and Frank said that, when he took his seat, he couldn't help being very aware of how close he was sitting to Rushdie. There was silence, and then the audience laughed because Frank had exposed the elephant in the room. Rushdie came over and hugged Frank. Cool. Back to my normal working schedule this week, thank goodness. I talked to Mom and Dad yesterday and was really glad to hear that Daddy is using his cane and is very glad to have it. As he said, it makes him able to get up and walk around. At church, someone came up to him and complimented him on how pretty it is. How's it going with you, dearie? I'm dreading Wednesday when I'll be taking Bill in for his yearly vet visit. It's my least favorite day of the year. The house feels so wrong--so empty when he's gone. Frank is now into his second week of classes. After his first History of the Theatre class, he received an email from a student he has had before, (who was delinquent in turning in her assignments) who complained about the structure of the class, which is a required course, because she is a technical theatre student. The course requires her to read plays that she doesn't feel are important to her. She says that she pays a lot of money, and she feels entitled to have courses that she will enjoy. Imagine! Frank wrote her a strong email back and hasn't heard a reply from her. So he's off to an interesting start. I hope the kitties are keeping you entertained and comforted while you continue in your work, my dear. We love you...

September 23, 2005

On the way back, Frank said that he is excited to think that we may be going to Europe over the holidays. We have talked about places we might go: Paris, London, Italy, etc., and as a way of thinking about where we might go, I asked Frank why he would want to go to London. He had been somewhat disappointed with the theatre last time, so I thought we could consider each place individually by what draws us there. Frank blew up, interpreting my question as passive/aggressive, disguising an agenda I might have about not wanting to go to London. He was furious and wouldn't let it go and wouldn't believe that I have no agenda. Instead, he said that it was a stupid question to ask. I tried to remain neutral and pull out of the argument, but he refused to stop yelling at me. Probably low blood sugar. Finally, I screamed at him to fuck off. It was awful. Glad to get away from him when we got home. He went out right away, and I was glad. Left him a note apologizing for screaming at him, upsetting him, and assuring him that I have no hidden agenda. Terrible end to the evening.

September 24, 2005

He left a note for me apologizing for exploding. He said he has no margin for patience, but that I am a good person and didn't deserve it. Appreciated that.



September 25, 2005

Best thing was finding a homemade birthday "card" in my bathroom. He drew a cat on a paper towel and wrote *Cat! Funny! Birthday! Love!! From Frank and Billy* with two hearts—one with whiskers. At the bottom he made a copyright sign and "Econocard." Laughed and laughed.

October 17, 2005

Got disturbing message from Mom saying that Daddy's worse. He usually thinks he's in Cisne and doesn't know sometimes that Mom is "June." She said that he asks repeatedly about his parents and has become belligerent with Mom when she's pressed about them and says they're gone. She said he was better yesterday, but she sent this email to the three of us to let us know that he's getting worse. Glad that she's having someone come in once



a week so that she can have an afternoon away. She's afraid that his confusion about his parents might lead to wandering, which is common with Alzheimer's. Sent her a reply expressing my concern for her as well as Daddy, urging her to get more help for him. Sent copies to Nicki and Ann. We need to start getting used to the idea that he may need constant care. Upsetting. Got an email from Nicki saying she was glad that I responded to Mom's email as I had, and that she was going to send her an email with the same sentiments.

October 22, 2005

On to UCLA to see Piccolo Teatro di Milano, the company of Giorgio Strehler, in a production of Goldoni's *Arlecchino*. Ferruccio Soleri, who has played Arlecchino over 2,000 times, was in the role and must be ~ 70 years old. Really fabulous evening. Once in a lifetime opportunity to see this great company and to see commedia as it should be performed. Yet Frank said that both he and I were as good as any of the actors and more truthful than most.

October 24, 2005

Listened to a tape Mom made some time ago of Daddy Herb, Grant, Grace Mae Bruce, and others in the background talking about family memories. Not easy to hear everything, but good enough. Good to hear Daddy Herb's voice. On side two is just Mom asking Daddy Herb questions, and that is very clear. I'll need to have this converted to a CD-ROM and give it to Ann and Nicki. There are several more tapes to listen to.

[https://web.archive.org/web/2019\\*/starkfamilyprograms.com](https://web.archive.org/web/2019*/starkfamilyprograms.com)

[On the calendar, click the highlighted date, January 18, 2019, where you can listen to the oral history.]

October 26, 2005

While I was running errands, I listened to another tape sent in the box of family stuff—made a year before John and I married. I was talking about a visit from Connie and Monica, my relationship with John, and how the friendship with Georgia had changed. Really interesting to hear my younger voice and how revealing and forthcoming I was to Mom.

October 27, 2005

Home, listening to another tape Mom sent. This one was a tape John and I made for Daddy Herb, talking about working at the theatre, and our garden. Don't know why Mom saved or sent it. Was struck by how nice John sounded—friendly, simple, and well-spoken. Really sweet. Glad to hear that because



I think I've forgotten that he was a nice man with good qualities--just dull overall and not the right match for me.

October 31, 2005

Was listening to one of the tapes Mom sent in the box on the way home. I was telling Mom that I had been asked if the reason why I selected that sampler for Grandma to embroider for me was because the original stitcher of the sampler in the 18<sup>th</sup> century was "Mary Starkey." Looked at the instructions, and that was confirmed. Had forgotten about that. Neat!

November 3, 2005

Had an email message from Ilse saying that Mutti died on Tuesday. Glad she did because she didn't recognize her family except in general, couldn't care for herself, or move by herself. She went fairly quickly, but after a long time of dementia, poor thing. Ironical because Ilse and I had just been talking about her four days before and how it would be better if she could die.

November 7, 2005

Frank was feeling bummed out because he was grading an assignment where his students were asked to compare Nicholas and his translation against another. Virtually all preferred, for example, Constance Garnet, because it was "more poetic". Can't believe how stupid and probably meanspirited they are! Difficult not to hate them, but what Frank needs to do is use this as an opportunity to teach them why "poetic" is perhaps not what is called for in writing dialogue.

November 8, 2005

Mary Ann called with the alarming news that Joe is now out of money, and his health insurance is only paid up for three more months. He asked Susie for money, and she refused him. He says he can't work because of his weight, (~350 pounds, they think), and his arthritis. He says he's been sober for 15 months, and he's got a new doctor. Susie says Mary Ann is broke and needs help because she's paying for Matthew's law school, his Manhattan apartment, and heating and air conditioning her house when she wouldn't need to, except Joe is there all day. She may try to get a boarder, making Joe move into a smaller room, but we need to contribute to Joe's support now. Frank thinks that this should be contingent upon Joe's required preparation to find a job by taking a computer course or real estate course. The money should not go to Joe but to Mary Ann. Emails went back and forth

among the siblings, and plans were made for a conference call to figure all this out. Oh boy!

November 9, 2005

Frank gave the class hell that they had been so stupid about the translation assignment, telling them that he doesn't want to hear their opinions of their assignments or the way he teaches his course. Said that their attitude is getting in the way of their ability to learn and, although it's immaterial to him, it affects their lives and how they live their lives. Told me the students seemed startled by his anger. Good!!!

November 12, 2005

Went to UCLA for the Globe Theatre's production of *Measure for Measure* with Mark Rylance as the Duke. He was so brilliant as Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, but the other elements of the production were not great. We were wondering what to expect. Beautiful Elizabethan costumes and a small ensemble of period musicians made the production gorgeous to look at. Rylance was wonderful to watch, although Frank disagreed with his characterization. He also really disapproved of a couple of other actors whom I liked, and as usual, attempted to bully me into changing my opinion, which I object to. I defer to his knowledge of Shakespeare and yet I can't lie about what I like.

November 13, 2005

Received a lovely email from Connie in response to my birthday letter to her. Glad to hear news of her life and be connected to her again. Received troubling email from Gwyneth. She's turned in her master's project to her committee and is waiting to hear their response. Glad to hear of this progress, but she said she had gone to a pawn shop and had pawned her wedding ring and earrings to buy cat food. She's anxious about not finding a job. Worries me. Left an email for Frank, asking his advice about what we can do for her.

November 15, 2005

Sent Gwyneth a \$500 check to help her out. She emailed her thanks in a very disclosing message about being ashamed to ask for money and saying how awful poverty is. She needs a job! Worried about her! About 7:15, before we sat down to dinner, Daddy was laughing at Mom because she was drinking Daddy's wine. She is drinking more. It was not just that one night at Danbury's. Frank is less judgmental about this because, I guess, he thinks that she's under stress because of Daddy. Frank and Mom talked about religion during dinner, and Daddy got rude and unpleasant finally, because he had been drinking too much too. I was grateful that Frank gave up so

much of his time that he needed to prepare for his classes to be with us. Daddy went right to bed after dinner. I washed dishes and then joined Mom to watch *Charlie Rose*. Glad not to have to TALK anymore. She wears me out! Glad when she went to bed.

November 16, 2005

Sat down with Daddy and looked at an old photo album. That was nice. He remembered and talked about Holiday House in the Ozarks where he and Mom worked when they were on their honeymoon. He's been quite alert, engaged in conversations and participating. Frank commented on this too. Then I set him up at the computer, and we looked at the CD-ROM I made for his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. He doesn't remember having seen it, I don't think, so it was both fun and emotional for him. Really nice time. Mom joined us, and we looked at the CD-ROM of pictures that JW Oglesby took of them last summer while they were in Charleston. Good to do all of that. Watered plants while Mom and Dad got ready to go to the Norton Simon. Daddy, of course, complained, saying he didn't care anything about art, but Mom wanted to go. Beautiful, hot day. We walked around the sculpture garden, and Daddy actually stopped to look at the sculptures. Good for him to get that exercise. Pretty little garden. We set him up there at the café, and then Mom and I walked through the Impressionist galleries and saw the Frank Lloyd Wright collection of Japanese woodblock prints which were beautiful. A young man who works there talked about the process in making them. That was nice of him.

November 17, 2005

Gwyneth needs to take any job now until she finds a journalism job. She must support herself. Frank is willing to continue sending her money, but I don't see why I should have to work while she doesn't. I would happily help if she can't make enough money to get by, but I don't think she should just wait, not bringing in income until she gets a journalism job.

[From a letter to Gwyneth.] We had a good visit, and both Frank and I were surprised that Daddy was as present, involved in conversations and participating, as he was. I'm glad that he's using the cane that I encouraged them to purchase when I was there in September. He seems frail and doesn't have much strength, so he needs help, for instance, in pulling himself close to the table. Mom wants to let him fend for himself, but sometimes he really needs help. I don't know for sure, but I suspect that there may be some incontinence, although he does know when he wants to go to the bathroom. But I noticed several times that his trousers were wet. Mom didn't mention it, and I didn't ask. He needs to get more exercise. The more sedentary he is, the more sedentary he will become. He was very weepy whenever we looked at old photo albums, for instance. But he

engaged in conversation about the place where he and Mom were on their honeymoon, and the chef there who was a drunk, he thought at the time. He was involved and engaged, but also sentimental. All in all, I think that they had a good visit, and Daddy did very well with the travel and the flight, Mom said. I was emotionally spent by the time I returned from taking them to the airport and very glad to have privacy after a week of houseguests. Billy was loved and admired by all. I think he likes guests, and he's quite adaptable when we move into the guestroom, cat litter box and all. Much love and luck to you, as always, my dear girl...

November 19, 2005

Gwyneth sent a message about defending her master's project before her committee. She said that, although her advisor praised it, he apparently caved to the other two committee members. They had nothing but critical comments. Basically, she must cut a lot and take out all her editorial touches. "Just the facts, please." She sounds very discouraged. I emailed her back and said "Fuck them." Just do what they ask, submit it, and get her degree. Then go back to it and finish the story the way she has been working on it. Said that I was glad that this was behind her so that she can focus on finding a job that is not onerous to pay her bills until she gets a job that is satisfying and fulfilling to her.

November 20, 2005

Gwyneth told me that she received my check yesterday and that it meant she was able to buy cat food and tampons. She said that she had gotten her period and didn't have any money to buy tampons. Both Frank and I had the same reaction to this: she has to get a job. She cannot think that fortune or God or a deus ex machina is going to save her at the last possible moment. I asked Frank if we should give her an American Express card, but Frank's feeling is that she would just charge it up to the max. She must get a job.

November 21, 2005

He thinks the next time Gwyneth talks about her poverty and not finding a job that I need to tell her that we are concerned about her because she seems to be stuck. Ask her if she's still seeing her therapist and offer to pay for that. Frank and I agree that it will not be helpful to just keep sending her money. She needs to work and earn her money.

November 24, 2005

Gwyneth called, so I called her back. Chatted about cats and Thanksgiving. I asked her about whether or not she would be in NYC at Christmas, but although Siân wants to fly her there, Gwyneth doesn't really want to spend Christmas with Siân without a traditional observance of the holiday, since

Siân is Jewish. Seems silly to me since we are suffering the opposite fate of not wanting to observe Christmas, and yet being with Frank's family, who always go overboard. This year, however, they have pledged not to. Asked her if she had found a job to pay her bills, seeing as how one can usually find jobs during the Christmas season. She said that she needs to concentrate on finishing her master's project now. When I suggested that Starbucks is a good employer and even offers benefits to part-time employees, she said that college students have those jobs. Said that she can continue to look for a good job in the right location while she has a job that pays her bills, since it could take a while before she knows what kind of job she wants. She rejected my suggestion that she can continue to work on her book even if she doesn't find a publisher for it first. She said that she has done all the work on it that she will do unless she's paid for it. She doesn't want a survival job; she wants to make good money. Think that she understands that we would not subsidize her while she waits for that to happen. She's not being realistic, and when she runs out of money and can't buy cat food or tampons, and I don't come through with a \$500 check, I wonder what she'll do. Frank is in complete agreement with me and said I handled the call just right. Watched a Donald Duck DVD that Frank gave me at least a year ago. Charming. Makes me laugh to hear Donald talk, although I usually don't understand him. Frank translates. Especially funny when he strikes that fighting pose captured in the cell Frank gave me or when he says, "What's the big idea?!"

December 1, 2005

Suzy took me aside to say that when she leaves next year, there will probably be an open position for a full-time art librarian, and said she recommended me to Beverley for that job. She said that her response was positive, although that's no assurance. Still, I appreciate Suzy's vote of confidence.

December 2, 2005

I've now sent two emails to Gwyneth, passing along to her a message about how to recognize signs of a stroke, and another amazing demonstration showing a technique for folding t-shirts with the message that this is in case she changes her mind and decides to spend Christmas in NYC with Siân after all, to add fascination to her packing and to entertain her cats. I'm reluctant to invite more discussion about how she can't find a job she wants, how she needs to focus on her master's project, and how she doesn't have money to buy tampons, but I want to keep some communication going in the hope that, instead, what she'll email me is how she's found a job to keep her going until she finds a job she really wants. Her responses have been one sentence long and rather terse. I think she's shut down to me because I

didn't offer to rescue her. Well, so be it. I'm worried about her, and I'm really worried about her cats!

December 8, 2005

Got early Christmas gifts from Frank: beautiful cotton shells from Peruvian Connections—one salmon and one beige. Simple and elegant. Love them and him. He “wrapped” them by throwing the comforter over on top of them.

December 9, 2005

When I got up to go to the bathroom, I was very unsteady. Wondered if I was sick, but I didn't think I was going to vomit. When I tried to get up from the toilet, I fell forward. The space was so small that I couldn't figure out how to get up, and I couldn't figure out what the mat was under the cat litter box. Frank heard me fall and came in to find me in a heap on the floor. He wanted to call an ambulance, but I discouraged him. Just wanted to get into bed. Scared him. Mysterious.

December 10, 2005

Today is the anniversary of Betty Lou's death. Frank didn't realize that but said he had thought a lot about her today--seeing all the Christmas decorations and knowing how that made her happy. Said it nearly brought him to tears. Said he thought of her as merry and innocent. That's right. He is making me see a doctor before we go to NYC to see if he can enlighten me about my falling.

December 11, 2005

Gwyneth emailed me about the rest of the work she needs to do to before she's finished in Columbia and the bru-ha-ha surrounding the difficult member of her master's committee resigning her position—a good thing for Gwyneth, apparently. She's looking for a job, including a job to pay her bills until she gets a better job. This seems to be a change of heart, and Frank praised me being a force in the direction of that change, which I appreciated.

December 12, 2005

Home after going by Bristol Farms to buy their Holiday Blend coffee that Frank remembered liking so much. I already bought 4 pounds of Starbucks' Christmas Blend, because he thought it was the one he loved, but then he remembered he had it at Bristol Farms. Thought he would be pleased, but when I got home and told him, he laughed and said that he bought a pound of it himself, and when he tried it, he didn't like it so much after all. Really



irritated me, like when I bought with Mom a gorgeous book on Florentine art which he returned because he figured he could get it cheaper, or when he said he wanted the crank radio, but after I bought it for him for a present, he said that he looked at it at a store and concluded that it was cheap. He's so unappreciative that it makes it no fun to try to buy him presents.

December 24, 2005

Joined the others at Suzy and Carl's house in Connecticut, 17 in all, including Tyron, their foster son who is an African American kid and seems very nice. Spent most of the day cooking for the evening meal with Mary Ann as chief chef. Lots of talking. Not easy to complete a thought because everyone is talking at the same time. Constant hubbub. Did manage to have nice chats with Betsy, Craig, Andrew, and Emily and quality time with Tiger. So glad to have a pet here! Susie, Betsy, and I did clean-up while listening to great 70's music. Emily came in and danced with Susie, and soon, nearly all the kids came in and were dancing. Made the work go faster and was really nice. Then we joined Mary, who was commandeering the gift-wrapping. Betsy had had too much wine, which is common for her, according to Susie. She is menopausal and taking medication for hot flashes. She says she's having emotional highs and lows, and she went on a crying jag, which she attributed to hormones. Think, as does Susie, that she's drinking too much. Period. Frank said that to her in a teasing way, but she was offended and stamped out of the room. The rest of us did the last of the wrapping, while Frank talked and made us laugh. I hung on through some of the stocking stuffing but cashed it in at 1:30.

December 27, 2005

Beautiful, cold day. Took the subway to Christopher Street. The Pink Teacup is usually mobbed, but it was the middle of the morning, so we had the place nearly to ourselves. Unbelievably delicious food—pecan pancakes, corn fritters, and grits were best. Fabulous food. Betsy and Ryan headed for the Big Apple Circus, and Craig left to meet his cousin. Jim and Jimmy came with us. We took the subway to 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue and walked to see the tree at Rockefeller Center and the skaters. They were going to go to the Met with us, but decided to go on their own way—to meet Matthew to work out at a gym. I was glad to have Frank to myself. The museum was packed. The line for the Van Gogh was too long, so we looked at Chinese arts, some watercolors by David Mine, and a show of photography of the late 19<sup>th</sup> century—"proof" of fairies and the supernatural. I skimmed that one. Loved the drawings in the gallery that accompanied the Van Gogh show. Did Acoustiguide tour of *Prague*. Recognized David Rhodes, the lovely and very scholarly English professor from UCLA whom we know from all the Friends of English events we go to. When I saw that he was no longer listening to his Acoustiguide, I greeted him and identified myself. He was extremely warm

and chatty, telling me about what he had seen and what he was planning to see. Lovely. Not much time to get started on the Fra Angelica show, and by 5:00 we were both exhausted. Took the bus across town and ate a good dinner at Ollie's, a Chinese restaurant. Frank took a bus down to Lincoln Center, and I walked. He bought us tickets for *Wozzeck*, an opera I don't like, but I was game to give it another chance. Didn't like it any better the second time, but I was glad to be with Frank. Took the bus back to Susie's. Mary Ann, Matthew, Lindsay, Betsy, Craig, Jimmy, Calvin (Craig's cousin), and Ryan were all there having coffee and dessert. I hung around only long enough to say hello.

December 28, 2005

Went to the Wildenstein Gallery and saw great Fragonard, Watteau, and Bouchard. Ava Carnevale met us there, and we spent a long time looking at paintings and visiting. We had the galleries nearly to ourselves, so we felt free to chat, and there was no Acoustiguide or wall text, so I didn't feel I was missing information either. Lovely time. Ursus bookstore, where Frank had planned to see an edition of Stoppard's *Arcadia* he saw advertised on the web, with fold-out renditions of the view of the estate after Humphrey Repton, as in the play. They didn't have the artist's illustrations, but the young man who was helping us offered to show us the \$15,000 edition of Repton's book with the fold-outs showing his designs for landscaping estates—before and after. Beautiful book. Another woman there, Maggie, showed us beautiful comic Japanese woodblock prints of Japanese actors' faces. That was all great. That would be a good place to work! Mary Ann picked us up there, and the four of us went to Mitali for an Indian dinner. Fabulous. Ava is "one of those ladies" who has 13 cats! I like her despite her Catholicism. She's dear, smart, and interested, and she was very glad to spend time with us. Mary Ann got us to the Met in the nick of time, and Frank managed to get us two seats at the very top along the sides, where people sit to listen with their scores. Luckily, Frank had a libretto, and I had supertitles at my seat, although I could only see a fraction of the stage. At intermission, we moved down to the front row of the first balcony—very expensive seats. *An American Tragedy*—a world premiere commissioned by the Met was fabulous! Tobias Pickers' music and singing by all, including Nathan Gunn, Anna Christy, Delora Zajick, Susan Graham, and Patricia Racette—all great. Intense and dramatic—a real event we were lucky to see. Back to Susie's house. Had it to ourselves. Bliss!

December 29, 2005

Went straight to the Van Gogh when the doors opened for us, so half of the galleries were not mobbed. Fantastic show—mostly his drawings with some of the fully realized oil paintings. The one of thatched roofs is so beautiful. I was looking closely at the brushstrokes which bore marks of the movement

of the artists' hand. The woman beside me kept repeating that this was a masterpiece. She pointed out that the painting was in a private collection, so we would never see it again and said that this was her fourth visit to look at the painting. As Frank feared, he was discovered. He wasn't going to contact Tom Tyrell because he's a Republican, and Frank can't tolerate that, but Ned, his son, was at the exhibition and saw Frank. He's a dashing young man, but it meant that Frank had to call Tom and explain why he hadn't called him yet. Saw the rest of the Fra Angelico. Took a break for water and then saw the exhibition of French drawings including Clouet, Ingres, Millet, and Courbet. Loved that show too. I remember how I used to not care much about drawings. Finally went through the Calatrava exhibit. Sort of interesting to me. I thought of his design for the Milwaukee art museum. Tom picked us up in a cab in front of the Met. He treated us to lunch at China Grill. Delicious. He's very nice and loves Frank and told interesting stories about when he did big Sony deals, but he didn't ask one question about me. When he took us across the street to see the new MOMA as his guests, we were grateful not to wait in line, but it was as crowded as the Met. We wandered around to see the building more than anything else, but we weren't as impressed, probably, as Tom would have liked for us to be. Met Al Berr for dinner at the Russian Samovar, a favorite restaurant of Frank's. Love Al! Such a nice visit with him! Glad he was free to eat with us. One of my favorite people.

December 30, 2005

Memling portraits at the Frick was divine, and with patience, we were able to get close and see all the portraits. Beautiful! Then took time to stroll through the rest of the Frick and enjoy the Vermeer, Constable, Holbein, Gainsborough, Fragonard, and Boucher. Love that collection. Really magnificent, and the house itself is so wonderful. Met Frank and Mary Ann at the theatre to see Judy Kaye in *Souvenir* about Florence Foster Jenkins, a woman who had a terrible voice, but thought she was a great singer and didn't perceive that her cult following was laughing at her. Judy Kaye was magnificent. Laughed till I cried. Would love to see it again to watch her from the other side of the theatre. She should win an Obie for her acting, but the show is closing next week because people are morons and don't know good theatre when they see it. Went to International Center of Photography to see *The Body at Risk: Photography of Disorder, Illness, and Healing* and *African American Vernacular Photography: Selections from the Daniel Cowin Collection*. Both good but left us feeling not proud of America. Frank is inspired to write a poem about another flood that wipes away all the shameful in our world. Took a bus across town. Went to George and Barbara's for a party. Cecelia was there too. I was glad to find that I still really like her. She's intelligent and has similar tastes to ours. She loved *Souvenir* and *American Tragedy*, and she's uncompromising. George cooked

delicious food, we played parlor games, and talked a lot about politics. Totally beat by the time we left at 12:00.

#### MEMORANDA

##### New Year's Resolutions:

1. To be kind, forgiving, & cautious.
2. To be selfless in loving Jack & Bill & give more freely of myself & my time to them.
3. To be more patient & kind & loving to Mom & Dad.
4. To be more yielding & less aggressive as a driver.
5. To read, sing, & play piano more.
6. To land a full-time job that combines my arts & library education.
7. To keep myself healthy & physically fit.
8. To eat more healthily.
9. To have more dinner parties in our home.
10. To transform our back garden area into more beautiful space.
11. To be in closer contact with good friends.
12. To write more discursively & expressively in my journal.
13. To meditate more deeply & with more commitment.
14. To continue daily yoga, aerobic training, & weight training.
15. To read & listen to music with Jack.
16. To be more physically connected to Jack.
17. To get enough sleep.
18. To incur no new debts & pay off old debts.
19. To be happy in my work life, whatever it may be.
20. To appreciate Jack's success as my own.
21. To be supportive of Jack's work, his pursuit of better health, & his personal goals & interests.
22. To be here now, savoring the present moment.

## 2006 Journal

January 1, 2006

Had a message from Mom, as she was preparing for the cruise. Description of Daddy's further decline. He thinks his parents may be staying in the next room, for example, and asks where "June" is before Mom points out that she is "June." Then he seems rather "sheepish," she said.

January 15, 2006

Good news from Mom: she had seen her doctor, and he said that her ankle is fine. She can do whatever she wants to do without any fear of re-injury. He said it's the strongest part of her body with all that hardware. When I asked her about pain, she said that she doesn't have any. Great news after two-year ordeal.

January 21, 2006

Shortly after I left the desk at 12:00, while I was working in the stacks, I heard talking out loud, and when I checked to see where it was coming from, I saw that four young women had taken a table and were working together, talking out loud. The librarian who came to relieve me was taking no notice of them, so I told them that it was a quiet study area, that if they wanted to work together, they needed to go somewhere else. Otherwise, if they talked at all, it needed to be in a whisper. They were still talking out loud when I passed through later, and there was another table of young men talking out loud. I had those two men removed from the area last week because they insisted on talking out loud. When I came back to the work desk I called for Oleg, the monitor, to come up. He spoke to both tables, the men left, and the girls were warned. They continued to talk out loud, and I shushed them, which I rarely do. After that, they knew the line had been drawn in the sand, and they were manageable. But a patron had even complained to the librarian about the table of women. Librarians from downstairs just don't understand what "quiet study area" means upstairs. Also, there were nine volumes of Picasso catalogues raisonnés that hadn't been returned to Special Collections! Out of control!

January 29, 2006

Omar arrived just before dark (he was supposed to come at 2:00) to start tearing down the fence). Frank asked me for my opinion about the tree, which was on our property, but which is in the way of the line for the fence, as to cutting it down or not. I said no, and the roots that are above the



ground should not be shaved either, although, according to Omar, that would not hurt the tree. Frank thought that cutting the fence to accommodate the tree would “look like shit” and spoke harshly to me in front of Omar. Omar, I think, would also like to cut down our new tree that now has no leaves on it, asking if it’s dead. I’m hoping that it will be all right, and I don’t want Omar to do anything to it just because it would make putting up the new fence easier for him. Frank gave me hell for acting “like a white woman” when I was only giving my requested opinion. He was probably irritable anyway because of his blood sugar, but I told him I don’t like the way he talks to me in front of other people. He did it at Home Depot too. Spoiled the evening.

February 3, 2006

Got a very distressing email from Gwyneth, saying she is in utter despair with no job prospects. She said that Siân is thinking of quitting her job to go to theology school, so she can’t help Gwyneth anymore. Gwyneth wants to move to Portland where she will get any kind of job she can get, she says. She thinks that she will be happier in Portland. She asked us for money, and said she was also asking Paul and Mina for money. Really upsetting. Talked with Frank who already feels that he’s working himself beyond the limits of his age and his health. He will send her \$500 for now. He thinks that she must come up with a figure that she believes it will take to get her moved, set up, and take care of her until she finds a job in Portland, and then, after she finds out what Paul and Mina can do, we’ll see what we can manage from a cash advance. Right now, we’re about to go into significant debt to pay taxes and penalties for 2003, plus estimated taxes for this year, plus the expenses of the fence. I’m wondering why she thinks she can move to Portland when she has no money? Seems to me that she needs to get a job—any job—in Columbia. Emailed her and said what Frank had said, without any second guessing about the wisdom of moving. Emailed Siân and asked her how desperate she thinks Gwyneth is and what she thinks about her moving, etc. Depressing!

February 4, 2006

Heard from Siân, who has been as alarmed by Gwyneth’s depression as we are. She said that she has been paying Gwyneth’s rent every month, even though Gwyneth has been working. She thinks that going to Portland is a good thing because Columbia is so small. Apparently there really aren’t any jobs to be had there. At one point, Gwyneth said that she didn’t feel like there’s any place for her in the world. Siân had a falling out with Paul, with whom she had never argued before, because he won’t help Gwyneth, and he thinks Siân is a sap for having given Gwyneth money. She was grateful that I contacted her, as I was to have confirmation about our impressions. Gwyneth now has made arrangements to go to Portland next week to look for an apartment and scout for jobs. This is good. At least her concrete



plans make me think that she won't be committing suicide. I gave her Nicki's email address so she can talk to her and see if Nicki has any advice. She will at least have someone to connect with there.

February 7, 2006

Frank came home and was really unpleasant to me. Probably a combination of blood sugar and his anxiety to get the tax return in the mail in time. We owe over \$7,000. That's a blow! Fell asleep about 10:00, feeling pretty glum. I usually feel depressed when Frank and I have trouble. He's so important to my sense of well-being, and if things are wrong between us, I feel disappointed with my life and feel such regret about the theatre having let me down. Even though he was sweet to me by the time I went to bed, I was still feeling sad and glad to lose myself in sleep.

February 22, 2006

Frank wrote a long, brilliant essay for the Huffington Post about Bush's statement yesterday concerning giving port security to the United Arab Emirates, saying "Trust me..." He used Ann (describing her as an acquaintance) who masks her ignorance by saying "trust me" as an example. Amazing and wonderfully written. Proud of him. Frank's blog was the second hottest blog on the site, and he got overwhelming praise from other bloggers. Glad for him. Such an interesting phenomenon—these blogs—where like-minded people dialogue. He was really thrilled with the responses to his blog, saying it was the best reviews he's ever received.

*Trust Me*

*I have an acquaintance who knows she's not quite as smart, well-read, or well-educated as she would like to be. All the same, she swaggers and pontificates. She thinks she's an authority on many subjects, although her reasons for thinking so would not stand up to any sort of rigorous scrutiny. For example, she thinks she's an authority on any place she has actually visited, though she doesn't pretend to be any sort of authority on its unvisited neighbor. She's an authority on anything that has to do with her husband's profession, though she didn't earn his degrees. She's...well, you know the sort of person I'm talking about. If you have a conversation with her, no matter how innocently it begins, it isn't long before it turns into an argument. "Trust me." That's what she always says, sooner or later. She has run out of indubitable facts (there weren't as many in the bank as she thought), or she has no answer to more compelling arguments. We can both see that her "authority" is too thin to skate on any further. So she gives me a very pleasant (and at the same time hostile), knowing look on her face (it*

*would take Dickens to describe it), there's a keen but mirthless twinkle in her eyes, she manages a supercilious, mystical smile, and she says it: "Trust me." "Trust me on this." Case closed. Argument over. She wins. I'm afraid these repeated exhortations to trust her when she has run out of ammunition and is declaring another metaphysical victory has caused me to lapse into a kind of straight talk that is, on reflection, perhaps a little rude, a little like David Gregory with Scott McClellan. Right, but rude. "No," I say, "Since I'm smarter than you are, and considerably better educated and better-read, I'm afraid I can't concede and allow your fundamentally ill-considered and even stupid point-of-view to prevail, as a sort of fairway-long 'gimme.' I can only agree with you, which I will do happily, when you teach me or show me, when your superior grasp of the facts and your clear, strong argument persuade me. If we really are going to decide our differences by faith, which of us should be the pope? Shouldn't you find out whatever I think about everything and let that be your daily talking points? You see? Trust me. Trust me on this. But, of course, I'm not asking that. Don't trust me. Listen, think, make up your own mind." Earlier today President Bush defended the sale of six of our major ports to a state-owned company of the United Arab Emirates with these remarks: "I can understand," he said, "why some in Congress have raised questions about whether or not our country will be less secure as a result of this transaction, but they need to know that our government has looked at this issue and looked at it carefully." "Trust me."*

February 23, 2006

Went to a three-hour afternoon session with just librarians. Was very glad when the futurist plan for the library was clarified, and many of our fears were placated. She seems to have great respect for the profession, and more importantly, she believes that, although the library must become more tolerant of cell phones, automation, noise, food, and drink, she agrees with us that the second floor needs to be kept a quiet area without food, drink, cell phones, and even have one area dedicated to no computer use for those who want complete silence! She sees the art collection as what makes our library special. All that is very encouraging. We'll see.

February 24, 2006

There was an email from Susie with a dear obituary that Andrew wrote for his Beta fish that died while he was in Kansas City. He was heartbroken about it. Wrote him about how I had just been thinking about Sam yesterday at the library when a young woman who works in Circulation suggested that an aquarium would be a nice addition to the library. Thought that was such a good idea because it would be so soothing to watch fish when you're needing a mental rest. Told him how I learned while taking care of Sam when he was in London, that Sam responded to my talking to him, how his caring for animals makes him a better person, and that, in turn, affects

people with whom he comes in contact. Said that, when we lose Bill, I will go to a shelter and bring back three kittens to try to fill the void he leaves. Susie said he had already brought home four new fish. Good! Frank received even more fabulous responses to his blog. It's like his Thomas Paine's "Common Sense."

February 26, 2006

When Frank got home, I visited with him and compared notes about his reading of his *Summer People*. Glad for him that he received such positive comments about the play and his direction. He deserves it! He said tonight that he wants me to live past him because he doesn't want to live without me. He believes that I would be able to live more easily without him than vice versa. I told him that I know I could, but I don't want to!

March 15, 2006

Frank is afraid that he may be told that he won't be teaching next year. My feeling is that I'll have to step up to the plate and attempt to secure full-time work, even if it's a job that includes general reference. He's been so plagued by this job—dealing with bad students and a wrong-headed vision of arts education there, that he would be better off not working there. I'll deal with the disadvantages of a full-time job at Beverly Hills better than he deals with that job.

March 17, 2006

When Frank woke up, he said he had an alarming dream that I was having an affair. He had to take Ambien to sleep because it was so real. Told him that there's no danger of that, but said I slept badly again because I was upset about us. Don't think he had any idea that the unsettled atmosphere or his moodiness would affect me so much. I told him that, especially because we have so little time together, I need that time to be sweet and tender, and lately it hasn't been. He listened and took what I said seriously and thoughtfully.

April 23, 2006

[Letter to Gwyneth] I'm glad to hear from you, dearie, although I hoped that, by now, you had found a job. I'm glad that you're remaining focused and that you're making yourself available for all possible ways to earn some money. It cannot be easy keeping your spirits up and yourself positive and committed. Surely, if there is any work to be had in Portland, you will find it, especially if you've connected with temp agencies and some groups of people with whom you can network. It is noble, I believe, to work and to be willing to do what is necessary to find work. I've felt that ever since the time when I read Studs Terkel's Working. I just saw him, by the way, on TV. He

looks very frail, but he's still feisty and engaging, and wearing his checkered shirts. I love him so much. I already had the experience of working at Marimekko by the time I read his book. I decided that it would be nice to work there when I walked by the window and saw the colors and the display. I learned so much from Betty, who was in charge of the fabric department, finding meaning and some measure of fulfillment from selling yard goods to people, whether they were nice, irritating, insulting, or whatever. The job didn't define me, as being an actress did. The patrons didn't hurt me, and any attitude they had about me or my work didn't matter. The working itself could be meaningful although trivial. When I read Terkel, his interviews with workers and the way he showed them to be noble laborers was thrilling to me. It resonates with me still. Frank found a CD of the musical. Listening to the music brought back so vividly the production I directed at RIT. It's music by a slew of greats, including Carole King and James Taylor is terrific. We're hanging in there. Omar is still on his toot. Frank is out a fair amount that Omar owes him in labor, not to mention the money we owe to Home Depot for the materials. Thank goodness they will wait for payment, since it's on a store credit card. Our neighbor is exceedingly patient, although I'm sure he thinks that Frank is out of his mind if he gives Omar any more money or any more work. I'm not sure if you know that Frank's job at Cal Arts was terminated. The school decided that it's a "trade" school and can no longer expect the students to do the Critical Studies courses which included Frank's courses. He's relieved not to work there anymore, and we'll still be able to get medical insurance, although it will be back to the nearly unaffordable rates of Cobra again. Miraculously, a course at UCLA materialized through our dear friend, Robert Winter, who is a dean in the music department there. He's been team teaching a course, and the theatre professor is no longer interested in participating. Robert asked Frank to step in, beginning in the fall for two terms. That will be much better for Frank. It's a real university, and the students are, I believe, at least literate. Working with Robert will be a DREAM. No benefits, but I am still hoping that the library job will happen. No word yet of interviews, but that should happen before too long since the job is no longer posted. We really need it, although Frank remains unconvinced because I'm working too much already. I can take it, and with Frank having the Cadillac towed home last night from Nicholas' for who knows what reason and for goodness knows how much money to fix, I will feel only relief if the job pans out and I am able to shoulder more responsibility. My health is far better than his. He needs to have more time to relax and do what he can to guard his health. I want to give him more time to do whatever work he has left to do with Nicholas, to write, to teach, whatever. Nicholas has been diagnosed with cancer. He will have a PET scan tomorrow, and then we'll know more. Frank was translating with him yesterday. He said he was very tired and doesn't look well. We're afraid. He's 91 and has had a very good life, but I'm so sorry for any pain and suffering he and Gedda may have ahead of them. I'll keep you posted. I loved hearing about the cats, and feel so grateful for them keeping you

laughing and grounded in your new home. Bless those little beasties! I send you much love and support, my friend. Don't give up, and don't let this affect your sense of self. Stay strong and well and know that we love you.

May 2, 2006

Dressed and left for the Taper about 7:20 to see *I Witness* by Joshua Sobol, a play about Franz Jägerstätter, a conscientious objector in Austria during WWII. Frank knew the play and thinks it's one of the best contemporary plays, so we were hoping for the best. He was hyper on the drive there, talking about how he would address colleagues at Cal Arts if he were to go to the meeting in the morning. He doesn't have to go, but he also doesn't want it to seem as if he's slinking away either. Think he'd also like everyone to know that he's going to be teaching at UCLA. Felt a little hurt because he hadn't bothered to look at a website with excerpts of Stephen Colbert addressing Bush and the Correspondents Dinner. I heard the excerpts and knew he would think they were funny, seething, and intelligent, but he said he had been "too busy." He had time, but he didn't want to, and I felt hurt because he's always sending me articles, web addresses, and emails forwarded from his students. I read them because they're important to him, and therefore I want to. But he was in a tizzy, and I tried to let it go. The play is good, but the production wasn't. Frank blamed the director primarily, but afterwards, when I offered my opinion about some scenes that I thought could have been edited, he went off and was insulting me—going way overboard and precluding any chance for discussion. He was really patronizing and irate with me. I retreated and acquiesced long before he stopped fuming at me. Think he knew he was out of line, and when I brought up his plans for tomorrow, we were able to move on, thank goodness.

May 20, 2006

Frank had a couple of spats with Nicholas and was manic, needing to eat. All evening long he vented about how Nicholas is behaving. He tells Frank that he lacks compassion for Nicholas' illness and that, because he has cancer, Frank needs to relent in their disagreements. Frank told him that if he's not well enough to translate that Frank will be sorry, and he will come and read to him, but that, if they are going to work together, then Frank will need to be as uncompromising as he must be in order to arrive at a good translation. Frank also thinks that it will be better for Nicholas and his quality of life if he's not babied. Think he's right about that, but I also know how Frank can be unrelenting and badgering.

June 9, 2006

Frank talked to Theo, who was with Nicholas at the hospital. Although Gedda told Frank that Nicholas was better since he had been taken off the cancer

treatment drug, Theo said that Nicholas was not doing well and, in fact, wasn't able to talk to Frank on the phone. So sad. It doesn't sound good at all. Poor little people. Frank and I talked about it. There is comfort in remembering what a good, long, productive life, marriage, and career he's had and how loved and honored he's been by his family, but still. We wonder if that day before his birthday was the last day that Frank and Nicholas would translate together.

June 10, 2006

No sign from Omar, who said "worst case scenario" was he and his brother would be working on the fence today. Frank spoke briefly with Nicholas, who could only say that he couldn't talk. Frank told him he loves him, and Nicholas said the same. No answer from Kay to Frank's email which explained why he is unable to have a social relationship with someone who has her political point of view. We both knew that she might not be able to deal with that, and that's OK with us. Neither of us has time to spare in our lives for any more afternoons like last Sunday. [She voted for Bush and works for Rupert Murdoch's company.]

June 13, 2006

Grateful for a good night's sleep, although I dreamt about a suicide pact that Frank and I were about to carry out, complete with taking Bill out with us. Frank thinks it's from our concern about Nicholas and Gedda. Makes sense. Omar showed up after noon. He asked to treat the roots of plants—ferns—behind the Mexican Bottle Brush tree in order to kill them off and protect the integrity of his fence. Frank asked him if the treatment would hurt the tree, but when I asked Frank what Omar said in response, Frank got really mad at me. He said that I was second-guessing him and that I should just be able to trust Frank. I just wanted to know what Omar said to ease Frank's mind so that I wouldn't be anxious about the tree, but Frank thought I was undermining his authority. Really unreasonable! Frank got angry at me all over again about the tree question, and I yelled at him in my defense, telling him "Fuck you!" Not like me, but he really was wrong, I feel. Retreated to the bedroom and meditated. Then I apologized for yelling at him and ruining his day, as he claimed.

June 14, 2006

Frank talked to Theo today and was told Nicholas has brain cancer, which explains why he can't see to read, and why his speech is slurred. Nicholas hasn't been told. Doctors are surprised that he has no more manifestations of that cancer, considering the size of the mass. They are advising



chemotherapy on the brain cancer in the hope of shrinking it. Horrible. Wonder if he'll ever be released from the hospital.

June 17, 2006

Frank talked to Gedda and found out, (sworn to secrecy even from me!) that Gedda had not fallen. She, in a moment of "silliness" she said, had taken all her Ambien and valium. Nicholas must not find out. She told Frank out of vanity because she didn't want him to think that she had fallen because she's old! Astonishing. Poor Gedda. She promised it wouldn't happen again, and that, if she ever had another moment of "silliness," she would call Frank. Heard, blow by blow, his account of his talk with Gedda. I can completely understand why she would want to escape from watching Nicholas decline and how she's already finding it difficult to deal with Lana's MS. But Nicholas needs her now more than ever. He would be destroyed if she died, and would be so hurt if he knew that she had attempted suicide. Wonder what she'll do now that she doesn't have Ambien to sleep, and she probably won't be able to get a prescription filled again.

June 19, 2006

Went to the hospital with flowers. Nicholas looks so frail and white, but he was delighted that I came to see him. Kissed his forehead, and he kissed my hand when I arrived and when I said good-bye. Told him I love him and chatted about baseball, how wonderful their translations are, and how he must get better so they can do more work. Didn't stay long, but know it meant a lot to him. Glad I went. Talked with Frank. Nicholas called him as soon as I left to tell him how happy he was that I had come and how he didn't know that he meant so much to me!

June 20, 2006

I was the first person to be interviewed. The panel was comprised of Suzanne, Frank, Kay, the Children's Manager, and Beverley [Library Director]. Didn't know Beverley would be there. Answered some of the same questions as at the first interview. Nothing that I didn't know how to answer. At the end, when Beverley asked if there was anything I wanted to add, I told them something that occurred to me when I was meditating this morning about "my previous life" when I played a bit part in *Wood Demon*. Described the set and how the table was set outside for the opening dinner scene, and how I, as the maid, picked leaves off the table. Then how Julie Harris and Charles Nelson Reilly gave us a standing ovation and how later, when Frank saw Ms. Harris at a theatre in NYC, she said how wonderful the opening was with the maid picking the leaves off the table, all by way of saying that my contribution was a small part in which I took pride, played beautifully, and was valued and remembered. That was a big hit.

June 22, 2006

Suzanne told me that Beverley wanted to see me at 2:30, so I knew that I was going to find out whether or not I had been hired. Didn't realize that Frank and Suzanne were going to be there too. That seemed like a good sign, but when we went in, Beverley presented the news in a way that was set-up for saying that they had decided on someone else. They thanked me for putting myself forward, and explained they had received many really fine applicants. I think she was taking pleasure in my perceived disappointment before telling me that I had gotten the job after all. Weird. She was very complimentary and seemed glad to hire me, as were Frank and Suzanne. I made it clear that I was delighted with the news. So glad to call Frank and email Mom and Dad, Gwyneth, and Suzy, and tell Katherine, Jeri, Esseye, Silvia, and Izra. Such a relief! Visited with Frank when he got home. He's delighted about the job and very proud of me. Expressed his appreciation for me giving him the opportunity now to translate, if Nicholas can, write plays and poetry, and not have to worry anymore about making a living. We're going to be fine. A great relief to him. It's been ten years I've been working towards this profession. That's a big commitment we've both made, and now finally a professional position. It's something to be proud of. An accomplishment.

July 18, 2006

Not many people at the meeting. A few librarians, including three from Children's, Frank, Marilyn, Suzanne, a few clerks, and Beverley. Chad Lynn, a big lummo of a guy, has been brought in to find a solution to the overcrowding problem that has resulted in the fire department people leaving notes on vehicles from the library and vice versa, apparently. Chad started out saying that fleet vehicles need to be housed full-time in the library lot because it's more secure. He threw out numbers and "solved" our problem with his proposal that forces library workers who don't work the late shift to park in the public lot. I said that library workers are explicitly given parking in the library lot as a benefit, according to the City of Beverly Hills employee manual, so it's unlikely, that we would agree to give up that benefit. He tried to say that the benefit is "parking," but I said "no," it was parking in our lot. He said that there is no difference in the benefit of one lot over the other, but I said that there is. I said that the solution should be found in giving secure parking to fleet vehicles elsewhere and pointed out that we have, in fact, lost spaces to additional fleet vehicles since I've been working at the library. He is not going to force his proposal after all, since he can't. We will be given pass key access to the two lower levels of the public lot that are for employees only and that can be accessed through our garage, so we can get to our cars without having to leave with the general public. All good. Tired and glad by the end of the meeting.

July 30, 2006

Talked to Frank. I emailed him my picture taken for the Beverly Hills website. Surprised me because I think of myself as prettier than I am. Told him that and said I was sorry that I'm getting old. He was very sweet and said that he's the authority on me and how I look and said I'm beautiful. Said that my features are bold and my face is fine for the theatre. Appreciated his reassurance a lot.

August 1, 2006

Talked to Frank. He had a good day, except he talked to Nicholas who is in pain all the time. Poor man. Frank tried to cheer him up and mentioned how he was having lunch with a woman whom they hope will become their new agent on Monday. He knew that this would please Nicholas. Nicholas said Frank needs to take her to the Russian Samovar, Nicholas' favorite restaurant. Frank is meeting her at EJ's, but he went along with Nicholas, who imagined the entire menu, down to the drinks they should order in honor of Nicholas. Sad, touching, and beautiful. Heartbreaking. Wonder if Nicholas will still be alive when Frank gets back.

August 2, 2006

Bought tickets to *The Lieutenant of Inishmore*, another of Martin McDonough's brilliant plays. Frank had already seen it and was very wary of recommending it to me because it's so bloody, and there is a lot about killing cats in it. I know the playwright to be a genius, so I decided to go. I'm so glad I did and that Frank was with me! Really important play about terrorism that is incredibly and wonderfully funny. Gasping in horror and laughing at the same time. Astonishing achievement. And although cats are killed in it, the characters love their cats, so it wasn't more than I could handle. A real cat at the very end was so great. Flying as we left that production. Took a cab up to the Frick so we would have over an hour before it closed to see the exhibition, *Jean-Etienne Liotard (1702-89): Swiss Master*. Beautiful drawings. Then spent time with the permanent collection. Never tire of seeing the room of Boucher children illustrating the arts, the Fragonard room, the Vermeer, and Gainsborough. Great collection. Took the bus downtown to Times Square area, grateful for the air-conditioned ride, and made our way to the Greek restaurant, Kyra, where we met Mary Ann for a summer dinner of cool appetizers and pita bread for dipping. Just right. Picked up desserts from Dean and DeLuca to take home and went on to see *History Boys* by Alan Bennett. Good play but flawed, I think, by slant that it's acceptable for a teacher to fondle his pupils, who apparently don't mind the diddling. Still, good writing, interesting, and smart. Glad to have seen it. Frank talked to Nicholas and Gedda. They now have a hospital bed in their

apartment. Gedda says Nicholas can't stand up. She was distraught, and Frank did his best to buck them both up.

August 13, 2006

Called Gedda to ask if we could stop by to see Nicholas and her. At first, she said no, as that is her default, but then she relented. Think she's just feeling such despair and defeat. We both went to see them. Hospice is now there all the time, which is great, but Gedda said that they will be leaving unless they start paying \$125 per day for them. Gedda said that, since she can't care for Nicholas, she would have to move him to the Actors' Home, but both Frank and I agree that we will contribute to the expense. Frank will talk to Theo. Nicholas is terribly frail and looks like a dying man. But he was alert, and although he doesn't wear his dentures and is therefore not easy to understand, he was able to communicate clearly enough. He was obviously really glad to see Frank and eager to hear Frank talk to him. I kissed him and told him I loved him, and he held my hand. Sweet. Touching. Stayed until Nicholas was beginning to fall asleep.

[Frank's account.] *Well, it's over, thank Goodness. I'm sorry to tell you all that Nicholas died early this morning. I got back from New York/Kansas City trip on Sunday. I had spoken to him almost every day, telling him I'd be back Sunday. Mary and I stopped to see him on the way home from the airport. Much deteriorated, but still sharp. I planned to come back and read him all of our translations, but I came on Monday and he was asleep, awoke only briefly Tuesday morning, and died before I could see him again. We finished at least first drafts of 18 plays, and are far enough along on the 19th that I can finish it myself, though not as well, and without any arguing, and with a heavy heart. Nicholas was 92 and had a wonderful life, with all sorts of accomplishments. I'm not grieving for him (maybe it hasn't hit me yet), I'm just rejoicing in his life and trying to figure out how to fill the big hole in my own life. Love, Frank*

August 16, 2006

Got an email from Frank that Nicholas died this morning. Thank Goodness. I really do think he lived to see Frank come back. So glad he didn't linger longer. Shock, and I know Frank is numb. He talked to Gedda who told him she considers him a member of the family. They will have him cremated and will scatter his ashes in the ocean. Frank has been invited to join the family for that.

August 30, 2006

Visited with Frank. He had been to Nicholas' memorial—scattering his ashes in the ocean. Actually, they had them in a basket, and the basket was lowered into the sea. There was a lone seagull that circled the yacht, and then, after the basket had been lowered and the flowers strewn, the gull landed where the basket had been and among the flowers. It's Nicholas, Gedda said. Apparently, after Gedda's mother died, there was a gathering at their home on 72nd street in NYC. A white bird flew in the window, flew around the apartment, and then flew out the window again. There is a history of the spirit of the departed visiting them in the form of a bird. Frank said he knew that Nicholas was with Chekhov, Bulgakov, and Gorky, being wined and dined. Frank just hoped he would take two seconds and say, "Listen, everybody, we all have to do this again when Frank comes." Frank kept everyone laughing and happy through the service and afterwards at Gedda's at the reception. So beautiful. Poetic ending.

September 2, 2006

Frank talked to Gedda, and she asked about how I was getting along working full-time. Frank said that he told her that he is one of the few people he knows who is totally happy not having a job—self-directed and self-entertaining, but I am the type of person who is happier working—that I wouldn't be happy at home. Think that Frank finds it easier to accept my working so hard if he believes this, but I said that it's not that simple. I wasn't happy when I was pursuing a career as an actress and not getting work that I deserved, but I would be completely happy at home with time to sing, play the piano, rehearse my show, and read if I had success in my career as an actress. I have adapted to my life as a librarian, despite the fact that I would like to be at leisure. "I do it for the pay," as Harriet said.

September 3, 2006

Returned call to Mom. She said Daddy is more confused, and she's going to make calls about getting someone who can help care for him. That's a good thing. A step in the right direction. She said he expressed concern to her about whether his children were taken care of, and she said that he had taken really good care of us, telling him how he had bought us our houses. That made him feel better, she said.

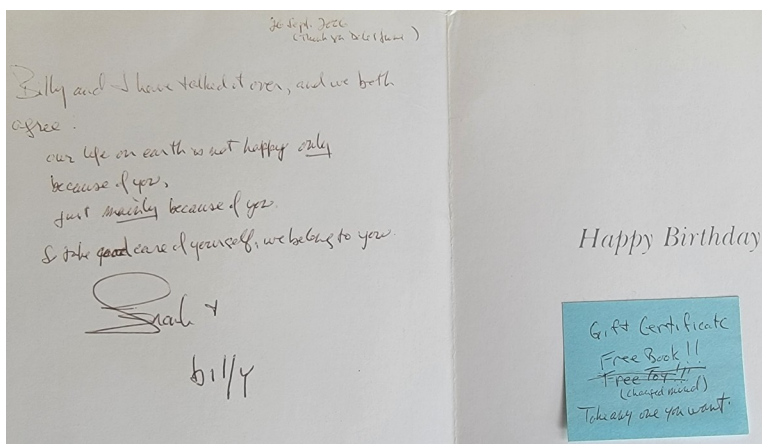
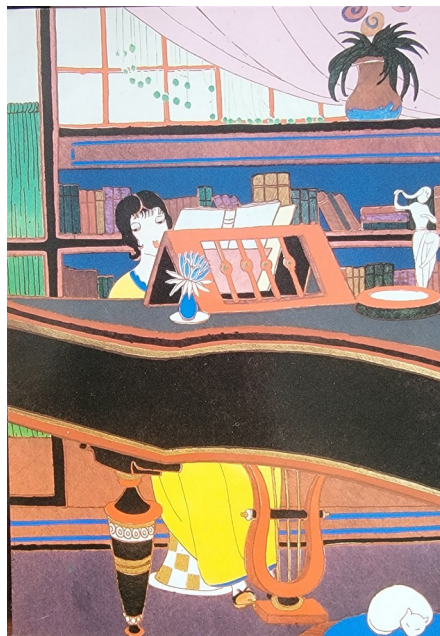
September 20, 2006

Was pleased to see that Frank had finally begun to work on his poems, something he's been wanting to do ever since we've been together. He wants to get them in shape to publish. It makes me feel good because my working is, in part, responsible for his feeling able to do this work.



September 26, 2006

Frank left a birthday card for me. An art deco image of a woman playing the piano. That was touching, because it shows me that he appreciates my playing the piano. Inside he wrote, *Billy and I have talked it over, and we both agree: Our life on earth is not happy only because of you, just mainly because of you. So take good care of yourself, we belong to you. Frank and Billy.* There was a post-it note that said *Gift Certificate: Free Book!! (changed mind). Take any one you want.* So sweet, funny, and dear.



October 17, 2006

Checked our answering machine at home throughout the afternoon, prepared to hear that Gedda had decided not to join us after all. She waffled about whether she would be able to go with us, and Frank wisely told her to wait until tonight to make her decision. He had dinner with her before I arrived to take us to the theatre. When I hugged her, I noticed she's alarmingly thin. Really a skeleton because she's not eating. She finally got a prescription to treat her depression, but she's decided she won't take it because, she said, her grief is understandable. She's afraid about mixing drugs. Glad she decided to go with us to see Judy Kaye in *Souvenir*. I was so looking forward to seeing it again. Such great performances by Kaye and Donald Correa in a surprisingly good and important play. Laughed till I cried and then cried because I was so moved. A splendid evening in the theatre, and Gedda, I believe, truly enjoyed herself. Good.

November 1, 2006



Haven't renewed my subscription to Science of Mind, so no more lessons. Felt hypocritical. Don't have that faith anymore. Feel it is really just a matter of living right and being a good person to the best of my ability.

[Frank's email, November 14, 2006]. *The vet called and left a message, still on machine--I thought you'd want to hear it. His blood work shows that he does have some kidney disease. She wants him to be on the new prescription food as much as possible (I'm not sure if it replaces hard food only or both hard and soft food), and she also wants him to have fluid injections twice a week. We'll both learn how to do it and it will be fine. He came out to me this morning, so I decided to try giving him his eardrops. No problem (although I have no idea if he got enough or not enough or too many). He lay on his left side on my lap very patiently while I did his right. I held his little head and petted him so he couldn't shake. He was purring. I kept petting him, scrounging him. Then I flipped him over to his right side and did his left ear, again without any diminution of purr—I think he understands it helps him--and no shaking. I restrained him from shaking the way I was petting him. He shook later on when he got down, but too late to lose his drops. He passed by me again around 11:00 and lured me to take him back to bed, though he was conflicted about it when we settled and petted. We have to call and schedule the work on his teeth & his ear surgery. He'll be under gas, hooked up to IV for the day he is there, she says. Poor little dear one. We'll take care of him together. He's not in any immediate danger, of course, and this condition is natural and common, but my heart goes out to him--why wouldn't he get to be young forever? More conclusive evidence about how stupid it is to believe in God. I know we will both be glad to do--and both fully capable of doing--whatever he needs.*  
Frank

Thank you so much for this, Frank. It's been heavy on my mind ever since you took him last week. I hate thinking about him being in any way impaired, old, and gone from us. The only way I can bear it is knowing that you feel exactly the same way and that he couldn't be more loved and cared for than he is/will be. I love you so much...

November 19, 2006

Dressed and left for the Clark Library at 12:45. We had not been chosen in the lottery for tickets to the chamber music series, so we got there early in order to be on the waiting list. We heard the Vogler String Quartet playing Schumann's Quartet in F Major, op. 41, number 2, Lutosławski's string quartet and Schubert's Quartet in G Major, d. 887. I don't know if there is anything I enjoy more than watching and listening to string quartets playing beautiful music. There is the glory of the music itself heightened by the interest of watching the interplay among the musicians. Really love it! And Vogler is great. Enveloped by the sound—rich and chocolatey.

November 25, 2006

Met Frank at the Dorothy Chandler to see Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* with Susan Graham, Frederica von Stade, Kurt Streit as Nero, and David Daniels, conducted by Harry Bicket. Absolutely fabulous! Not one singer who was less than terrific. Some of the staging was dumb, but much of the direction and acting was splendid. Four hours long-- just soaked it up. Both of us want to go back and see it again. We were both standing and bravo-ing, brava-ing, and bravi-ing. Quite a night!

December 2, 2006

Wrapped Bill up tightly in a towel, determined to give him his fluids, but he struggled and made terrible sounds. Frank had him by the neck to hold him down, and Bill was gagging, with his tongue hanging out. Intolerable. I really thought Frank was choking him. Aborted, and Frank screamed at me and or Bill, slamming his fist and blaming me for the failure, saying, in effect, that I was a betrayer in this battle for Bill's life. I said that I will not participate in that. Frank will have to let Ralph come and do it. I can't. He told me to go away—he couldn't talk to me. Really, really bad. I was sure that Bill was traumatized. Makes it worse and worse when Frank gets so angry and uncontrollable. Comforted Bill. He purred and seemed to forgive me. I didn't want to go out with Frank, but he wanted us to get over our tirade. I felt shattered and had to struggle not to cry all through the evening.

December 7, 2006

Frank has still not received referrals on the urgent request from his doctor for the CT scan he needs to figure out what's wrong with him, and we exchanged emails about how I would need to change the insurance coverage to a PPO instead of our less expensive HMO in order to make this business move faster for him in the future. The last email I received from him about it said that he figured he would get through this procedure and then, in six months or so, when it's open enrollment time when I'm able to switch the coverage, we'll do that. I misunderstood his message, and hadn't called HR to ask about making the switch, and when I got home, he said that I didn't care about his health and went on, yelling at me for, he said, not doing what he had asked me to do. I knew his hysteria was because he needed to eat, and I told him that I wouldn't talk with him until after he had eaten. I found the email and, later when he continued yelling at me and accusing me unfairly, I showed him what he had written, vigorously defending myself. Ugly scene.

December 16, 2006

We had seats in “G” of the orchestra. Don’t think I’ve been so close in an opera performance. So glad to have such spectacular seats to see *Poppea* again. Fabulous production which I appreciated even more the second time. So close I could hear the singers breathe and see the subtleties of the acting I had missed before. Afterwards, (standing ovation and much cheering in the curtain calls) as we were walking to the car, Kurt Streit, the Nero who was absolutely magnificent, was emerging from the artists’ entrance as we passed. We praised him and talked awhile. Lovely man—very gracious and appreciative of our praise, particularly when we said how many times we had seen it. Thrilled when he grasped my arm twice. Unforgettable evening. So many moments so beautifully staged, acted, and sung. Felt elated and glad to have shared it with Frank.

December 31, 2006

Made a big step in a new direction, deciding that I will no longer put things in my wallpaper scrapbooks. Too heavy and difficult for me to carry and move. Ordered archival boxes to use instead. This will be easier and will probably preserve things better too. Hooray for me. Should have done this from the beginning. Probably should put everything that’s now in scrapbooks into boxes as well. That would be a mammoth task!

## 2007 Journal

January 3, 2007

Mom said Daddy is in the next to the last phase where he sometimes doesn't know his caregiver, needs help in the bathroom, and loses control of his bladder and intestines. Wrote her back (Frank helped me with it) that the time has come when she may need to sacrifice her privacy and independence in order to have help with Daddy so he can be cared for at home. Said she needs to ask her support group for recommendations for an extended care facility when she is ready to take that step. Told her that we would not second guess her decision—that she's the only one who can decide, but that she needs to protect her own health and emotional stability.

January 11, 2007

[Frank Dwyer wrote:] *I actually thought about how you must have felt when I told you I had done it by myself, and then each time, as it got easier--routine, him purring, accepting. I imagined how grateful I would have been: I saw you as just flooded with happiness. And that made me so happy, because there is hardly any way for me to express how grateful I am to you all the time, every day, for all the things you do for us, for our life. So we're not even, but I'm on the page. Billy says he does a lot too, and I said I knew he did, sure he did, and then both of us were silent, trying not to wonder what.*

[I wrote:] I have a dream...I don't tell you enough how very grateful I am that you're doing this for him, Frank. I know that the way that you're handling it is making it as easy for him as it could possibly be. Sweet, darling boys of mine.

[Frank Dwyer wrote:] *He didn't lobby for dinner, but I started moving around at 6:15, so he jingled and presented. I greeted him jovially, talked of hydration-dinner, got bed, set up bag. He stood under table, looking at me forlornly through chair rungs. Whenever you're ready I said, cheerfully, my heart sad for him. I went to computer. Very soon he came in and got me. I followed him, picked him up in hall, loved him (he cuddled, purring), took him to bed. Loud expression of outrage (guess who remembered double stick of yesterday). But he settled down. He braced so for jab that I know it hurts, at least a little--but as soon as it's in he settles down. Everything fine after that, except a tiny little bit of blood again in line at end. Another day done, happy*

*dinner, his little cat life extended, and he can't wait to punish me for it, though he's also grateful and loving.*

January 18, 2007

Dismayed to see Omar and one of his men still at work. Frank was frantic. He had undergone a humiliating urological procedure, had to deal with Omar having had his nose broken by one of his men today, and the subsequent police visit. During the uproar, Bill got outside, and Frank hadn't been able to find him in the dark. Bill came back on his own, thank goodness! Very upsetting. He had to clean up the blood all over the kitchen. No obvious improvement in the disorder in the house, garage, and driveway. Frank wanted my sympathy, and while I was sympathetic about his distress, I made it clear that this is it for Omar. He's a black hole and attracts disaster. Frank vows that he will never use him again. I said that Frank can't take care of himself, let alone take care of Omar. He must let Omar and his troubles go. He can't attempt to save him anymore.

January 21, 2007

Mom called. Had a nice talk with her. Know she was envious of us going to the Getty and to the theatre, and I told her that I wished she were here and going with us. She said she would love to be with us too. Frank was irritable about the traffic and waiting in line to get into the parking lot, but it was nice to be together and able to tell him about the talk yesterday with Suzanne about how Frank Piontek said that the library doesn't have a Fine Arts area or Art Librarians! That's as stupid as saying that there is no second floor or no Children's Librarians. Wonder if he's professionally defensive about me having a second degree. At any rate, Suzanne intends to defy him and order Jeri and Katherine's business cards to say "Fine Art Librarian." Another very interesting conversation with Marilyn about her meeting yesterday with Marilyn Taniguchi about Phase II of the "Academy" assignment. Marilyn said she wasn't aggressive, but she did say, in no uncertain terms that "Academy" is a poor name, that we are "adults," and that, while the weeding assignment in the 300's served a good purpose, that the whole worksheet thing is patronizing. Marilyn wouldn't give up on asking Marilyn what she had found that was "surprising." Marilyn hadn't, and she wouldn't humor Marilyn by inventing an answer. Finally, she told Marilyn to "go away"!!! Great!

February 3, 2007

Frank picked me up at 6:00. Told him about the email Mom sent me saying that she had trouble getting Daddy to bed. He was convinced that they needed to go across the street to their home. Mom said she was able to joke with him, distract him, and get him to bed. The day before she took him to

his activity group which lasts three hours. She told him she would be back to get him, but he thought he had been abandoned. She said that she was getting to the point where she was realizing that they would have to find alternatives, but she didn't say anything more specific. So horrible. He's bound to feel abandoned when he must be put in a facility, and that's going to be really hard on Mom whenever she and we go to see him and then leave him again. Really wish he could die. Know I would prefer death than living in his condition.

February 4, 2007

The neighbor's new cat, Ozzie, is now coming into our back yard, and he and Bill have seen each other. Bill was very excited and ran from room to room to get a better view of his visitor. Glad for him to have that excitement in his life. Remembering his friend, Thomas. Frank called while he was out, and when I put the phone to Bill's ear, Frank talked to him, and Bill jingled his bells, I think, in response. Frank is now flopping Bill into his bed that we use when he's getting hydrated. Bill wouldn't get in it by himself, but when Frank tumbles him into it and pets him, he purrs and likes it.

February 14, 2007

Gave Frank his Valentine's Day card and the signed copy of *High Tor* that he found in a bookstore, and I bought for him. He was really surprised and pleased. He gave me a copy of Garson Kanin's *Born Yesterday*, because I was going to postpone our getting married in order to go to the call-back auditions for it. Like *Gift of the Magi*!

February 17, 2007

Frank had gone to the theatre. Nearly cried when he sent me an email saying that Betsy and the kids were arriving tomorrow. He didn't say more than that, and although he talked with Betsy about her coming down with her friend, Jane, and her children to go to Disneyland, he didn't mention any details in his message. He didn't respond to my message asking what was happening, and when I saw that Olivia hadn't come to clean the house, and with the upcoming trip to Florida on Friday, I felt really overwhelmed. The house looks like a wreck, and I feel ashamed for anyone to see it. He hadn't even cleaned the piles away for Olivia to clean, but he had driven to Santa Monica to pick up framed art today when he's going there on Monday anyway to do his book club. Giving him slack because he's not well, but I'm feeling strung out, and I would be so glad to have the house in order!



February 24, 2007

Frank asked Mom how she deals with her life now, after Daddy goes to bed. Mom said, well it's not easy. She said she had looked at two places where Daddy might go that are close by. Cost of \$4,000-\$6,000 a month is not an issue, thank goodness. She said that she cannot have someone staying in her house to care for Daddy, and Frank believes that the real reason for this is that, only if Daddy is living in a facility does she have a chance of still having a life. If he stays at the house, she will be tied to the house and him until he or she dies or until something happens to one of them which forces his move. Frank was very firm about how she needs to make the move soon—now—before one of them is hurt. I said that, if she thinks it would help, we children could all come to be there when the move happens. I said that my main concern was how she would deal with Daddy's feeling abandoned when he is moved. At that point, both of us were crying because he knows that that will be a horrible situation and inevitable. But Frank's support and urging was very strong, and I think she really appreciated his encouragement. We children have said clearly that it's her decision, and we support her decision, whenever she makes it. This was a conversation Mom needed for us to have. Hard.



February 26, 2007

Pleasant evening with animated discussion about religion and politics. Mom maintains that we all believe in God and that Frank's atheism is because he was "brainwashed" by Catholicism. She's said before that Frank's atheism is due to his being "damaged" by Catholicism. Stopped her and said that is patronizing and not giving him respect for his lack of belief as a result of his experience, intelligent thought, research, and reflection. Think she got the point.

March 4, 2007

Frank talked about how it would be pleasant if we're old, in a home, blind, and only able to sit and remember our lives. I said I didn't think so, and I don't want to live if life is like that. Frank wouldn't allow me that difference of opinion. I hope he doesn't override my wishes to die if I'm in that situation and want to die.

March 10, 2007

Olivia left a note apologizing for having broken my "Quipty cup," saying that she would replace it. Both Frank and I were trying to figure out what it could possibly mean. There were no traces of anything in the trash, and we were looking all around for any cups that might have been broken. Finally, Frank figured it out: his Q-tip container in his bathroom. We laughed and laughed. Laughing also about Frank's melodies. He made up a Country and Western song: "Get out the crutch and the grabber; he's coming home again." And the meta-Country song: "I wouldn't be getting this Grammy if I hadn't been through so much shit." We laughed till my stomach hurt. Was glad that, although Frank is still mysteriously sick, we're finding humor through it. We watched some Donald Duck in *Disney Treasures* DVD. Wonderful! He cracks me up!

April 11, 2007

Was looking forward to visiting with Frank, but he hadn't eaten, and he was irritable with me. If I have questions in the middle of his telling me an account of something that happened, a question which I need to know in order to follow his story, he gets mad because he doesn't understand that I need clarification THEN. I had no patience for his lack of flexibility with me. He's rude because his mind works faster than anybody else's. And his low blood sugar makes him unreasonable.

April 26, 2007

Delighted to hear the news that Mirabelli, the catcher for the Red Sox, revealed that Curt Shilling's bloody sock from the World Series, had been painted on! Great. What a jerk! Got into the High Museum [Atlanta] free because of the ARLIS/NA Conference and got a free Acoustiguide. Started with exhibition of *Louvre Atlanta*. Exhibition was not huge, but had gorgeous decorative arts from Louis XIV-XV & XVI. Amazing Sevres, silver, inlaid boxes, bronzes. Then the paintings, including Poussin's *Et in Arcadia Ego*. So apt for how I felt spending the day with Frank—a "London day" and the extreme pleasure heightened knowing that death is always looming. Then we were really lucky that the exhibition for Ghiberti's *Doors of Paradise*, that

doesn't formally open till Saturday, was open today. That was good, because Sunday evening, when ARLIS goes to the High and the galleries are open, will be crowded. That was a great exhibition. Terrific computer interactive kiosk to explore all the panels of the doors. Went through some wonderful 20<sup>th</sup> century American galleries. Walked several blocks to the Aquarium. That was spectacular, especially the jellyfish, leafy and weedy dragon fish, otters, great white whales, and sea lions. I was worn out with laughter and gasping at their beauty and other worldliness. So glad to be there. Runnicles conducting Turnage, Peter Maxwell Davies, James Mac Millan, and Benjamin Britten. Great concert by Symphony. Good end to a great day.

May 2, 2007

Went to Reference meeting...Showed everyone the *Reading Room* cartoon from The New Yorker by Ben McFall. Really brilliant. Want to get it matted and framed to hang in my cubicle, but Frank says it's so subversive, it will get me fired. Marilyn said I don't have to worry about that because Beverley never comes to the Reference office anyway. It's the vision of libraries today. Books are only for the indigent, spaces are only for computers, and everything is being caught by surveillance cameras. The building is endowed by Disney and Oprah Winfrey, "History" is Britney Spears. Fabulous. The librarians hadn't seen it yet, and they loved it!

May 27, 2007

Mom said that hospice is now coming daily and offering all kinds of services--all of it covered by Medicare. Great! Then she said that Ann wants to put together a "memory CD" like what I did for Daddy, and she asked if I could send Daddy's photos of when he was a boy and when Mom was young. Really irritated me, and I said that all the photos were on either the Anniversary CD-ROM I made them or on Daddy's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday CD-ROM, or in the Christmas calendars I made for them. Couldn't they find their copies? Mom said that she thought she had left hers on Kauai. Later I remembered that she sent hers back to me, which, at the time, hurt my feelings, and I thought then how Daddy would have enjoyed looking at the pictures occasionally. Told Mom I will make another copy for her, but I won't send her photographs in the mail. I said that, to go through all the albums and pull out the individual photos would be really hard. Ann can digitally copy them from the CD-ROMs she has—the copies I made her—and the calendar I gave her. I should have said something about running the risk of her dumping them in a box and then giving them away to the Salvation Army the way she did the sweaters I knitted. The bottom line is Ann wants to make a CD-ROM for Daddy's funeral. I made a beautiful CD-ROM for him while he was able to enjoy it. It's what I would want played, not something Ann makes. I'm not going to help her in her copycat project! She was also given a shoebox of

photos and she can use those or do something else! Really upsetting, partly because I was dealing with Mom about it, and she's already got more than enough problems.

June 14, 2007

Plane was full, and right behind me was a young mother with an infant and a toddler—recipe for disaster. But my music transported me out of reality of the cramped, forced environment. Really made a difference. Loved hearing shuffled music while I looked out the window. Like being high. Really pleasurable time of relaxation for me. What a worthwhile investment in purchasing my Zen Stone and spending the time ripping CD's and struggling with the white noise download. Good for me. Think Daddy knew me, and Mom was glad I was there. Gave her, from Frank, a copy of the Sarah Siddons book from the Huntington exhibition as a 60th anniversary gift. Gave Daddy his peanut brittle, which he was glad to have. Loved petting Dommie.

June 15, 2007

Went to Fisherman's Village. Walked around there, window shopping and chatting. Nice time together. Talked about Gwyneth and how I'm no longer willing to help her live her life, loaning her money when she needs to move each time. She is responsible for her life, and if she needs to make more money to survive, there aren't always going to be people who will bail her out. Ann met us for lunch at the seafood restaurant where only one vegetarian choice was on the menu—standard for Ann. She just doesn't care that maybe I would like a choice. But we had a really nice lunch. Good food, and we could watch boats going in and out and dolphins leaping. Talked about how Mom needs to be decisive about getting help daily, maybe all day, taking care of Daddy. Ann pointed out that Daddy will decline to the point where extended care won't be an alternative. They won't accept him.

June 18, 2007

Daddy asked Mom what is wrong with him, and she said that he has Alzheimer's. He asked if it was "for life," and Mom said yes. He was crying, and Mom and I were holding him and comforting him. She told me later that this was the first time he had ever confronted the situation like that, verbally acknowledging his having the disease and being scared and horrified by it. I said that he doesn't need to worry, and that we'll always take care of him. Mom said later that, when Nicki comes next month, she was thinking that she might make the move to putting Daddy in an assisted living place, if he's not too far advanced in his neediness. But she said that his having had such a sad, emotional response about Alzheimer's makes her feel that she wouldn't be able to do that. I hugged her and said that, if she can't do that,

then she must get someone here every day to care for him. She just said "We'll see," and I said, "No, you must." I feel that too though. I don't know how I could put Daddy in another living place when he's aware and follows conversations, and although sick, is still himself and would feel so hurt and abandoned.

July 1, 2007

Left about 12:45 for retirement luncheon for Frank Piontek at his partner's, Larry Rappaport's home in Hollywood. Was glad for Frank to meet people at the library and for them to meet Frank. Beautiful old '20's home. Frank spent a lot of time talking opera with Steven, but we also visited with Katherine (of whom Frank said that, with her, the point is not to be interesting but to be exhaustive). Jeri, Mike, and I visited with Beverley, having no choice since she sat beside me to eat. Very nice group of people, and we both had a nice time. Left about 3:00. Frank at first thought that it was too late to go to the Getty from there, but I encouraged him. We were at the top of the hill at 4:00 and had 2 hours before closing. Started with *Osprey's Painted Menagerie* with great enormous restored painting (by Mark Leonard) of a rhinoceros. Then took a coffee break and enjoyed the pleasantness of the plaza on a beautiful day. Went on to see Manet's *A Bar at the Folies-Bergère*, an exhibit followed by a terrific exhibition, *Defining Modernity: European Drawings 800-1900*. That was fabulous. Loved looking at them with my pretty magnifier. Still had time to see *Radiant Darkness: The Art of Nocturnal Light* with fabulous painting by Gerrit Dore. Really wonderful day at the Getty.

July 3, 2007

Met with Jeri. She commented on how great and obvious it is that Frank and I are in love. Sent off my Fine Arts Manual to be printed. Feel really proud of my work on it.

July 8, 2007

Frank and I were planning to watch a movie, but he needed to call Army first, and that was not good. Letha kept talking about how sharp Army's mind is, how he's a genius, and how his children don't appreciate that. Led to Army's saying that Susie told him she didn't want to be his trustee. Frank again said that isn't true. She said that, if Army believes she's cheating him, she can't be the trustee of his estate. He claimed that she cashed \$100,000 check from his estate, which would be impossible, and through it all, Letha kept telling Frank that she knew what Susie said because she was listening on the phone. She was really bad, and Frank yelled at her. Frank then had to call Mary Ann. Mary Ann got upset because she's going to Kansas City with Joe

this weekend, and she can't stand the thought of spending time with the two of them.

July 11, 2007

Army has taken the trust from Susie. Informer at the bank was told not to tell the family. There was a conference call, and Letha was overbearing, as usual. Mary Ann told her to get off the phone, and Army eventually ended the call saying he was confused. Frank convinced the siblings to let go of the struggle with this and just let him know that they would continue to love him although they are heartbroken that he doesn't trust Susie to be his trustee. Home with the hope that the house would be in order. Frank was irritable and impatient. He buried himself in front of his computer while I settled in and tended Bill. Then he dressed to go out to dinner, and I expressed my feeling of exasperation. Told him he needed to put himself out a little for me and pointed out that he asked me nothing about me or my day yesterday. He claimed I am at fault for coming home with an attitude. Very upsetting.

July 14, 2007

Frank talked to Mary Ann and heard about the visit with Army and Letha. Apparently, no hard feelings, but Mary Ann confronted Letha anytime she would say something outrageous. She and Betsy finagled things in order to search drawers for papers to reveal whatever Army or Letha are trying to do. Had to laugh because it sounded so much like Nancy Drew. Nancy Drew and the Lost Marbles, Frank said.

July 15, 2007

Had a nice talk with Mom. It sounds as if she feels, more and more, the need to move Daddy to assisted living. She only gets a nurse's aide two days a week, and bathing Daddy is very hard on them both. Found out that David, Becky, and maybe Sarah will be visiting the weekend before Labor Day weekend, so I feel I should go then. Hate going back again so soon, but whether or not Daddy has moved, I think I'm needed. Frank said he would go too this time. He suggested asking Mom if she could come visit us instead, if she wants to get away, but otherwise, and unless she discourages me because it would be too many visitors, I'll go. Frank talked to Mary Ann who managed a confrontation with Army and Letha to clarify the trust to them both. At times, she said Letha was screaming, crying, and praying, but Mary Ann managed to calm her down and get them both to understand how the trust is set up and how Susie has not cheated him. She said that the visit ended with them laughing and joking and good feelings on all sides. Amazing! She may have really pulled it off. Fantastic!



[Frank to Susie, July 21, 2007.] *Right. I know just how you feel, more or less. When I come to bed in the dark, I make a little kissing noise. I hear Billy jingle his little collar bell (he's down by Mary's feet, where he's been sleeping for hours). I sit on the edge of the bed in the dark, turn on my sleep apnea machine, adjust the mask, lie down, adjust the hose, reach out my hand, and he's standing there, beside me. Then he falls down (as Mary puts it, he's not good at parallel parking), I adjust him by sliding my hand under him and moving him over (he doesn't care for this) so that I'm lying on my side and his head is resting on my arm and his little body is pulled in against my chest, and I knead and squeeze his little tummy as puts his paws around my hand and presses. I mean, he doesn't come right out and say, you're the greatest, or that I'm seriously the best or anything, but, on the other hand, Emily doesn't jingle her bell. I'm so proud of you and happy for you. Frank*

July 23, 2007

Mark Leonard's talk and the following documentary by William Friedkin, were outstanding. Made me cry when he spoke about letting go of Clara, the rhinoceros painting by Osprey on which he worked for four years. Thrilled when he talked about working on Reynold's Sarah Siddons portrait and the copy from Dulwich Gallery. Absolutely fascinating—riveting! Thanked him afterwards, and renewed our acquaintance with him. So glad we went.

July 30, 2007

[My email to Nicki]. Nicki, I was waiting for Frank when I called Mom, and then our table was being moved inside, so I couldn't continue to talk on my phone. I'm sorry I missed talking to you, but I think it will be better if I get information from you when you aren't constrained by Daddy overhearing. I'm wondering how you perceived Daddy. Mom said that he is unable to go to the assisted living place. How do you think Mom is taking the prospect of someone coming to live in the house to take care of Daddy? Frank and I will be there over Labor Day weekend. I'm so glad you were able to be there to help with all the boxes of stuff from Kauai. I know you were a huge help and that Daddy was very glad to have you there. I love you, Nicki.

August 3, 2007

Yesterday Frank drove to Whittier where Jeanne and Lee Korf live. Lee has Parkinson's, but Frank suggested they read aloud his *Government Inspector*, which Frank is going to be directing. Lee often got his pages mixed up and read more than his lines, but he lasted through the entire reading, a stunning accomplishment. Jeanne and his therapist were both amazed, and of course, Lee was stimulated and pleased with himself. Such a wonderful thing which Frank will do again, I'm sure. So generous of him.

August 9, 2007

Frank received a letter from Army (supposedly) copied to all the children, telling them that, although he'd like to still talk to them, he would not allow them to talk about money or finances, that he wasn't senile, and is completely capable of managing his money himself. Looked to me as if Letha had written it, but at least it's an indication that they may still be able to have some contact with Army. Frank talked to Susie who said that Brett found out that Matthew and his tramp girlfriend have exchanged rings. Lindsay has always said insulting things about the Dwyer's, and she was really horrible to Mary Ann when she and Matthew broke up. She and Matthew have drinking in common and are physically abusive to each other, apparently, when they've been drinking. If Matthew marries her, and it seems he will, no one but Frank will go to the wedding, and Frank will only go as support for Mary Ann. Don't know how Mary Ann can defend Matthew to anyone. He's so arrogant, close-minded, and a Republican. Mary Ann is completely disfunctionally attached to him. They are in Las Vegas together this weekend to celebrate his finishing law school and getting a good job. The rain storm in NYC cut his electricity, so he couldn't do his laundry the day before they flew, so Mary Ann went out and bought him an entire wardrobe! Ridiculous!

August 11, 2007

Email from Mom. She's deciding to have Daddy stay, for two or three days in September, at a place she and Ann have visited where they would be able to continue taking care of Daddy permanently, when he gets to that point. Or rather, when Mom gets to that point. Good development. Know that this is a big step for Mom to take, even for this brief, trial visit.

August 13, 2007

Frank was feeling a little depressed because he needs to cut *Inspector General*. It is too long, and Elizabeth made a forceful argument that it must run no longer than 2 ½ hours or people will leave at intermission. She thinks that it can be cut without damaging the play. I was supportive, but said that Elizabeth made good points. It just confirms our opinion in the decline of the theatre and the intelligence of the 21<sup>st</sup> century audience.

August 17, 2007

Frank spent the day writing and getting his letter to Army and Letha approved by the siblings. The letter expresses Frank's sadness that they aren't answering the phone, his statement that he's never presumed to advise his father about his business, his gratitude to Army for his support, and his hope that they will have a continuing relationship in the future. Such a saga. Frank has been crucial in tempering his siblings' rage.

August 18, 2007

Frank met me with incredible and horrible news. Carl attempted to call Army and Letha to ask them to have dinner with him when he's in Kansas City this week. Letha took the phone off the hook, didn't answer, but didn't disconnect the call, so Carl discovered that he was hearing Letha screeching at Army to write a letter about dissolving the trust, saying that Susie and her law firm are the "underworld," and repeatedly saying that Mary Ann is a bitch, that Army's children are only interested in getting his money, abusively manipulating him in his confusion. Susie listened for an hour before she couldn't stand it anymore. Like a Dickens novel. She is as evil and dastardly as any of us believed. Susie and Frank are really shaken by this. There is no good outcome for poor Army. He's either abused and deceived by Letha and separated from his children, or he is separated from Letha's sinister influence and left alone, mentally unstable and broken. They are afraid to tell Betsy and Mary Ann, but Frank said that they must be told with the stipulation that they must promise that they may not act independently but come to consensus and act together. This has gone from terrible to disastrous.

August 19, 2007

Frank got a message from Susie that she sent Army flowers with a note telling him not to listen to Letha, that he can do whatever he wants with the trust, that Susie is not the underworld, and that Mary Ann is not a bitch. Letha will realize that Susie heard the rant and wonder if their home has been bugged. Susie hopes that Letha will be driven crazy. Frank hopes she'll die...I heard a feature on NPR about a man who was a classical guitar musician. After he realized that he wasn't going to achieve the level of success he aspired to, he gave up playing altogether. He explained how, after having the kind of relationship he had had to his instrument, he couldn't have an informal relationship to it and music. Then after years of not playing, he began to practice again, and he discovered how it is in practicing and not arriving that he finds fulfillment. Continuing to practice. Really resonated with me. Had good "practice" of *White Ashes*. Not perfect, but gratifying. Frank was involved in a very long conference call with Susie, Mary Ann, and Betsy after another lengthy call with Mary and Joe. They agreed in the end that Susie will talk to the KC bank vice president and tell her that, as soon as Susie gets a letter instructing her to do so, she will send all the documents. She's glad to do this because the documents will show that she is blameless, everything is in order and per Army's instructions. Then, on Tuesday, she will send by fax a letter that tells Letha that she heard everything. It quotes, at length, the conversation and is damning. She requires that Letha stop abusing Army, alienating him from his children, and restricting his access to the children. She must call Susie and apologize for

her slanderous statements or she will be taken to court. After reading the details of what Susie heard, there is no doubt that Letha is abusive.

August 22, 2007

When I had time away from the desk, I took a supply of brochures and went into Beverly Hills. Had set up an appointment with David Streets at Dawson Cole Fine Art who had responded positively to the brochure email and asked if he could have some to give his clients. Beautiful gallery, and he was an exceptionally nice person. He showed me around and gave me a monograph on an artist he represents, Richard MacDonald, about whom the library has nothing. He gave me two DVD's and a CD-ROM on him as well, along with a CD-ROM on another artist not represented in the library's collection. He said that he would be happy to host a reception for us in his gallery. Couldn't have been nicer! From there, went up and down streets, visiting another half dozen galleries, including Christie's and Sotheby's, introducing myself and offering brochures. Saw a wonderful collection of Chagall's, Rembrandt prints, and beautiful 19<sup>th</sup> century paintings at another gallery. Felt really good about doing this "missionary" work, and it was pleasant to be able to look in windows of fancy shops along the way! Many more blocks to be covered, but this is a good start. Frank sent email trails with an account of Carl's ambassadorial mission to Claridge Court. He managed to get Army on the phone to each child. Letha apologized to Susie. We hope that hatchets are buried, and everyone will go forward. Letha was crying and saying how much she loves Army, and Army was saying the same about her. Poor little people. Betsy and Mary Ann were less happy about the truce, but Frank and Susie were forceful with them, pointing out that they are expecting too much from addled and confused Army. In our opinion, Carl worked a miracle! Such a relief!

August 26, 2007

This was the first reading of *Government Inspector*, and Frank wrote a lovely tribute to Nicholas for the program. Fabulous cast with Frank as the mayor, and JD Cullum playing the lead, with John Achorn, John Frederick Jones, and actors who had played in ICAP reading of *Summer People*. Frank was fantastic and unbelievably funny. JD was perfect. Laughed so hard, I was weak by the intermission. Elizabeth Huffman prevailed upon Frank to cut the script, and although at first Frank and I hated to have the play not be read in its entirety, the cuts were necessary and effective. Splendid play. Such a triumph for Frank and Nicholas as translators and for Frank as a director and actor. So proud of him.

August 29, 2007

Mom called to say that Daddy died right about the time I fell asleep. She said that he needed to go to the bathroom and in fact had wet the bed. She helped him and got him changed. He had been complaining of chest pains, so she got him nitroglycerine, and gave him one, and he died. She said Ann and Gary were there, and Daddy was in bed. Not sure whether he died in bed or not. She said Hospice had been notified. She was crying, but we both said what a blessing it is. Ann said that he always knew who we were, and he saw Becky, David, and Sarah just last weekend. Called Nicki, and she said she was trying to get a flight, so she and Tom could be there on Thursday. So glad that he died before he had to go for the trial days next month. Poor man! Hope Mom's health is not yet compromised so she can have some happy years.

August 31, 2007

There will be a "viewing" at the funeral home tomorrow. Nicki wants to see Daddy, and it sounds as if she asked for a viewing. Mom didn't have a problem with that request. Nicki said no one has to go. Mom asked if I would sing at the funeral, and I said I wouldn't be able to. I won't even be able to talk at the service. Arrived at the house at 9:00, just after Bill, Cora Sue, Greg, and his new wife, Deb, had arrived. Tom greeted me affectionately, which was nice, and Bill was charming. He looks so much like Daddy. Mom seems good, really. Frank held Dommie, and Dommie surrendered to him, hunkering down into Frank's chest. Talked to Bill about memories and told him the story of the Barbie doll Daddy sent me for Christmas and the star he put on my bedroom door. Everyone was exhausted by about 10:00.

September 1, 2007

Mom said people would go individually to the funeral home and only if they wanted to. I said I didn't want to "view" Daddy's body, but Ann said that the boys didn't want to either. They were just going to stay outside in the lobby. I felt I should be with the family. Although I was sitting in the lobby, the funeral home guy opened a second door to the viewing room, so I could see Daddy lying there. Moved away. Listened to Barber's *Adagio* and just remained as calm as I could. Tom took pictures of Daddy. Ghoulish! Could hear the sobbing. Glad to leave. Went on to Ann and Gary's. Ann was loud, shrill, and overbearing. Can't take her. Really interested in hearing Bill talk about how his mother's father committed suicide and his brother, Peach, was committed in an institution. Amazing. Daddy's Mom eloped, wearing three layers of clothes, including her wedding dress, when she went out to milk the cow. Bill says he never remembers their parents sleeping in the same bedroom. His mother warned Joyce that after marriage, "That's when your troubles begin." He said his father said once to his mother, "If you were the

woman you should be...", and Bill understood that it meant that she wouldn't let him sleep with her. So interesting!

September 2, 2007

Frank and I sat in the front row with Tom, Nicki, Mom, and Ann right behind us. Only the family was there. We watched a DVD of photos of Daddy, and as we watched, we all commented and talked about when the picture was taken. Very relaxed and sweet. Then Bill began to talk. He was emotional, and I thought he might cry himself. He talked too much about God and the afterlife, and in his prayer, he addressed us all as believers. Maybe he doesn't know we're atheists. He read a wonderful letter that John wrote in which he was funny, honest, and affectionate in his description of Daddy. Daniel said in his letter that he never told Daddy that he was his role model. Don't understand that, unless he was writing what he thought would make Daddy happy. Nicki spoke really beautifully and movingly about how, although her relationship with Daddy had been difficult, she was grateful that in the last years, they had a good relationship. She said Alzheimer's had made him nicer and allowed him to be able to appreciate over and over again the joy he felt when he received a birthday card. Gary spoke about how Mom and Dad and the houseboat had influenced Ann and Gary in choosing to take the internship in Port Charlotte. And now they have their boat.





Bill read what I wrote. Frank said that being a son-in-law wasn't always easy, but that when you saw how individual Daddy's three daughters were, yet all were strong and successful, it told you that Daddy was a good parent and that he would be forever grateful for Daddy having produced me. Very nice. Frank said he was a smart man and the smartest thing he did was marry June. Lots of laughing and crying. Stopped by the house and talked to Dommie, who was under the bed. Angry that, when we arrived at the house before the memorial service, Mom asked me if I had seen the pictures Tom had taken yesterday. She then showed me on her laptop all the pictures he had taken at the viewing, when she knew I didn't want to see Daddy. Not right.

## MEMORANDA

Sept. 1, 2007

Daddy was a cucumber with an exceedingly tender heart. His affection for ~~his~~ <sup>our</sup> family, including our pets, was fierce & constant & revealed a sweetness that ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~did~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>in</sup> people ~~who~~ <sup>might</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>just</sup> beneath the ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> crust.

I missed the initial Barbie doll days because Mom & Dad disapproved of her mature profile. This was harder to accept when Daddy started offering Barbies as a promotion for sales at ~~Stark's~~ <sup>Stark's</sup> ~~Princeton~~ <sup>Princeton</sup> ~~Older~~ <sup>Older</sup> store. Some time passed before Mom & Dad relented, & I was allowed to pick out my short-haired, brunette Barbie, ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> Mom ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> sewed little designer outfits, in spite of her initial disapproval. 30 years later, when I opened a box of Christmas presents from Terrain, I was surprised to find among the wrapped gifts for Sam & me, a ~~Barbie~~ <sup>Barbie</sup> doll, still in the ~~Mountain~~ <sup>Mountain</sup> ~~Terrain's~~ <sup>Terrain's</sup> packaging. I called Mom & Dad to wish them Merry Christmas & told them that I thought that a present in kind of Sam had been included in my box by mistake. "Dad," Mom said, & Daddy admitted that it was his idea to give me this little girl grown-up <sup>her</sup> doll.

He worried about my decision to be a professional actress & always thought I should get a teaching certificate as a "back-up plan." I inherited my stubborn streak from him & refused to follow his advice. When I returned to Charleston ~~for a break~~ <sup>during a break</sup> in my performance schedule at Charleston-Ford Theatre, the ~~theatre~~ <sup>theatre</sup> company ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> I discovered on my bedroom door at 1909 University Drive a homemade wooden plaque with a painted gold star. ~~He gave me~~ <sup>He gave me</sup> I think it was his way of saying, without words, ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> not only that he accepted my chosen career path, but that he was proud of me. I love you, Daddy, & from I thank you for giving me the ability ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> choose.

September 4, 2007

[My email to Mom]. It was about 12 hours of travel time after leaving Placida, but we arrived home safe and exceedingly tired. Bill was glad to see us and fine. Nothing much new here at the library except Suzanne is still out sick. No word about why. She sent me the OK to send off the letter with all the positive comments about the brochure, so I sent it today to Beverley, the Library Director, her boss, the Director of Community Services, and the

brochure's designer and his boss. So far, both Beverley and her boss have responded to the letter with thanks and compliments for the brochure and for my work in circulating it. So that's good. Frank and I both felt that the time in Florida was exceptional. It was so good to be together at such a pivotal time in the saga of the Stark family. Daddy's death couldn't have been more meaningfully shared and celebrated. You must be feeling some heavily conflicted feelings. I hope that you're still feeling the warmth, love, and support of an extended family that loves you very much and is endlessly grateful for the care you gave Daddy throughout the 60 plus years of your marriage. Frank and I both think that you should seriously consider moving here. We would love you to have a house on Canyon Wash Drive where you would be confident about being cared for till the end of your days. You would be within easy striking distance, not only of Nicki and Tom, Sarah, David and Becky, and Jon and Erin, but Ann and Gary and the rest of the Bergers can get to Los Angeles easily enough. Think about it. And in the meantime, although Frank and I love your home and Ann and Gary's home, we want the next visit with you to be somewhere besides Florida. You need to come here, or we need to have a vacation with you somewhere like New York, London, San Diego, or San Francisco. The possibilities are endless and would be better for you and for us than Port Charlotte. Think that over too! We love you very, very much.

September 11, 2007

I sent Frank an email about a list of distresses, and he hadn't answered. Thought maybe the email hadn't gotten through, but he said he hadn't answered because he had nothing to say. That really made me angry, knowing that he had spent hours online. I took time at work, not only to read his excellent blog about the war and how Gore needs to run for President, but also sending him corrections he had missed. Frank followed me to bed to see that things were all right between us. He knew he had let me down.

September 12, 2007

Sent a copy of the brochure impact letter I sent to Beverley, Steve Miller, Taniguchi, and Karen Buth, cc'd to Suzanne. Wrote how the City Work Plan sponsored our new brochure which promotes our art collection for research, and said specifically how I've been distributing it and the response I often get that people aren't aware of the library. Said that I thought it would be a mistake, after promising patrons products in our brochure to then reduce our collection.

[Email from Sarah Zimmerman.] *Mary Mary, Thanks for your email - I was so excited to see your name in my inbox. Museum Studies...Art History...Fine Arts Librarian. All those words*

*together sound so truly lovely. The heartbreak you talked about - in leaving theatre - it takes a particular brand of courage, I would think. Especially because you are so good. To know you're good - better than so many (I'm not saying that as if there were any pride about it) - and still make the decision to leave... and to know it's the right decision...and to then find something else you love. People so often say it's brave to stay at it...keep at it until it all works - but more and more, I'm realizing it takes a deeper kind of daring to turn away and head in a different direction. The way you phrased what an experience in the theatre could be - it was all so beautiful and true. There are so few of those experiences... in fact - only one I could say was all of those things together. I do long for it. So much, in fact, there are times I've thought it's not quite worth it. I'm 31... and I've had one show in my life where all those elements met. Yet, here I am. Chugging away. I saw at the bottom of your email - you work with the Beverly Hills Public Library... When I'm back in town - maybe I'll pop my head in and make a nuisance of myself. Thanks again, Mary.*  
Sarah

[My response:] I knew as soon as I saw your return address who the letter was from, Sarah. Your words at the end of the run of *Magic Fire* in San Diego were very important to me and have been recalled many times in the past years. This letter was kind. Thank you for being so tenacious in reaching me. I'm glad that Dakin was able to give you our current address. I took a break from my graduate studies, working on a second Master's degree in Museum Studies, Art History to do *Magic Fire* again at Milwaukee Repertory Theatre, in the fall of 2001, but aside from performing my one-woman-show on Harriet Beecher Stowe in my living room, just to keep it in my brain, I am unable to do any acting anymore. I'm a full-time Fine Arts librarian. I feel very lucky to have fulfilling work, good colleagues, medical insurance, and no angst about where the next job is coming from. But the thrill and tremendous emotional satisfaction that I experienced in the theatre from time to time when the role was wonderful, the cast was fine, the play was solid and the producing theatre committed to the work is something the loss of which was heartbreaking. I wish you tremendous success with what sounds like a thriving career. My husband and I would love to come and see your play, and if and when we get there, I will come backstage to say hello. I can't thank you enough for your generous words. They have touched me deeply and will remain in my heart. Best,

September 23, 2007

Went to Lambs Theatre on Coronado Island, so that in itself was nice. Such a lovely place, and the theatre is a beautifully appointed venue. Sarah Zimmerman was the lead in *Susan and God*, and an effervescent, charismatic character. She is a brilliant actress who has been on Broadway, performed at Lincoln Center, and nominated for the Helen Hayes award, so I

felt quite humble that she has looked at my work as the inspiration for her acting. No reservations about her talent, spirit, and intelligence, not to mention her beauty. We waited to congratulate her afterwards, and she said she spotted me during the performance. A couple of other actors said to me that they were told by her that I was there in the audience and how much that meant to her. She said how many times she has asked herself how I would handle a particular acting situation. Really touched me. We embraced, and I thanked her, not only for her performance, but for sharing with me how my work as an actress had inspired her. So glad we went to see her. I will treasure this for a very long time. It will be a sustaining memory for me, I know. Hurried to the Art Museum in Balboa Park to see *Impressionist Giverny: A Colony of Artists, 1885-1915*. Had less than an hour to see 100 paintings. Fantastic show with breathtaking paintings by Friesseke, Theodore Robinson, and Manet. Really exquisite show that was a perfect crown on a day that was already fabulous. Frank and I had the drive back to go over what a nice day we had together, grateful for having in each other such companionship. Frank told stories he's saving up to share at Army's 89<sup>th</sup> birthday party. Such pleasure all day!

September 24, 2007

[Message to Sarah]. Sarah, thank you, not only for your beautiful performance, but for being the motivation behind the day trip that was an excellent day from start to finish. Frank and I don't often have the uninterrupted hours in each other's company. The day was a sparkling one—the air so much softer than it is here. Frank had his bookstore fix, and I managed to clean out Kensington Coffee Company of their last chocolate chip scones to bring back and stock up my freezer. We had never been to the Lambs, a very nice venue in a location that is, for Frank, noteworthy because his mother claims he was conceived at the Coronado Hotel! You must go see *Impressionist Giverny*. It's 100 paintings guaranteed to make you weak-kneed. We couldn't take as much time as I would have liked, but it was a worthy topper after seeing you. AND I found the sweetest little netsuke cat that I've coveted ever since I first saw the original at the Japanese Pavilion's netsuke exhibit at LACMA years ago. So now I have that dear little piece on my desk to remind me of the special day and of your very kind words that, I assure you, will nourish me through time. We hope to spend some time with you in our neighborhood when you have some time to visit. I do wish you all the best,

September 28, 2007

Had a lovely message from Sarah in response to my thank you note. Was so pleased to hear from her. Had been afraid that she might back off because of the sudden and swift intimacy of the connection among us. She's very impressive.



[Sarah's message]. *Mary, Again, thank you. I wish I could put into words what your being there meant to me. (I wasn't particularly proud of the show, etc... but I am distinctly tied to the that theatre - since childhood...for all its shortcomings, it's still a deeply fulfilling theatre to come home to every once in a while). I'm still giddy knowing you were there. Thanks for making the trip. I'm glad you were able to fill your day here with such loveliness... and chocolate chip scones...and a visit to Frank's supposed origins. I was backstage (after seeing you in the audience) and trying to explain to some of the cast what your performance was. I was trying to paint the picture of a woman who was so seemingly solid and assured but, we knew somehow, with the flick of a finger, would most likely shatter into pieces. And that's why I couldn't stop watching you... I was waiting for that. Even after I knew it wasn't coming - that wasn't the point - I suppose it was watching you waiting for it. Anyway, I tried explaining this to the cast, and they looked on with eager eyes. Here's the funny thing - their performances started to shift a bit after our discussion... it was like they were trying it on. It made me smile on stage...It's a rainy day today. I'm still down in San Diego - I think it's a perfect day for a little Giverny...Thank you thank you thank you for making the effort to see the show. I'm so glad to have 'officially' met... and I loved meeting Frank as well... he strikes me as a perfect balance of cleverness and intelligence... two of my favorite things (it tends to create the best kind of trouble-makers). Sarah*

October 3, 2007

Tina Weiner, the Friends historian, came by to give me two scrapbooks with Friends archival materials that I requested to research for the ARLIS presentation. Most of one album was filled with recent newspaper clippings, but the other album had minutes from the first meeting by Beverly Hills citizens who discussed forming the Friends group in order to advocate for a library building from the City. Up to then, 1958 and beyond, the library didn't have its own building. It took two bond measures before it passed in 1964, and the building was authorized. There was information about asking Charles Laughton to come and speak and a letter from him saying how important a library is to the City. Then, after some more time, there was a mention of paintings given to the Friends for the library and the question about what to do with art donations—possibility of using them to fund library programs. Then, in 1965, there was a woman who proposed forming a committee to investigate the formation of a permanent Art Research collection at the library. And a couple of meetings later, her report about all donations of art, art books, and money from the community towards an Art Research Library. She named artists represented in the donations and a gift from Ira Gershwin of the George Gershwin collection. Felt like I had found treasure! Copied the report and other pertinent passages and sent a report to Suzanne and Jeri. Quite exciting.



October 11, 2007

Frank brought Bill into bed ~ 12:30. We listened to a CD Frank found of Gedda singing Russian songs. Sweet, clear voice. When we heard a few, I said "Good-bye, Gedda," and Bill did his push-ums while I fell asleep.

October 12, 2007

Theo called to say that Gedda was non-responsive and on a morphine drip. He said that she could go at any time, and then after a couple of hours, he called again to say that she died. Glad she didn't have to live through what would have been their anniversary, poor dear. Glad we listened to her singing last night. Frank said he felt more sad than when Nicholas died because he was so difficult, and Gedda was just his friend.

October 16, 2007

Did Friends research in Administration and discovered all the rest of the minutes in the files there. Good! Found more good stuff. Marcella Rabwin was the Committee Chair who shepherded the campaign for the Art Reference Collection. Discovered that she was David O. Selznick's Executive Secretary when he produced *Gone with the Wind*. She was very connected in Hollywood. Found good stuff about her. Sorry she passed away in 1998. I would have liked to have met her!

October 18, 2007

Frank came home from Philharmonic concert and got really angry with me because of a misunderstanding about an email he sent me. He responded to a question I had about whether or not we should get a shingles vaccine with a short message followed by two cut-and-pasted articles about the new inoculations. He added a message at the end, and when his next email asked if I had read all of his messages, I thought he was referring only to the first paragraph. I didn't have time at work to read both articles, so I didn't know there was another message from him at the end. He hadn't eaten, and he was out of control. Couldn't take it, having had a hard week only to come home to do more work, and then to be yelled at. He and I were going to watch the rest of the game together, but he didn't want to be around me, even after I apologized and pleaded with him. Couldn't stop crying. Bill comforted me. Dear little soul. Finally, Frank relented and came in to watch the game.

October 19, 2007

Frank wrote Annmaria Mazzini, the Paul Taylor dancer we both picked out as the best, a fan letter and gone to her website where she shows jewelry she makes. Frank bought two pairs of her earrings for me. Beautiful peace offering.

October 27, 2007

Glad to be at Disney Hall, especially to hear Barbara Cook singing at 80. She's still great, although not singing the legato that I love to hear. She sang quite a lot of Sondheim, whom I don't care for much, in general. And her back up musicians played jazzy accompaniments that obscure the musicianship of Cook, I felt. Still, she was great, with enormous heart, goodwill, sadness, as well as joy. Breaks my heart when I think I may never see her sing again.

October 30, 2007

Took Escort to High Tech. Hated making Frank get up early in order to take me to work—the reason why I tried to do it Sunday, without success, driving to El Monte on a false lead from Pep Boys. Horrible traffic all the way, and Frank wouldn't let up on how he wished we were doing this tomorrow instead of today. But he hadn't offered an opinion until today. He just blamed me for being unthinking, stupid, and inconsiderate. This was despite my apologizing all along the way for his having to take me to work. I was shattered by the time I got to work and remained feeling devastated for most of the day. Frank fired a seething email to me when he got home with more of the same. Didn't know what else to say but "I understand. I'm sorry. Please forgive me." I'm sure the drive, in hellish traffic, combined with his diabetes left him feeling out-of-control, but I felt really bruised and guilty of some satisfaction that he knows what I have to deal with my daily commute. That made me think that perhaps I did have some passive aggressive design behind my miscalculation.

November 9, 2007

Kansas City is so beautiful! Unpacked a bit and then went out to find a restaurant so Frank could eat. Went to the Nelson-Atkins to meet Jeffrey Weidman, the librarian there, at 5:30. He was very, very nice and interesting, and Frank was so impressive, knowing his father, Jerome Weidman, who wrote *I Can Get it for You Wholesale* and *Fiorello* and the artists mentioned. Talked about Weidman's work with the artist Rimmer, and Weidman inscribed a copy of his book, William Rimmer: A Yankee Michelangelo and Many Are Culled but Few Are Chosen: Janson's History of Art, It's Reception, Emulators, Legacy, and Current Demise. Good contact to

have made. Like him a lot, and think we made quite an impression on him. Took a while to look around the museum. Quite beautiful, although contemporary art I don't like much. Some beautiful photography. Went down to the hotel lobby and visited with Susie, Mary Ann, Betsy, Carl, Andrew, Emily, Matt, Casey, Jim, and Ryan. Mary Ann showed the memory album she's assembling for Army. Wonderful photos, and she's made it really beautiful. Fun and sweet.

November 10, 2007

Frank was ready to leave for the Kemper Museum of Contemporary Art around noon. Wonderful big spider by Louise Bourgeois in front of the museum and another great sculpture, *The Weeping Giant* by Otterness, in front. Really like the exhibition where works had been selected by visitors to the museum and then asked why they chose the work. Their pictures were taken and the work was hung within the afternoon, so people could see their selections on the wall. Interesting idea for the library. Frank suggested use of the vitrines in the lobby for favorite books (or works of art, or maybe Artists Books.). Frederick James Brown did art in the museum restaurant called *History of Art*, with paintings by artists' recognizable works. Then we drove all around neighborhoods, just loving the autumn colors—glorious—and seeing Army's home on Central (5408) and Frank's first house, 4635 W. 72<sup>nd</sup> St., Frank's junior high school, Indian Hills, Army's church, Visitation Church, (with a round slide that both Army and Frank went down,) and St. Anne's, where Frank went to school. So glad to do that. All the while, Frank was telling stories. Changed into Armani suit. Took Army and Letha to Capitol Grill in the Plaza area for dinner. Very nice restaurant, and we had the back room to ourselves. I was sitting next to Ryan, who is really fine now, thank goodness, and Frank, and across from Joe. Good. Delicious food. Before the entrees arrived, Suzie asked everyone to tell what they're doing now. That was nice and loving with lots of applause and telling Army how much we loved him. Then Frank began telling stories, and everyone participated. Laughed till I ached. By 8:00 we weren't finished with the event, so we all went to Claridge Court to one of the public rooms where Army was able to look through the Memory Book Mary Ann had made. Talked to Andrew, Emily, and Matthew. The kids are all so crazy about Frank—Matthew asking Frank about "Matty Sco" stories, saying that he couldn't go to sleep without thinking of those stories. Jim remembering Frank saying that he was a "toy boy" and looking for his tag. At the end, as everyone was going back to their hotels, Matt (Letha's son) took Mary Ann aside because he wanted to make clear that he was not involved in whatever Letha was doing to alienate Army and the family. We went out and were talking to Sue (Matt's wife) who was candid about how Letha insisted that they come to town. Then Frank said bluntly that it wasn't about the size of the room being too small to accommodate more than the immediate family, but that Letha had no right to extend an invitation. That led to a candid discussion where

Sue said that she read Susie's "unpleasant" letter. Frank stopped her and explained why Susie wrote the letter and told her about how Susie had heard the conversation where Letha was screaming at Army about his lying bitch daughter and Jewish lawyers, and the daughter from the underworld. He made it absolutely clear that Susie and the Resources Group from the bank were blameless, and that Letha was out of line. Very good talk. Sue is reasonable and knows that Frank was being straight with her. Back to the hotel about 11:00. Settled in and did a post-mortem of the evening with Frank, going over everything that had happened. A LOT to digest, drink in, and appreciate. Really vivid family. Rich memories were born tonight.

November 30, 2007

We bought \$450 worth of tickets for a charity performance by Carole King and James Taylor. So special. Had my seat stick and umbrella. We waited for over an hour before the concert began. Standing room only in the nightclub, so it wasn't possible to see Carole much at the piano, but Taylor was nearly always visible. They played everything for 90 minutes—every song. Really took me back to my Earlham days. Such great music! These two are giants. Beautiful evening.

December 11, 2007

Worked on 2006 taxes in final document. Found documents for 2007 taxes. Looked through journals and old Day Timers from 1996-2006 to find out how many days we were overseas in order to be reimbursed for American Express overcharges due to money conversion. Not easy because journals and Day Timers are all in the loft of the garage. Fun to see in my journal about the National Gallery film and "redundant courtyard" that Frank went on a riff about that had me doubled over laughing in Trafalgar Square and my writing about Frank grazing the car in Ireland. Remarkable that, in seven years, I was overseas 140 days. How lucky!

December 14, 2007

Played piano for an hour. When Frank got home, he listened outside awhile (until he was too cold). Was pleased when he said I am good. He was surprised that I play as well as I do, at least when I'm alone and not self-conscious.

December 22, 2007

Mom was packed. Frank loaded her suitcase in the car, and they said good-bye. Went to the Huntington. Beautiful day. Walked awhile in the cactus

garden and went in a few galleries. Very pleasant time, although Mom didn't seem to have much stamina for looking at the paintings. We had just entered the gallery with Gainsborough and Turner, and she suggested that we go to the café. Whatever she wanted was fine with me, although I would have loved to have had longer with the art. Talked about how she regretted Frank's not caring about sustaining a friendship with Tom Tyrell. We received his Christmas card which expressed his resignation with the election bringing anyone new into the White House, so long as it isn't Edwards, no doubt because Edwards would raise taxes on the rich and corporations. Tom likes his money and doesn't like to lose money in order to pay for social programs. Mom said that they have a long history in common, but I said, so should they just talk about the past? She said "But Mary, other people (Republicans) feel just as strongly as you do that they are right," as if that makes it OK for them to be greedy and wrong. Walked through the Conservatory, which is new and lovely with a terrific Children's Garden. So charming. Left at 4:30 for the airport. Traffic was thick at the airport, and Mom was convinced that she had left her picture ID at the house. Not enough time to get home and back, so I called Frank to ask him to bring it. He was up for the challenge, but then Mom found that she had packed it after all. Gave us both a start. She can be really featherbrained. She admitted that saving money on her ticket instead of flying into Burbank isn't right. She sees that it's not easy for us to pick people up and take them to LAX or even Ontario. Both Frank and I were worn out and very glad to have our home and family back again.

December 24, 2007

Mom called to wish us Merry Christmas. Talked with her and Nicki. She told Jonathon that he and Erin should come and visit us, and that Frank would be their personal travel guide while they were here. Told her that would not be the case, that they would need to rent a car while they are here, and that Frank would be too busy to be their travel guide. Said we would love to have them come, and they are very welcome, but I was irritated with her. She did this same kind of volunteering us for escort services with the Oglesby's, and I had to let her know that she had no business doing that. Now I'm afraid that Jonathon and Erin are going to come here before they go back to Kauai. Don't want more houseguests for a while!

December 31, 2007

This is the last entry in my big, red journals, 8 1/2"x 13 1/2". Switching to new, smaller size with archival paper and removable tablets. Will be so much better for traveling and carrying around. That's a big change for me!



## **2008 Journal**

January 21, 2008

We took a break to love Bill when he was circling around to get some attention, and we noted how, much as we desire it, he never snuggles next to us when we're watching TV (or reading a book) in living room. Frank predicted he would as he gets older. And, lo and behold, he came up to me in the green chair, asking to be helped up. I lifted him and coaxed him into doing his push-ums, although the space was restricted and strange to him, and then gentled him along until he relaxed and fell asleep on my lap! Amazing! It's as if he understood, on some level, what we said.

January 28, 2008

Had three tables of kids who were uncontrollable and defiant. Called Karen because she was Manager-in-Charge, but she was in a meeting. Asked Max to ask her to call me when she was out of her meeting, but he called later to say (I'm sure at Karen's instruction) that I needed to get Suzanne to deal



with the situation. I called Suzanne and left a message, telling her I needed help. Then I went looking for Karen, who was still, at that point, Manager-in-Charge. She blew me off, and said it was Suzanne's problem. I was really angry and said "Karen, I have no support up here!" She said "I know." So outrageous! I went back to the desk and just tried to make it to the end of the day. So close to walking out. Fed up.

January 30, 2008

Headed for Disney Hall, arriving just in time, with Frank, to hear Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by Mariss Jansons, playing Straus's *Don Juan* and Mahler's #5. Fantastic. Don't think I've ever heard better ensemble work in individual sections. Mahler was deeply moving. I had such a feeling of wanting to hold the music and the love in my heart to remember. Audience erupted at end, jumping to its feet in long ovation. So glad we were there!

February 6, 2008

[Frank's email to Graham, responding to his news that he was diagnosed with Parkinson's.] *Dear Graham, even as I get older and older, I can't help but think of you as young, the same so-bright, so-droll, so-handsome, so-exotic boy I knew in Buffalo, an age ago. (Why exotic? Well, you were the first Englishman I ever met, a not insignificant fact when you understand that I had a British accent myself for most of high school in Kansas.) I am not the least bit troubled by the thought of my own mortality--I told a friend, Robert Winter (pianist, Beethoven scholar, UCLA colleague, wonderful teacher and speaker, author of the New Grove Schubert section, multi-media entrepreneur, and our colleague in the glory days in Buffalo, amazingly: he and Piero played a Mozart 4-hand sonata for us--I think you were there)--anyway, as Robert and I discussed life and death the other day, as Falstaff and Shallow do when they get together, I told him that if he outlived me, as seems likely, he should tell everyone that though I loved life as much as anyone and thought I could happily entertain myself if I lived forever, I was at the same time, more and more, looking forward to the rest. I cannot be so sanguine about the mortality of those I love. I get panicky and try to shake off the thought of what I would do if I lost Mary. I can't bear thinking of my sister Mary Ann dying before me, and (you won't understand this, of course, but the imperially impressive Employment Lawyer of 2007 will) I also cannot bear the thought that my little constant friend and companion Bill, our dear little cat, is 15 and in his final years (years!): he has chronic renal failure, so I hydrate him every other day, poking him with a needle to give him a life-extending dollop of subcutaneous fluid, a very difficult process at first for both of us that has somehow brought us closer--the needle hurts, every time,*

*but he purrs too because he knows he needs the fluid. (I got so tender about him that I stopped eating meat, although he is himself a dedicated carnivore. Like Shaw, I can't eat animals anymore because I like them. Unlike Shaw (I'm guessing), I would have no problem eating Republicans. (Well, no moral problem--aesthetic, yes.). Anyway, I find that you have popped onto the list of creatures whose mortality I cannot bear contemplating. My educated guess is that Parkinson's will be entirely manageable or cured before you become its victim. You shouldn't count on Parkinson's to spare you from being what I imagine will be very elegant, productive, and distinguished 90s. A very dear friend of mine--Lee Korf, who ran my London tours--had Parkinson's and died a few weeks ago, at 91. (And we read out loud together my co-translation of The Government Inspector just a month or so before he died.)*

February 7, 2008

Frank said, when he saw my thermos on the counter when he woke up, it made him happy because it meant that I would be back, and he would see me. He said a few days ago, when he was talking to Bill, how lucky we are to still be so in love with each other. Makes me happy and glad that he feels that way too, after 20 years!

February 9, 2008

Frank emailed me to find a block of time in March to go to NYC, and I had to tell him, that, although I love his family and NYC, I want him to go without me. I want my vacation days to be with him alone. Whenever we're in NYC, we're nearly always with family or negotiating how to work in required (and desired) visits with friends. The next trip I take that is for pleasure I want to be a vacation with Frank. He understood and agreed, although I was afraid it might cause an argument. Of course, he would prefer it if I were with him in NYC.

February 10, 2008

Heard all about Mom's Kauai trip and Daddy's memorial service. She said neighbors, who adopted Bonnie, brought her to funeral. Bonnie knew Mom, and they said that, when they went home, she stayed in the driveway, looking at Mom and Dad's house and wouldn't come inside. Heartbreaking. I'll bet that Daddy would have been nearly as touched by that as by sentiments of any of our family or his friends. Mom said that she didn't have second thoughts about moving back to Kauai, but there were so many friends who were there for her and glad to see her that she felt that she would want to return to visit, whereas she wasn't sure she would feel that way.

February 15, 2008

Frank took Bill to the vet because he needed more eardrops, and Bill got his first acupuncture treatment. Frank said he was very good and remained still for 45 minutes while the needles were in him. Vet seems very good, sensitive, and concerned with Bill's health, so it means Frank will be taking him in every week for a while. So grateful he's willing to do that.

February 16, 2008

Frank in an email to me about Billy: *Billy was a dreamy darling in the night. I fed him*

*before I left. When I got home, he wanted mousie, I wanted elbow. We compromised (elbow, + complaints). He was so irritated to be jostled around to get in high-purr position (which he achieved) that he yowped a few complaints. When I said, okay, that's enough of that, he reached out one of his irritated little paws and slapped me. He didn't want to be there, but he didn't want me to leave, either. I gave him a look that he could only have interpreted as no-speekie-dee-pusscat, and then he started to get up and so did I. He went to the kitchen where he stood at the garage door. I decided to alter the routine (sure, good idea): I stood behind him and held open the door, so he could go on out and do his embarrassingly rudimentary patrol and then come back in. I held the door, he looked into the garage for a while, then he decided (he's the decider) and turned around and walked away, leaving me to wonder whether he had decided not to patrol or, perhaps, that cursory glance from the doorway was the patrol. Anyway, as far as the garage is concerned (I'm sure he would back me up on this), nothing to report.*

February 20, 2008

Lois sent email to everyone, announcing the arrival of a new microwave for kitchen. She said that, prior to installation, the kitchen needed to be cleaned, and that it is not the cleaning company's job. Everyone needed to show up to help clean the kitchen of dead cockroaches, etc. and chip in by bringing cleaning supplies from home. She outlined a plan whereby each department would be responsible two months a year for cleaning the kitchen each week, including emptying the refrigerator each week. Outrageous! Emailed Suzanne that this is not my job, saying that this seemed to be a union issue. Frank told me later that I could clean the kitchen if I wanted to, but I should not return home if I did. He guessed I would need to return to graduate school to earn whatever degree was necessary to ensure that I would not have to clean kitchens at work. Well said.

February 29, 2008

Played piano for over an hour. When I went into the living room, I found Bill on the piano bench! He knew, I'm convinced, that that was my intention. He never gets on the piano bench. So funny!

March 2, 2008

Left at 3:10 for UCLA for Musica Angelica's performance of Handel's *Radomisto* with a magnificent performance by Florian Boesch in role of villainous Tiridate. But really, each role was sung superbly. Thrilling music. Nobody is better than Handel. Boesch was, as Frank described him, a comet. He is a great actor, glorying in his wickedness and managing music with embodiment of character. Had to suppress laughter because he was so audacious and sexy. At the end of his last act aria, he actually became a rock star and mimed playing electric guitar. Even Frank was not put off by the gesture, but instead hissed him for his evil character.

March 19, 2008

Went to Reference Meeting. I brought shortbread cookies, and Suzanne brought cupcakes, so that set a nice tone for a very honest venting by librarians. Biggest topic was collection development and what a disaster it's been to give MT that position. Ann and Marilyn both spoke in detail, and I added illustration about Ceroni book. They spoke about how, because staff was suspected of being involved in two thefts of DVD's, security at closing had been instituted with ridiculous and ineffective sign-out procedure. Our integrity has been doubted. I passed out the documents illustrating how our staff has been gutted in the time since I started working. Nancy spoke and said that what she was hearing was various ways that our profession is being felt to be marginalized and disrespected and said that we were talking about the need for more communication and transparency. She said that she was there to listen, and that she was not promising that all our complaints would be addressed to our satisfaction, but that she would come to our meeting next week. She said that, although it was bad timing, she is asking for the Reference Desk to be moved upstairs. Pamela protested that moving Reference upstairs will make it hard for older patrons and asked for more time for librarians to consider the ramifications of a move. Nancy was firm that she wants to hear our comments next Wednesday. This will have a huge impact on the "quiet study" nature of Fine Arts, and I'm worried that Art Librarians will end up doing general reference, which I don't want to do. Depressing because librarians are literally being pushed back and marginalized further.

March 25, 2008

Jeri came in and interrupted, starting out with "This is the end of Fine Arts," referring to the move of the Reference desk upstairs. (I sent Jeri a message

yesterday to explain that I wouldn't be able to meet with her this morning because I had training followed by an appointment with Gail, so I was not welcoming when she showed up at my cubicle at 8:45.) I really don't need to hear this, and she's said it many times before, or words to that effect. She said we'll probably no longer get auction catalogues, and the Friends are going to give their money to Children's, not to us. I listened while she vented, having just returned from a vacation baseball weekend. I said that, whatever the future brings, we need to go to the meeting tomorrow with Nancy (and in the future generally) offering positive solutions. Told her that Suzanne told me that Nancy is skeptical too about moving Reference upstairs and that she shares the belief that Reference is a vitally important part of the library. She doesn't want to marginalize us. I refuse to be caught up in Jeri's hysterical and alarmist reactions because I need to continue working as the art librarian, keep my attitude positive, and be productive and proactive in work to protect the art library. Requested UV lights to be installed in the exhibit case before we do our artist's book display. That display and my presentation at ARLIS/NA conference are two things that I believe could have a huge impact on the life of the art collection, as examples of how I'm dealing with the death knolls that Jeri is hearing. Jeri got the message loud and clear, and she hung around to visit to make sure, I think, that we are still friends and colleagues. But she can't bully me!

March 26, 2008

Jeri came to my desk and said, with great concern "How are you?" You seemed so upset (or sad, or stressed) yesterday." I said that I can't hear about the end of the Art Collection or the death of Fine Arts and continue to work here. I must go step by step attacking the situation in a positive, constructive way, working to protect and save the collection. She smiled and seemed to get it. I didn't apologize or back down. Friendly between us. That's good, but I was glad to have chance to speak directly to her. Nancy took control of meeting. Nothing she had to say was objectionable, but it wasn't getting to what we're complaining about, and that is the murky, secretive process of centralized Collection Development in the hands of someone who is not competent. When we asked her to address that issue, Nancy said that, in trying to "build bridges," she wants to give MT more time because she was given a job for which she had no experience. Nancy conceded that the job probably should have been opened to outside applicants. She said that she has been an advocate for the Art library at the Brand and been on the side of keeping that library against pressure to make it just another branch library. She said that she believes the City regards our Art library as prestigious and the "jewel in the crown," of the City, and she said that she believes that we need subject specialists for the art collection but not for the rest of the library. This caused hackles to rise. She talked about how she wants us to be specialists of patron groups like teens and seniors, and she feels we need to get out in the community so they know

we're here. She even mentioned going to galleries, and I said that, when I took our new brochure to all galleries, not just in Beverly Hills, but every surrounding neighborhood, I often heard surprised reactions from them because they didn't know we exist. Visited with Frank, who is thrilled with what he believes is the impact I've made on BHPL's art collection. Felt really proud and glad that he thinks I've made a difference.

March 28, 2008

Got dressed to go to Disney Hall to see Dudamel in his first concert conducting the Philharmonic as our permanent conductor. Had great anticipation of the event. Did not disappoint! He's ecstatic—both Apollonian (Frank thinks) and Dionysian. First piece was Salonen's *Insomnia* which was very good. Dudamel was riveting. We had seats at the very top facing him, and I watched him the entire time through opera glasses. At the end, he didn't even take a bow, only gesturing to the orchestra to receive audience's praise and then holding up Salonen's score for audience to appreciate. Then came Simon Trpčeski in Prokofiev's Piano Concerto #1 in D flat major. Dudamel was behind the lid of the grand piano, hidden from view of the majority of audience—another sign of his modesty. Pianist was sensational. Impossible music to play. Then Dudamel conducted Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*. Astonishing. We may have the best conductor in world. Frank said it's his reason to stay in LA. At end, Dudamel managed to get the orchestra to turn around to accept our adoration. Thrilling concert. Really glad we were there.

April 1, 2008

It was 8:50 when I went into the Reference office, and sure enough, Jeri was there with hands, like claws, in front of her, as if she were attacking me. I said, "How did I know you would be lying in wait for me?" Nothing in particular she needed to talk to me about. Think she just prefers having me around her. I needed the time away from the desk, and I unpacked my stuff and started setting up my computer while we talked. Jeri said she needed to tell me something she had just learned from Suzanne and told me to come upstairs, although I didn't need to come up right then. She is a bit (!) demanding and imperious. Jeri wanted to tell me that shelvers are removing books from shelves downstairs that haven't circulated in years. I think she was hoping that this would jump start me into weeding more quickly. She has a new project that she wanted me to join her on. She noticed how disheveled the books are, and she wants to go through the collection to put them in order again, as we did together some time ago. We saw Darrin upstairs, and I said "There's the man to talk to about getting shelvers to straighten up shelves. I'm not taking on any of Jeri's assignments. As the only full-time Art Librarian here, she needs to give up trying to tell me what



jobs I need to do in what order. I was friendly, but I didn't capitulate to her suggestions.

April 8, 2008

MT sent us an email yesterday saying that we should, as much as possible, avoid shopping at H&I, advising us to order from their website (which is incomplete and not always up-to-date, as she knows), and to be careful not to get books from H&I that we may acquire from B&T. It was, I thought, a message that was really coming from Karen—saying what Karen wanted her to say. The implication is that we needed to be told what we already know, casting us in a light of being fiscally irresponsible when, in fact, we are meticulous. Jeri was outraged and threatened Suzanne that she will quit if MT is not reprimanded. I was chatting with Marilyn when Jeri interrupted Marilyn and said that I was to come with her. Rude and imperious, I thought, but I followed her. She vented more to me and said that she was told that the Ceroni book order delay was because the bookstore wouldn't take a check. Told her, after I ascertained that MT said this to Suzanne, that this was old information about the North Carolina bookseller. Months ago, I found the Ceroni in Chicago. I talked to the bookseller and took the printout personally to Karen. Really is exhausting dealing with Jeri's emotionally charged affect every time I come to work these days. I had to go back and find the print-out, talk to Suzanne about the situation and get her permission to call the bookseller again, to make sure the book is still there, confirm what method of payment they will accept, and report back to Jeri.

April 9, 2008

Went to the Reference meeting. Nancy said that she heard a rumor from a reliable source that librarians believe she's weak. She said that she will be dictatorial, if necessary, but that her purpose in coming to our meetings was born out of her belief that collaboration with us was potentially a better, more productive approach. She said that Reference is moving upstairs by July 1. She said that the perception is that librarians are dinosaurs. At this point Marilyn interrupted her to defend herself against the charge. Nancy was angry at the interruption and cut Marilyn off heatedly. Nancy said that we could work with her or be dictated to, and then she left us to mull it over. Everyone was shocked and wondered where the rumor had come from. Katherine said she believed it was Karen, because Karen said something to Katherine. Katherine has, in fact, said to me that she's not impressed with Nancy, that she's not an effective speaker. I would bet that Katherine expressed this to Karen, and Karen, who would like to spread her conviction that we are intractable and spend money profligately, spoke to Nancy. So destructive of the attempt Nancy was making to open lines of communication with librarians! I said that I believe we are faced with a situation where we may accept and work with change so that it's

accomplished in the most positive way. Nancy is offering us the ability to collaborate in the process. Don't want to hear negativity!

April 10, 2008

Feel that, Nancy having emailed me was sign that she harbors no ill will towards me. Jeri said to MT that she realized that MT didn't know that one of us is on the computer in H&I stockroom, checking selections against OPAC while the other two librarians shopped. I explained to Jeri that I had, in fact, explained all this to MT a few weeks ago, in person, when MT decided there was no need for her to go with us to H&I. She had no objections. (That's one of the reasons why I'm sure that her email came from Karen.) But it was another example of Jeri assuming that she had done something that needed to be done when I had already taken care of it. I told her that I believed Katherine was the source of the "weak leader" comment, that she expressed this opinion to Karen, and that Karen told Nancy. I said that I believe Nancy wants to work with us and that her coming to our meetings was a sign of her willingness to set up channels of communication and collaboration. Said that I intend to meet changes that are made, despite my fears and insecurities, with a positive attitude and an effort to make things work. Wrote email to Nancy. Sent it first to Frank for his edits. Said that, in my opinion, her willingness to come to our meetings, listen to us, and her ability to comprehend that our anxieties stem from our sense of having been marginalized as professionals in the past few years are signs of strong leadership, and that I believe that I am not the only one who holds that opinion. Said I was sorry that her efforts had been misinterpreted and stated my desire to face change with a spirit of cooperation and an effort to make things work well. Thanked her. Great relief to have made my feelings known.

April 11, 2008

Had reply from Nancy who said she knew from the beginning that I was "a gem," and she thanked me, telling me to "hang in there." Glad I sent her my message of support!

April 20, 2008

Left about 6:30 for Dorothy Chandler to meet Frank for Bryn Terfel recital. Such a treat! He's just the best. Gorgeous voice and a lovely, generous heart. Great program by my favorite. He had me weeping and feeling so lucky to be sharing it with Frank, who felt the same.

April 21, 2008

Scanned my performance evaluation and sent it to Mom and Frank. Later, Frank responded with his mixed evaluation of me, ribbing me about being mentally challenged, due to being left-handed and a very clever and funny evaluation of Bill.

April 30, 2008

Made my rehearsal presentation of *A Friend in Need* to the Reference staff before going to ARLIS/NA conference. Surprised that Nancy was there. Thought she wouldn't be. Glad to do it for her, but wondered how she would react to what I have to say about how the Management Team, specifically the Collection Development manager and Beverley have adversely affected the Art Librarian's relationship with Friends and had a destructive effect on the development of the Art Research library. She said that she thought it was good presentation, but she seemed surprised to learn that our direct access and ability to appeal to Friends for specific books we wanted had been eliminated. In presenting the history of the Friends establishing the Art Research Library as separate from the rest of collection and as a non-circulating research library, I was potentially affecting the future of Art collection. Not sure that other librarians are altogether happy that I'm assertive about this. My strong advocacy is for Fine Arts at BHPL as the "jewel in the crown," and I'm setting myself apart as a subject specialist established by the Friends in hiring the first Art Librarian. Everyone had very nice things to say about presentation, but I wanted an ovation! Good to have that run through before Saturday.

May 6, 2008

I'm so much more comfortable now chatting with people than I used to be. Know how to do it, having learned from Frank. I don't feel silly, as I did when I was an actress. Hated chatting with other actors and hated "small-talk."

May 11, 2008

Frank left me, but only for about 40 minutes. Wanted so much to have at least an hour alone to sing and play piano. Feeling really shortchanged of time for me to do what I need to do in order to face another week of work again. Really overworked and overwhelmed by it.

June 4, 2008

Visited with Frank. He's been going through his poetry—something he's been wanting to do for a long time. Wish he could get it published. It's really beautiful. Lillian is a huge fan and has been offering heaps of praise and encouragement.

June 10, 2008

Had several details to consult with Jeri about artists' books display. Detected a bit of surprise and perhaps an attitude that all this transpired without her vetting along the way. She didn't respond to my invitation to help select books, and she was not encouraging about the likelihood of the exhibition happening. She warmed up by the end of our time together, saying that everything I've done with the exhibition and the way I'm handling the Art Collection has been exactly right. She repeated that the only reason she wants to continue working at BHPL is because of the collection and because of me.

June 14, 2008

Today is Mom and Dad's anniversary. Emailed Mom to express my gratitude for her marrying Daddy and giving us stable, rich, generous parenting and family and said that I was particularly cognizant of my indebtedness this weekend. Wonder if today and tomorrow, Father's Day, are going to be difficult for her.

June 15, 2008

Talked to Mom. She said that she saw a movie with Ann yesterday. I was glad that Ann watched over her on what was undoubtedly a tough day. It would have been their 61<sup>st</sup> anniversary. Mom said that she took her wedding ring off in the evening and put it with Daddy's wedding ring. She said she was going to take them and Grandma's diamond to the lock box. Her voice was cracking as she explained that she no longer wanted to wear the ring and to remove it was sort of an acceptance that Daddy's gone.

July 9, 2008

Went to Friends Board meeting to do my presentation of *A Friend in Need*. There were about 20 women there, most of whom I had never seen before, let alone met. Robin introduced me. They were very interested and vocal, demonstrating, for instance, their surprise and shock when I said that we had not been permitted to talk to Friends. There were quite a few questions afterwards about whether other libraries were having the same experience and asking for more details about how I gained access to Friends. Nancy played devil's advocate and explained some of the reasoning behind the decision to go to centralized Collection Development Manager. Nancy explained the reasoning that, the available budget should be spent with regard for what the public wants. Management felt that centralized Collection Management was a check on unwise purchasing. Jeri had nothing complimentary to say to me about my presentation. I felt my mission had been accomplished. I made a good impression on Friends, for which they

were very approving and grateful. I explained what the Art Research Library is historically and currently, its importance, its foundation as separate from the rest of the collection, non-circulating, for research purposes of Beverly Hills and non-Beverly Hills patrons. That's a lot, and Nancy didn't obstruct my getting the entire message out in the least. I have to give her a lot of credit for that.

July 15, 2008

Waiting for Kay's approval of press release. In it, I tell story of Friends establishing Art Research Library. The more that story is out in public, I figure, the more difficult it will be to marginalize the collection and me. My release says that the exhibition is "curated by Mary Stark, the current Art Librarian." Jeri said that I must be really excited about the exhibition, and "so this exhibition is really going to happen." I showed her the beautiful labels and told her I was responsible for all but mounting them. I said that Nancy suggested an opening reception. Know she must be thinking how negative she was about idea and how doubtful she was about it even happening. So there!

July 16, 2008

Kay objected to there being so much information about the Art Research Library in press release. She wants all the books listed and descriptions of some of best books. Not completely surprised. I suspect that there may be some territoriality behind her desire to downplay importance and significance of Art Research Library and how it was the first priority of Friends after the separate building for a library. She would likely feel competitive for recognition and funds for Children's. I responded by adding items to the release and opening paragraph about exhibition itself but said that I wouldn't be able to do any more writing about items now that they are going into the case, especially because, with Suzanne on vacation, Frank unable to work, and Ann Cox out for knee surgery, my time is more necessary at the desk. Said I was sure she would understand. Also said that I was adding more about the exhibition itself but that I want to leave in the rest because I see this as an opportunity to give credit to Friends, and of enticing people, not just to exhibition, but also to library because of attraction of a glamorous collection. If she wants to edit it, I can't prevent her, but I won't cut out what I've written.



July 28, 2008

Chatted with Marilyn a bit. Showed her the t-shirt Michael Collins sent me to congratulate me on exhibition. It shows dinosaur wearing glasses and reading book, reacting to what he's reading about his own extinction. Really sweet of him. It was my inspiration for the title to my part in CAA conference panel of public library librarians talking about services to art readers and artists. I proposed to talk about how my focus has been on saving Art Research Library (and my specialist position) with title *Lessons I Learned at the La Brea Tar Pit*. I am not a dinosaur. I've been pro-active and tech savvy as I keep my focus on what I can do to increase value, profile, and cachet of Art Research Library at BHPL. Haven't given in to Jeri's cries from the tar pit to join her or rescue her only to be trapped in the pit myself. I can get excited about working on that, and I have something to say and contribute.

August 4, 2008

Mickey from Friends came by to ask if I would be interested in submitting an article about the history of Art Research Library and Friends for their newsletter and possibly giving my presentation to their general membership. Absolutely! I'll jump at any opportunity to reinforce the raison d'être of Art Research Library and my position as Art Librarian.

August 6, 2008

Decided that, if Suzanne was asking to meet with me in order to reprimand me about woman's complaint, I would ask her what to say when patrons ask why the area is no longer a quiet area. Thought that this was best strategy, and I was right. Suzanne and I chatted collegially for quite a while before she said that it was indeed the woman who complained about me that was



the reason she called me in. I said I knew that she complained to Winston that I told her to be quiet, but that in fact, they were eating, so she had lied and said I was telling them to be quiet. Suzanne said that was different but that she had heard several complaints about me from patrons that I come on aggressively to them. I said that it is difficult for me to respond to a generality, and that, in future, I need to be told at the time in order to defend myself. I did say that, if people come into the area and set themselves up to be working together and are not just talking occasionally, when necessary, I tell them that "This is a quiet study area. If you want to work together, there are tables on the other side or downstairs." Suzanne said that the area will not be a quiet study area once Reference moves upstairs, and she thinks patrons should get used to the change now. She plans to take down signs that say it's for quiet study. I asked what she wants me to say to patrons who come upstairs every day to explain the change in policy. I asked three times, and she didn't answer. She backpedaled about removing signs. She said we should only respond to noise if it's bothering other patrons.

August 8, 2008

Went to Altadena gym. Really needed to work off stress and aggression. Just the insignificant disruption in my routine, added to work anxiety, is making me forget things, like gym shoes, be overly stressed and aggressive on freeway, and unable to tolerate the horrible music at gym.

August 13, 2008

I shared the elevator with Silvia who had cart full of circulating 700's videos. I asked her what that was about, and she said that Karen had instructed her to remove everything that hadn't circulated in last three years. Silvia said she was taking the cart to MT! I was stunned! Why hadn't MT said something?! Sent memo to Suzanne to tell her what I discovered and that I thought we should at least have been told what was happening. What if I hadn't already done the collection development work, and I went to shelves in October when given permission to do selection again, only to discover that the shelves had been purged two months before, making it impossible to check titles and circulation statistics as a basis for making selection choices?

August 14, 2008

Jeri and Katherine were fuming. They think I should present "Plan A" and "Plan B." Plan A would be DVD's that aren't available at Santa Monica or nearby LAPL branches and Plan B would exclude titles that could be found in

Glendale, Pasadena and greater LA. I would say that, because DVD's circulate a lot, and can't be acquired through interlibrary loan, and because videotapes are degrading, we should have classic TV and popular series, and these are the plans we recommend.

August 18, 2008

Visited with Frank and had family time with Bill. Just the three of us again which I was thankful for, even though it was such a good visit. Susie called to say that Andrew arrived safely and was trying to tell them about his visit but dissolving repeatedly in laughter. Sweet. Asked Frank if he was ever not wanting Andrew around, and he said no, yet still was glad not to have had children, although loving having that age child with him now. He also was happy for time to himself again.

August 19, 2008

Jeri said again, gesturing at Art collection, "This is all going away." Rather sharply, I said, "Jeri, you're the only person I've ever heard say that." I said she may have special knowledge about the future of the collection, but that I can't work with that thought in mind. She agreed that she should stop saying it. Good! She talked about how, if she stops working here and only does the volunteer work at Santa Barbara Art Museum, she will need something to fill in the gap of working with the public, which she loves. She's worried about that.

August 20, 2008

Worked on finding email memos to which Suzanne has not responded in past three months. About six of them. Put dates and subject lines in an email message to Suzanne, saying that I wondered if she had received these messages because she hadn't responded and would she like me to send them again. Sent draft to Frank to get his approval that tone was right: no judgment, cheerful, brief. I need to have a sign that this extra effort I expend doing my job to an excellent degree is valued and supported by her. If, not, I have to assume that she doesn't hold my position as Art Librarian in high esteem. Reference meeting at which MT and Nancy were present. MT passed out stacks of paper explaining weeding policy and detailing targets for books to be weeded in every number area of Reference, along with our assignments. I'm assigned to work with Suzanne and Ed, the new librarian, weeding 900's. I said that I know nothing about that area and have no knowledge of what reference books patrons use or librarians need. Therefore, I could not intelligently weed that area. Said I was happy to continue ongoing weeding in 700's and that I like to weed. But not in this area about which I know nothing. \_

August 23, 2008

Suzanne had no idea of the lengths to which I go in checking every purchase order against cart print-outs, noting all backorders, keeping an alert in my calendar six months hence, as advised by Kathy, to give up on backorders and start the process of requesting all over again. Her reaction was that I shouldn't have to do that. Support Services should. I agreed, but they don't. I said that this is a responsibility I assumed long ago. Issue now is Alibris requests to MT. Because of her inability to process requests in timely manner, and her not letting us know what requests go through successfully and which ones fall through cracks, I am in the position of unintentionally requesting duplicates. She said that not all requests can be filled, and I replied that I understand that, but if they can't, I need to know. Suzanne understood finally that I know what I'm doing and that, in fact, I'm doing the job of an art librarian who has the responsibility of building and maintaining a collection that is special. Very important conversation.

August 24, 2008

Frank said he's realized with my library work that, not only am I on his short list of best actresses in his experience, but that my brain and organizational ability make it clear to him what Mom always expressed to me—that I could be successful at any job I wanted to do. Nice to hear from him.

August 26, 2008

Shortly before the end of my day, MT sent an email reiterating that weeding Reference was all we are to be working on, including all Fine Art librarians. Laying down the law. Drawing line in sand. Wonder if this is because I asked Karen this morning to send me digital file of next batch of 700's that haven't circulated because Jeri and I are nearing completion of previous print-outs. Karen doesn't want us to be weeding those books; she wants us to weed Reference instead! I emailed Suzanne saying that, as I said in last week's Reference meeting, I know nothing about materials downstairs and nothing about what patrons use and need. Said I could participate in that weeding assignment by taking notes for another librarian, by getting books off shelf for evaluation, clipping barcode and stamping them for withdrawal, but nothing else. Copied and pasted pertinent quote MT gave us at start of Collection Development "Academy" in which knowledge of materials and usage by patrons are required in order to weed collection. Said that I appreciated her support of my work and that I am enthusiastic, diligent, and committed to excellent service as an art librarian.

September 3, 2008

Suzanne said that art librarians are going to start working Ref desk, beginning next week in order for us to start our training and also, she admitted, because it would give her greater flexibility in staffing desks. I said that, as I wrote in memo I sent Suzanne in June, giving me Ref desk responsibilities will mean that I won't be able to do some of the work I have been doing. Both she and MT think I should stop indexing auction catalogues because patrons don't use them. I said that I felt that this was a contribution to the profession because no other librarian is doing it in the country, not even Scipio does it, but that whatever they want, OK. MT repeated that weeding Ref is our sole focus now. That's when I gave them the memo. After some explanation, MT finally understands that AV books will not remain as Ready Reference. She didn't even know the location! My memo concludes with sample figures for weeding that I came up with yesterday after evaluating 28 books and weeding 11 of them. MT agreed that, under Suzanne's supervision, I should do that weeding instead of weeding downstairs Ref. Small victory.

September 7, 2008

So sad when I unintentionally killed a little baby lizard. I saw him on the screen of the slider when I first woke up. After breakfast, I went out to wash the window. I looked for him, but he wasn't to be seen. Then I saw that he had gone to the track under the slider and died when I opened it. Felt awful! I had been talking to the dear little beast. Bad start to the day. Frank was sympathetic but pragmatic and allowed me to put it behind me.

September 20, 2008

Sent email to all Fine Arts librarians and AV desk staff asking them to make any changes to all three schedules so that all desk workers know who is working. Also sent an email to librarians and AV workers, including Ida and Darrin, because "librarians are asked not to talk to shelvers and clerks" and to communicate instead to Darrin and Ida. I had requested that when shelvers clear books from tables, they should be separated so that circulating books go on a truck and reference books go to Art book sorting shelves. Said that this is important because shelvers assume that books are on the proper cart and shelve them without necessarily checking, adding that this would help make sure the collection is shelved correctly. Didn't realize until I was at gym later that I may have inadvertently messed up again by not sending my email only to Suzanne. Suzanne is the one who commented to me a couple of weeks ago about finding reference books on the wrong truck, but she didn't do anything about it. She neglected to see that all schedules upstairs were edited yesterday. Ridiculous to be concerned about such logistical inanity. Was on my way to the car to meditate when Nancy caught me because patron needed to search auction database. Paul was working the AV desk with no one working the Art Desk,

and he didn't know how to log-in. What's more, now those databases are supposed to be accessible at all workstations downstairs, so every librarian, every clerk working the "Howdy" desk, and everyone working the Periodicals desk needs to be able to help patrons log-in. But guess what?! I was the only person who could do it, and I was on my lunch break. Emailed Suzanne about this, asking that the situation requires a solution. Met with Nancy with my little cat netsuke in my hand to keep me grounded and to remind me what's important in my life. I started out by talking about how we need to deal with the problem of me being the only person who could help a patron with logging in to our database. Then showed her the donated artist's book, so she will know that I sent out a digital announcement so far reaching and with such a nice result. Then I asked her if she thought of herself as very intuitive or psychic, and she said no. I told her that I asked because I had a call from Queens Library telling me I had been shortlisted, and they want to fly me out to interview me. Then just after that, I received Nancy's email asking me if I wanted to come in and talk with her. My first reaction was "How did she find out?!" We laughed. It made me think that I should take her up on the offer to explain to her why I came to the point of testing the water, even though I was working with our exceptional collection, doing work that stimulates me and challenges me. Said that, with previous administration, I began to worry about the commitment of City and library management and administration for the Art Research Library. But after Nancy came, I felt reassured, knowing that she worked to save Brand Library, and especially when she told librarians that she had the feeling from City that they consider the Art Research Library as the "jewel in its crown" and that she saw subject specialists as necessary in Children's and Fine Art. But with Reference moving upstairs, I wondered if my job description would change. Told her I wrote Suzanne a memo about my concern, but she hadn't responded. I didn't push it. However, after I was asked to weed Reference, even though I'm not qualified to do that, I asked Suzanne for a meeting in which I asked her if she could reassure me about Nancy, Karen, and MT's commitment to the future of our art collection as stable in library. Said I know Suzanne is supportive of Fine Arts, but that if those three weren't supportive of Fine Arts, then I would be changed into generalist and that I could be generalist in Pasadena and not drive 45 minutes to work at \$4.00 a gallon. Nancy was nodding. I said Suzanne was very certain that all three were committed, and that reassured me, but then the 700's videotapes were weeded without any librarian being told. I said I should have been told. Told her how I had already built carts with DVD collections in dance, art, and opera, and told her about the collection plans I had developed for TV series and programs, but that it was fortunate that I had discovered the weeding so that Jeri could take the tapes to Santa Barbara. Talked about how, when a patron needs more books on flower drawing, I need to know if books I requested for purchase aren't going to be purchased. This in response to Nancy saying that the reason she offered me the meeting was because Robin, Friends president, had come to her asking about the problem with

books we request not being ordered. Told her about Ann Golan Terneck coming to talk to me. Told her I explained to Ann that any book request has to be approved by the Collection Development Manager. Nancy was unaware that the Ceroni/Modigliani fiasco is not an anomaly. Told her we never know if our orders go through unless we go to purchase orders. She said, "But doesn't Kathy take care of backorders?" I said I talked to Kathy about backorders, and she said that, if a book remains on backorder for six months, then I should reorder. Tracking down books takes a lot of time. Nancy said that she believed in being honest, and she said that she thought I was a wonderful librarian, so smart and creative, and a hard worker and she wished she had 100 librarians like me. She said that, as long as she is Director, there would be an art library and there would be a subject specialist in Fine Arts. She said she heard that Children's and Fine Arts are like separate libraries and that Beverley decided that the library needed to be more of a team, resulting in Reference moving upstairs. Later I said that I thought it probably was a good thing that I was working at the Reference desk in terms of good feelings with Reference Librarians. She said that she thought we're a lot alike because, like Senator McCain (whom she hates!), we are mavericks, but that because of that, and without supervision, we go off on our own, and it's like herding cats. She said she doesn't want me to leave. She believes that things are going to get better if I will just hang on awhile after things settle down after Reference moves upstairs. But she said, if I ever am thinking about going to another job, to talk to her first. I said I would. It all was good. Couldn't have hoped for better really.

September 21, 2008

We watched the opening ceremony for Yankee Stadium's last game. Made me cry again and again. And when Yogi Berra was announced and went running onto field, Frank made me stop it to give me my birthday present early, a signed photograph of Yogi Berra with Babe Ruth! Fabulous! What a perfect gift for me and to get it today.

September 22, 2008

Listened to the rest of the game. Very moving when Derek Jeter was taken out after two outs in 9<sup>th</sup> with Mariano Rivera getting his save. Such an ovation. At the end, when crowd wouldn't leave as Sinatra sang *New York, New York*, the team walked around the perimeter of field to acknowledge fans. History!

September 25, 2008

[Email from Mom]. *So many years ago!! And you arrived with a reddish forehead*



*and a little callus on one thumb that showed you had been sucking your thumb even before you were born. I wonder now when you first fixed on the particular blanket among several choices that became THE one that you carried for so long. Do you remember the blanket? I can't remember how old you were when we realized we were well on our way to Cisne and you were old enough to accept that we couldn't go back - even to get your blanket! Anyway, Happy Birthday. I love you.*

September 27, 2008

Frank gave me beautiful birthday card, a day late. Image of Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* with quote from May Lamberton Becker, "We grow neither better nor worse as we get old, but more like ourselves." And inside he wrote, *Which is the luckiest thing in the world for me and Billy. So much love forever. Happy Birthday, Frank and the little lobbyist. So lovely.*

October 14, 2008

At the end of the day [moving Reference upstairs], I asked Suzanne where librettos were going. She didn't know, and MT told us we should ask Karen. I did, and Karen said most would be weeded because they don't circulate. Couldn't engage with her on issue in front of others, but reported news to Suzanne with Nancy standing there. Suzanne was outraged. Another example of decision about whole area of collection being withdrawn without even discussing or informing librarians or supervisor. Nancy disappeared. She didn't want to be involved. First of all, librettos should never have been separated from opera CD's. Anybody who wants to check out an opera wants the libretto. But unless they look in the catalogue, they don't know to ask for it. And circulation doesn't matter. We need to keep librettos! So, with Suzanne's approval, I took all librettos and boxes for them into the office where we keep Artists' Books. She said she would talk to Karen. I will check each libretto and agree to weed any for which we have no CD. Our plan is to place them on empty shelves below the CD's for opera. I will fight Karen on this one! Infuriated me.

October 16, 2008

Karen said to Silvia that duplicate audio materials in Accent on Acting would be weeded after she evaluates them. We discussed this with Suzanne who requested a purchase order in order to get more materials in the collection from Samuel French. Nothing should be weeded! I notified Suzanne, who was on fire about it. She said that MT had no knowledge of librettos or Accent on Acting having been weeded, and Suzanne told her that any weeding needs to be done in consultation with people who know how patrons use collection. I'm amazed that Collection Development Manager didn't

know that Karen's intent was to weed librettos and Accent on Acting. She's so obviously Karen's pawn.

November 1, 2008

[In Chicago with Mom and Frank]. Nice time together until Mom proclaimed that either one of us could have a happy marriage with any number of other people. I said very forcefully that she was wrong. I don't believe, if Frank dies, that I will be interested in looking for someone else, and I feel quite sure that, even if I were, I would be unable to find someone else that I would want to be a partner of mine. What an assumption for her to make!

November 25, 2008

Thought Frank would be really interested in the latest chapter of Ceroni saga, but he seemed impatient while I was telling him, closing his eyes, sighing, rolling his eyes, and interrupting to say that I shouldn't say "gone missing"! Stopped me dead. Startled by his patronizing rudeness. He said it was a British affectation, which I had no idea about. Sounds perfectly normal to me, but anyway, that's not the point. He couldn't hear what I was saying because he was so annoyed by my choice of words. Nearly started crying. Felt hurt, and couldn't continue chatting.

December 6, 2008

[Letter to Connie] I was so happy to receive your beautiful card yesterday, Connie, and so glad to hear how well you and your (grown up!) family are doing. I'm very impressed with you, your husband, and your children and glad that you are all thriving. It's not possible that we are on the downside of the 50's, sliding toward 60. Just not conceivable that you and I, who only recently were stepping in the crack between our mattresses and taking a prat fall in our little Viennese room could be grown up professionals. Lordy! Frank and I are very well, although Frank has Type 2 diabetes. But it's manageable: he takes Bietta. He's just finishing his adjunct teaching term at Redlands University where he's been teaching two theatre courses. He's also taught at Cal Arts, and then at UCLA in a wildly popular course he shared with a music dean and a dance emeritus professor. But UCLA is in trouble, and the course was very expensive to produce, so it's on hiatus. We were told that they've cut all TA's there. The Redlands assignment was great. He was filling in for a friend who needed a hip replacement. Now he's looking forward to just having his book group. He'll have more time to revise the plays that he and his deceased collaborator translated. We have a very, very good life enhanced immeasurably by Bill, our 14 or 15-year-old cat. He needs hydration every other day, but he's still cranky and unbelievably tenderhearted beneath his swagger. We're desperately devoted to him. My father died a year and a half ago after years of Alzheimer's. I'm not sure if

you knew. Mom was only weeks away from making the step of managed care for him when he mercifully died of a heart attack. Horrible disease. She's doing very well, traveling a lot, and as of yesterday, transformed into a great-grandmother, following the birth of Leonardo to my nephew, David (Nicki's oldest) and his wife. I'm working as the only full-time art librarian at Beverly Hills Public Library, which has a world-class Art Research Library. The City just passed a proposition clearing the way for another expensive hotel, which seems to be some insurance in these desperate economic times. I believe my job is safe, but I'm constantly challenged with advocating for the collection and my subject specialist position here. The trend towards libraries with coffee shops, and the necessity for making our case to bean counters who don't understand that public libraries are not supposed to be in it to make money requires constant vigilance. However, I feel very lucky to have medical benefits, what seems like job security, and some prestige. We love our house that was provided through the incredible generosity of my parents' trust. They decided that they would set their daughters up with houses while they were alive, rather than leave it till their deaths. We have a little guest room with a single bed, but an extra mattress to accommodate you if you ever come this way. Carol is coming out in April for a few days. One of her sons is attending a college not far from us. I haven't seen her since 2001 when I did a play in Milwaukee. She came up to see it, and then, after we closed, Frank and I drove down to Chicago and had dinner at her home. Her husband had a bicycle accident some years ago, sustaining brain injuries that were very severe. I believe he has been able to do some realty work since his lengthy rehabilitation, but I'm not sure how much. She's got tenure and seems very fulfilled and happy. I was thrilled that she and Frank like each other so much and that the friendship we had is still strong after so many years. I trust the same would be true for the two of us, Connie, no matter how much time passes. I wish you always the best. Please keep in touch, however irregularly, and pass my best wishes on to Monica when you think of it and speak with her. Much, much love...



## 2009 Journal

February 16, 2009

Frank met me at door, asking if it was all right with me to accept a date with Leah and Neal. We looked at calendar yesterday and found two dates to propose to them: one was to meet just for dinner in Santa Monica following a concert, and the other was to come to the house and also have dinner. Now Frank was saying that we should do the concert and dinner at the house. We talked about how that was more than I wanted when we were looking at calendar together because it would be an entire day. I wanted to have some part of the day off. But Frank didn't think this should be a problem for me. Then he brought up how my required gym time was part of the problem, as if this is selfish indulgent. I started crying as I explained, not for first or 20<sup>th</sup> time, that I go to the gym as a way to deal with pain, and that I do it to keep healthy, which is not self-indulgent. Felt the day off being ruined as we started. I felt shattered and wounded. Retreated to my green chair and read New Yorker, hoping that Frank would apologize. I wanted to move on and have the rest of the evening together, but although I made an overture to Frank, he said that he had had a very bad day and decided that he didn't want to have dinner with Leah and Neal at all because I had been so difficult about it. He said that he was no longer interested in arranging any social engagements for us at all. It didn't matter that I repeatedly said that I wanted to have dinner with Neal and Leah. He was punishing me and wouldn't relent or listen to reason. I was just too unsociable. I was very upset because I couldn't make peace, and I needed to in order to go to bed and rest. Not possible. I was just lying in bed at first, trying to figure out Frank's subtext. It seemed to me that he was really saying that my lack of desire to socialize except under my circumstances, not with people I don't

enjoy being with, and not to exclusion of having time to go to gym, is not satisfactory for Frank's partner. He wants someone who is as sociable as he is. Realizing that really upset me. I was crying a lot when he finally came in. Again, he started to defend his position, and I pleaded with him to stop. When he saw that I was deeply unhappy and understood why, he consoled me and said that he was sorry to have hurt me. Was so relieved to be held and stroked and to have it loving between us. Such a hard day.

February 22, 2009

Talked to Mom, who hinted that we should come to Florida to visit. Frank coached my response that, as long as she's able to go sky-diving, there are a list of other places we'd rather go to meet her with my limited number of vacation days before I retire. We would love her to visit us here. Hope that puts an end to her hinting that we should visit her in Florida...Knew that I really didn't have a good finish for my CAA presentation. Then I had idea of how I will wear my dinosaur t-shirt. I'll finish with question, "So how do I avoid getting trapped in the tar pit? By embracing my librarian genetics, advocating a rich collection of books, defending our Art Research Library in a public library, and evolving in a dangerous economic environment by being more useful and used by our patron community of students, private collectors, dealers, and scholars. Can we do this? Sure. Remember, we're librarians." Then I take off my glasses and shake my hair out. "We're full of surprises." Then I open my jacket to reveal I'm wearing the t-shirt underneath.

March 31, 2009

Frank met me with bad news from the vet. Bill has lost another  $\frac{3}{4}$  pounds, and his numbers were elevated to the degree that the vet is now saying that he needs daily hydration and 50% more fluids with each hydration. He must eat KD diet. Frank requested that we still be allowed to give him baby food in the morning because he must take new pills with it, and we're afraid that, otherwise, he won't eat it. He needs squirt of antibiotics twice a day. Frank asked if he's leaving us, and Dr. Kay said he thought not. He hopes that Bill will respond well to this aggressive treatment. Grim news. Poor little boy and poor us! Lucky that Frank is at home to hydrate him every day.

May 11, 2009

When I got back from my dinner break, I had message waiting for me from Mom that she had Dommie put to sleep. Vet was absolutely certain that there were several new tumors and that Dommie was in pain. Mom was with him while he got the shot, as I had been for Mr. Cat. So sorry for her, but I think she did the kindest and most loving thing. Frank sent her a new haiku

he had just written. *"It's about me and Billy, but also about another man and cat I knew (and about you, too.)"*

*Cat and man. Both know  
whatever comes is okay,  
That love was worth it.*

So beautiful.

May 27, 2009

Frank thinks I should express to Nancy how the concept of the Reference Desk moving upstairs needs to be re-examined. I really don't see any reason for it, especially with the latest modifications, except perhaps because some librarians would prefer working upstairs because they want to be out of the lobby entrance. But the quiet study area will be gone, patrons will have to go upstairs for Reference, except for the log jam at the Readers' Advisory desk, and sometimes people entering the library will have no one to go to except at the Circulation Desk, which is also usually backed up. Insane!... Distressed when Frank talked about how, if he thinks there is a chance that surgery would be something Bill could survive, he would like to try it. Ultimately, Dr. Kay should advise Frank, and I'll live with the decision, but I said that I don't want Bill to have surgery. He's too frail, I think, to endure it. Hate the thought of him dying in surgery or as a result of surgery and not in our arms or in his home.

May 29, 2009

Home to Bill. Tended him, although he's complaining more about getting his teeth brushed, and it's nearly impossible to clip his claws. We have to do trial and error to find what he'll eat. We both think he's failing, although he wants to be with us and appreciates our ministrations and acts of love. He doesn't seem to be in pain, but he's frail.

June 2, 2009

Email from Mom with news about Nicki. Tom is having an affair and moved out three weeks ago. He told all the kids in letters, and they are all supporting Nicki. Ann told her to get all the guns out of the house because his behavior is erratic, bordering on violent. He's been suicidal in the past. Mom contacted her attorney to have Tom removed from the trust and any rights to the property. That was shocking news, and I let Mom know that Nicki (and Tom) asked me and Frank to co-sign a loan when they were in trouble on Kauai and that, when Mom told me that Tom blames Nicki for all their problems, we remembered this. Said that Tom may blame Nicki for not having persuaded Mom and Dad to get them out of financial trouble. It was



right after I sent her that message that she cc'd me a message to her lawyer. Frank immediately said we should invite Nicki to visit us, and I did.

June 3, 2009

Frank heard from the vet who said that there are cancer cells in both lymph nodes. She will be back in town on Monday and can discuss Bill's prognosis with possible radiation. Horribly sad. Frank had been ministering to Bill all day, offering him every variety of food and cleaning his face. Food all over the floor because Bill has trouble eating. Frank did some online research and confirmed what the vet said about treatment possibilities needing to be weighed along with his fragility, heart condition, kidney disease, and age. We will learn what the vet thinks, but unless he can have quality of life without discomfort, we would make it our aim to make whatever good days he has left be filled with love and whatever makes him happy. Loved him and followed him back and forth, talking to him and praising him. Comforted and found solace sharing Frank's sadness.

June 4, 2009

Frank was worn out, ministering to Bill all the time he was at home. There were lots of bowls on the floor with an assortment of food to try to entice Bill. But even with the appetite stimulant, he would only eat a bit before he seemed to become indifferent. Mixed crushed treats in, and that appealed to him. Watched over him and cleaned up for him over and over again until he had enough. Loved him and praised him. He needs that. We took him to bed and loved him, and then I cried awhile while I did a few household chores. It's hard for him to eat, I think, because the tumor is taking up mouth space. But he has appetite, and when we love him, he purrs. Frank brought him in to bed with me, and we had lovely family time.

June 5, 2009

Now I'm using a warm towel to wipe his face, and the warmth feels nice. Maybe we'll be able to get him cleaned up this way. When he had all he wanted, he led us over to the green chair, and he pawed at the afghan, wanting to go up. Frank tried to put him on my hip earlier several times, but he wasn't ready to settle down. But when he was, he nestled in and did his push-ums a little while until he fell asleep in my arms. So touching! Made me weep. So grateful for that intimacy with him again. Thought that the "last time" had happened. Think that tending him so lovingly and patiently and managing to get him cleaned up over the course of the day with a warm wash cloth resulted in him feeling better. He had a good day. Lovely, lovely puss.

June 8, 2009

Frank said maybe Bill will be a miracle cat. Talked with him last night about how Bill has become so much more tender, patient, and loving. I've become more patient and loving, deriving a lot of satisfaction from caring for him. Reminds me of the intense quality of living I experienced in participating in Mr. Cat's and Linda's deaths.

June 9, 2009

Frank reported that he had a heart-to-heart with Bill, telling him everything and saying that it's going to be up to him to make himself better. When he was at the hospital, he had to sign a release ordering what to do if his heart stopped. Frank realized that he needed to tell Bill goodbye, just in case. He had to try to keep from crying, even though he hadn't cried when Betty Lou died. So sorry I couldn't help him! Very glad to escape to the car to meditate. Doctor found no tumor in Bill's mouth. Biopsy is going to oncology to see if the ear is the origin of the cancer. We'll get a report and a prognosis, if the ear is the source, about possible treatments. Sobbed as I settled in and sobbed while I attempted to comfort Bill. Frank is stronger than I, but he's fairly devastated too, although he seems to think that this present crisis is about constipation, and that Bill will get through this.

June 10, 2009

We talked about how, if Bill isn't eating, that's a sign of his being in pain. Both of us agreed that we will let him go then, and Frank asked if I wanted him to take Bill alone. No, I want to be with him too. Bill eventually showed signs of engagement, wanting to hunt in the garage, sharpening his claws, wanting to go behind the curtains in the bedroom, and wanting to get up on the green chair. Loved and brushed him, trying to pick up signs. Tests show that cancer originated in the ear. Although the oncologist will probably talk about radiation therapy, her opinion is that Bill's chance of good days would not be enhanced by radiation. Two or three months with or without, and he would be miserable going through that. We won't do it. We were both clear about that, yet sad. Both of us frazzled and spent.

June 11, 2009

Bill was sleeping between us with his head in Frank's hand.

June 14, 2009

Loved and brushed Bill and took him to bed. Talked to him and thanked him and told him we would take care of him and maybe meet his soul when we die. Said good-bye. Cried when I saw how much he looked like our framed New Yorker cover with the kitty in bed in NYC. We will try to take Bill in the

morning. Then we'll let him go. It was decided. There was some release from anxiety then. Found him under guest room bed, but when I said I was going to bed, he came out. Had some family time in bed together, him gazing deep in my eyes as he got his tummy rubbed.

June 15, 2009

Woke up at 6:00. Bill did too and stretched out his paw to me to say "Good morning." So grateful for that sweet gesture. Bill got up again to finish off his baby food and then settled in to sleep in Frank's shoes. Took a picture of our dear boy. Stayed right by him as he slept in the closet. He ate some before asking to patrol the garage. When I opened the garage door, he lay on the mat while I brushed him. As if he were giving a farewell to his garage. I said to Frank that I would prefer that Bill's life ends before it has ceased to be good. I sense we've already arrived at that point. Frank disagrees. He thinks Bill should live until his life is no longer giving him the pleasure of our society and pleasure in eating. It's a question of which side of the border to make the call. Felt very shut down and anxious after we left Bill with Dr. Kay, although I do feel confidence in Dr. Kay's judgement, and so does Frank. Dr. Kay knows Bill. Frank called to say he had heard from Dr. Kay. He found that Bill has a hernia which is making elimination hard for him. Frank heard it as good news. Dr. Kay was ready to see me before Frank arrived, and he said to me that he had given Bill pain medication and acupuncture because he thought he was in need of energy, and Frank wanted him to have acupuncture. But he said that after the acupuncture Bill collapsed. He said he felt that it was time to let him go, and I said oh, yes—greatly relieved. He had been watching Bill, he said, and I was grateful for that. I was shattered and waited till Frank arrived. Then Dr. Kay took us in to Bill, who was on oxygen. Terrible sight. We had time to stroke him and talk to him and kiss him before Dr. Kay injected him. It was not without struggle, and not as smooth a transition as I had witnessed with Mr. Cat. Dr. Kay was very kind and gave us comforting words about how lucky Bill had been to have been so loved and cared for. I was sobbing and thanked Dr. Kay. Pulled myself together in the parking lot by degrees while Frank settled the account. Frank was affirming that it was a good thing, and we had shown the last measure of our love. My regret was that Bill had to spend the day away from us, but it was necessary for Dr. Kay to have him in order to convince Frank that it was time for Bill to be released. He had appetite because of medication, but his pleasure in living was only because of his love for us. He couldn't have endured beyond today.

June 16, 2009

Woke up at 3:57. Frank left a loving note reassuring me of his happiness last night coming home to me. So grateful for that. He affirmed yesterday his pledge to begin taking good care of himself after losing Bill. Find myself

nearly calling out to Billy. My assumption is that he's just in the next room. Sat with Frank and talked about Bill and what we had gone through together. Talked about how we will get another two red cats who, as Frank said, we could hope we would come to love half as much as we loved Bill.

June 17, 2009

Lillian asked for a picture of Bill. I had two in my letter box, and although it hurt, I was glad to see him looking so well. Had a little piece of his fur that he lost somehow some months ago. Put it into the locket with Frank and my pictures, like a 19<sup>th</sup> century mourning locket. Wore it to work. Frank was feeling sad. He wrote this haiku:

*My cat's gone. I could  
get over it if my wife  
was covered with fur.*

Made me laugh because I knew he preferred to give Bill tummy rubs to giving me little tickles. And usually, if Bill knew I was getting little tickles, he would arrive to break it up!

June 17, 2009

Melinda gave Frank a book about coping with the loss of a pet, and I felt obligated to at least look at it, but I can't read it. It says to be careful if you're thinking about getting another pet that looks like the one you lost because you don't want to project unrealistic expectations that the new pet will be unable to fulfill. When I mentioned this to Frank, he joked that that is exactly what he intends to do. "Bill would never have acted like that!" he said to the imaginary kitten. We laughed. He contrasted the grief he's feeling with the way he felt when his mother died. That was grief shared by the whole family, and the most concern was directed at his father whose loss was greatest. But this is happening to us. Yes.

June 18, 2009

Good to be home together, but seemed, more than ever, that we were incomplete without Bill. Heard his jingle when it was only in our heads.

June 19, 2009

We left for the Humane Society. Found our kittens, one male red cat and one grey female calico. Took time to hold and be sure and got good information from counselor, Ute. Female kept reaching for me. While Frank was getting his acupuncture, he thought about names. We wanted to give

them their names. Bill just was Bill. By the end of the day, we decided they were Jack and Polly.



June 20, 2009

Frank has decided that Jack's name is William Rufus, the name of King William's son. Rufus because he had ruddy complexion, the histories say. As is common with the English with a name like that: he's known as Jack. Polly's name is Arabella, but she's known as Polly. Love all of that!

June 26, 2009

Saw beautiful box on the piano. Wood is inscribed with brass plate: "Bill." Bill's ashes. Little gold padlock. Really lovely. Now we don't want to bury his ashes in the back. In fact, Frank says he wants his ashes to go into the box with Bill's. Good idea. That and looking at photos I had developed of Bill's last two days made me feel sad. Miss him. Don't know how I could have managed the last week and a half if we hadn't adopted the kittens.

July 1, 2009

Frank thinks he can assert his dominance over them, and he blames Polly because she's not the Domestic Shorthair she was advertised to be. She's a calico. Ute said they're different. Of course, my approach is not to be assertive and allow them to do what they want rather than force them to be held. Upsetting. Also, I felt rebuffed by Frank, who generally acts as if I'm his assistant rather than his wife when Mary Ann is around.

July 5, 2009

Mary Ann called, asking about Frank who was, by then, 30 minutes late to pick her up. I said he left in time and would soon be there, but he wasn't

answering his cell phone. He wouldn't answer his cell phone when he's driving, of course. We waited, and both of us left messages. After 90 minutes, we were both frantic. I figured that the highway patrol would be knocking at the door to tell me he had been in an accident, and that the "jaws of life" were attempting to extricate him from the car. He finally called, asking if Mary Ann had called. He didn't have his cell phone because he hadn't taken it into the terminal, and wasn't at the right terminal! I was both relieved and angry, because, even if he had been in a hurry to use the bathroom and left his bag in the car, he had to go get the bag to make sure of the flight details, and get his phone. He had to call me sooner! When he and Mary Ann got home, I was nearly sobbing, and Mary Ann felt the same way. He knew he was wrong, and he apologized.

July 12, 2009

Frank is slowly, day by day, entering his "To Do List" from days he was without his computer. Includes days surrounding Bill's death, and yesterday he entered that he returned home without Bill, and we put Bill's things away. When he was telling me he came the closest I've seen to him crying, except when he's cried while reading or seeing some performance. We feel his loss from our lives so deeply.

July 27, 2009

Watched my *White Ashes* DVD that Frank had made from video tape. Needed to be sure it's all right before ordering duplicates. Really impressed with how good it is. So proud. This is something I can always be proud of having accomplished as an actress. [*White Ashes* is posted on YouTube. Google "White Ashes Mary Stark."]

July 30, 2009

Suzanne said that she sees wants only one shelf of scores above the filing cabinets, affording enough space for what she estimates to be only about 200 scores of popular music for public access. I asked what about all the piano, instrumental music, and orchestral scores. She said that, if something hasn't circulated in three years or so, it needs to be weeded. I said no, that if something is programmed by the Philharmonic, people ask for it, and it may be years between programming music. She became very obstinate and swaggering and said that we shouldn't be ordering "esoteric" music like "Mozahr" (how she pronounces "Mozart"), and I replied "Suzanne, Mozart is not esoteric." I was very forceful, and Suzanne became more and more unreasonable and insulting, challenging me about how I would decide upon



what music we need to keep and what kind of scores we should purchase, as if I were a novice librarian. I was very angry and was practically shouting that I would, of course, draft a scope and content statement about the collection and how it is used. She knew I was really hot. Then she said that MT told her about all the carts she's been getting, and that I need to know that I should not expect to get what I'm asking for. I said, I don't get the budget figures, it's not my job to decide what is ordered or not, and of course I'm not expecting everything to be purchased. I was told to send carts, so that's what I did. Suzanne started to retreat when she saw how angry I was with her. I turned my back on her and went back to work. She owes me an apology. Really awful and unnecessary of her.

August 2, 2009

Mom decided that, although Nicki thought there must be bedbugs in the guest room because she was bitten so badly she had to sleep on the couch, that since she had not been bitten herself after sleeping in the guest room, she wouldn't get the exterminator in to check! This is like when I would be bitten horribly by fleas. If Mom and Dad weren't getting bites, they would do nothing. She even had her regular visit by her exterminator this week and she didn't have him check it out! Stupid and cheap. I would be more than reluctant to visit again. She said again how Frank is such a great teacher and how Ann's friend makes \$60 an hour tutoring. I said that Frank is doing exactly what he should be doing with his time. Resent her continually bringing up the issue. "Frank missed his calling..."

August 27, 2009

Nancy led the meeting, and near the start, she asked about scores. Suzanne answered that "we all agree" and said that only the most popular and circulated scores should remain in the public area, and the rest should go to Storage. I wasn't going to say anything, but when MT asked for me to say how I felt, I said that I strongly disagreed. Nancy had obviously not seen the Scope Statement, so I gave her my digested recommendation and reasons for why they shouldn't be in Storage and, that I recommend giving the collection away instead. Said that the Brand and LAPL were interested when I asked. Said that, if the library decides otherwise, I just work here, and I will, of course, go along with the decision. Nancy said that she doesn't want to lose the collection, so it will be weeded in light of circulation statistics, (even though I explained why score collections can't be weeded according to circulation stats) and that we will let patrons go into the Storage area to browse if they want. We will be asked to gather information about what they are looking for, and she said we can always reverse the decision. Eddie infuriated me when he commented that, while the art books may have been used by patrons years ago, they aren't being used now. When we got back to the Reference Office, he said this again. I was very angry, and I'm sure he

knew it when I said that there is the Art Research Library and there is the circulating 700's which need to be regarded as separate elements, and that the Art Research Library was established at the beginning as an art research library, and that it would take a more nuanced approach to determine patron usage. Nancy commented about our policies being focused on our users, and I added that they are also based on how our library is changing. Perhaps we shouldn't have scores in our new version of BHPL. Furious with Eddie when I saw he had taken a pile of scores from the shelves that are "shabby." Asked him if those scores were for a patron, and he said that he had pulled them because they look bad, and he wanted to check their circulation statistics. He also said he noticed that our Fine Arts brochures are out of date. There is information in it about our slide collection, for instance. Told him I'm aware of the need to update the brochure, and that, if there is money to get new brochures printed, I will be sure to make necessary changes. Told him that the job of weeding and evaluating the scores is mine, and that I've started at the beginning and will deal with them in order. Really out of line of him. This is my job. What's much more important and precious is my marriage, Polly and Jack, our home, music, my Kindle, clothes, gym, good life, family, and friends. Yes.

September 6, 2009

Took Polly into bed with me about 11:00. She was snuggling beside me after her dips and dives & turning to look back at me over her shoulder. Dear kitty, and she patted my cheek.

September 9, 2009

Polly came to bed with me. In the night she moves to the foot of the bed, but after I turned on my side, she came back up and patted my shoulder so I would turn over and let her snuggle next to me in my arm. So sweet!



September 10, 2009

Relaxed in green chair, and Polly got on my lap right away. Frank took her so I could get up to go to bed, and she settled right in for strokes first from Frank. Then she snuggled next to me. She woke me in the night like a lover and was exceedingly affectionate. Loved that, even though enjoying her dipping, diving, and tender touches kept me from sleep. Then Jack came up to join us from his regular spot on top of the leg pillow. I had to make do with a narrow strip of left-over space, but I didn't mind because I love them sleeping with us so much!

September 13, 2009

Suzanne gave Jeri another hour at the Art Desk after Jeri asked her for it. So now I'm working 4 hours at the Ref Desk and only one hour at the Art Desk. Pamela works 2 hours at the Art Desk on Tuesday. Pisses me off, but I don't know if I should say anything. Frank was defensive when I told him why I was upset about him not calling or being around at all for my two evenings at home. I was hurt, and I needed to try to get sleep. Wished we could have connected through back rub or "little tickles," but Frank just let me read New Yorker in bed. He lay with me, saying nothing. Felt upset and couldn't sleep.

September 14, 2009

Frank talked to Jim last night after Jim called Betsy, and Betsy refused to answer the phone. Frank offered to have Jim come to visit for four days. Jim says he's not drinking, having gone through a recovery program. He's undoubtedly still taking a cocktail of prescription drugs, and he claims that he was never in bad trouble. Can't stand the thought of seeing him, let alone having him in our house and staying four days! Don't have a choice in this. Frank believes that there's a chance that he could help Jim learn how to live life. Sisters don't think Jim will, in the end, get himself together to take Frank up on his offer. That's what I'm hoping for! If he does come, I will have very little to do with him.

September 24, 2009

MT sent us a message saying that Circ will put scores in the Staff Room upstairs, and she told us to go ahead and evaluate the collection. She asked us to let her know if we have any questions. I asked management to articulate what the collection will be since the Scope Statement must define the current collection. For instance: will we keep scores that circulate at least once a year? Will we keep only vocal scores and withdraw instrumental music? Asked that Circ not shift collections as they pull scores and added that, since the policy is that all withdrawn items go to the Friends to sell in their store, I wanted to remind management that both the Brand and LAPL

expressed interest in the collection. Said that, as I reviewed the scores, I found items that no one else has and items that have only one reference duplicate in the state. Seems a shame that, if the Friends don't want our withdraws to sell, that they should be dumped instead of going to a library that wants them. I was trembling with emotion as I wrote the email. Walked past MT's office, and she called to me, asking for clarification of my message, dealing with Circ staff not shifting books. She said that, regarding the other parts of my message that the scope statement would be defined by usage as time goes on. I asked if she could articulate what management wants the collection to be in the meantime so we have some guidelines for our "evaluation/weeding" process. Gave her examples like "Do you want to withdraw scores that are fragile?" She attempted to stick with her initial dodge, but I sat down and pressed her because we need to know how management intends to divide the collection into circulating and storage. She said we need to be more focused on deciding about standing orders. I said, what do we do with scores that Circ is pulling and putting on the shelves in the Staff Room. Nothing, she said. I guess she's caving on this. Good. Checked shelves in the back room. It's clear that the decision has been made to move all the scores that Circ is pulling because they haven't been checked out for five years to storage. MT's messages were misleading us to believe that those scores were going to be evaluated. This is where they will live. Don't know if Support Services will change their location to "Storage," and so far, there is no signage to let patrons know when they are browsing the shelves, that more of the collection is elsewhere. This is a decision totally based on management and not on patrons or librarians. Do we allow people to look around when we let them into the back area? Will they be unsupervised? So stupid.

September 29, 2009

Worked Art Desk an hour and, almost immediately had a new patron asking for a Schubert trio. She didn't know which one it was, so she needed to look at them. Great! I showed her the ones in the public area and went to the back to get another. Then, she wanted corresponding CD's, and one of the trios didn't have a number, so I had to identify it by the key in which it was written in order to find the CD. Wrote it up and sent it to Suzanne and MT. Ammunition.

October 4, 2009

Shawne Zarubica is one of the worthy singers invited from area choruses to join forces with the Master Chorale in performance, available to watch "on demand" on computer for 24 hours. So glorious, despite mid-movement applause from overly-enthusiastic picnickers at the Hollywood Bowl for last movement of Beethoven's 9<sup>th</sup>, conducted by Dudamel for the opening concert of his inaugural season. He's such a gift for us in LA. Totally over-

the-top encore repetition of the last part with fireworks. I was sobbing with Jack on my lap.



October 16, 2009

Noticed that Teaching Company and Modern Scholars audio books have been moved to be collections again, as opposed to interfiling them with the rest of the audiobooks. Many complaints from patrons when they were moved downstairs a year ago and interfiled. I sent a message to Suzanne asking if the other librarians should be told about this, because patrons asked me, and I didn't know where they were. She sent a message to MT and Karen saying that she was unaware too. And she's a manager! Karen responded that her advice was for Suzanne to tell librarians that they should find out for themselves by looking around. MT chimed in that she agreed. I responded to Suzanne and cc'd MT that, with all the blog postings, detailing specifics of MOOVE as well as Nancy's orientation tour last Saturday, I assumed any further changes would have been effectively and efficiently communicated to us on the front lines as well. Suzanne thanked me and said my response was "brilliant," and she said that she wasn't sure she communicated how much she appreciates everything I do to make our department and library the "best of the best". Very nice!

November 4, 2009

Frank and I loved Polly together in bed. Her personality is different in bed when Jack isn't there. She's tender and in love with us. So touching.

November 5, 2009

Jack woke me up, but I resisted giving in to him till 7:30. Tried to meditate, but Jack dug in under the cloth I had over my head, pulled it off, and bit my

nose through it, trying to do push-ums. Made me laugh, and I gave up. Frank was watching and laughing. Nice way to start the day.

November 8, 2009

Ate at the café before heading to Birdland for Django Reinhardt Festival. Sold out, and we were flatly discouraged about any possibility of a cancellation. We waited anyway, just in case. Sure enough, there was a no show, and we were seated at a table right next to the stage. Couldn't have been closer to the harpist. So perfectly "Frank" that we got in and were accommodated exceptionally.

November 11, 2009

We saw Anna Deavere Smith in *Let Me Down Easy*. That was revelatory. She's so unlike anyone else. Such insight, vision, and technical mastery. This show was about death and the healthcare system in the United States. Appalling and touching. Great theatre. While waiting for Frank and Mary Ann afterwards, I checked my messages and was shocked to see a message from Jeff Nagle who had seen the Happy Birthday email I sent to Connie two days ago. He said that Connie died last Tuesday as the result of "complications" following a bike accident. Cried out and then dissolved in tears as I told Frank. Unbelievable. Couldn't believe that Jeff was able to convey the news to me. He tried to call me last week, but he didn't have the telephone number and neither did Monica. Can't conceive of her having died at 56. Felt numb as we walked to International Center of Photography. Was looking forward to seeing *Our Town*. So appropriate to have terrible news about Connie come on a day where we were seeing two plays about life and death.

November 26, 2009

Jack and then Polly got on my lap, so I meditated with them there. Thanksgiving blessings. Frank left me haiku to discover when I woke up this morning:

*Thanks for You  
Thanks for you! (And Jack  
and Polly.) but mostly you!  
(And Jack and Polly.)*

December 5, 2009

Played with Jack and Polly. Polly managed to squeeze into the cabinet in spite of the new latches, because I couldn't tighten the screws enough. Frank corrected the problem and wrote an extremely witty short piece where



the cats are playing baseball against Frank and me, with the cabinets as the bases, as a play by play. As great as *Break Out at Glen Ridge*, which he wrote about Tony and Jenny's cats. Laughed out loud.

December 11, 2009

Meeting with Nancy, MT, and Pamela. MT said that a problem patron, Jack, seemed happy to be taken to Administration and talked a lot about how librarians weren't courteous to him. He said I had a lot of work to do, to which Nancy said "Good," meaning that is a good strategy for me to use with him. They brought in a woman from Human Services who made the point that, while Jack comes to the library as a place of leisure, for us it is a professional place. He is not to seek personal contact with us, and we are to move away from personal query's with "How may I help you? Do you need anything else?" "I have work to do, so sit down now and read your book." All of that was good, so far as it went, but I said that he had threatened librarians and Pamela told them that he told Ann that she better be nice to him or he would shake her until her teeth fall out, and neither the fire nor police department would be able to help her. They were stunned. Suzanne hadn't told them. That really surprised me. How could she not have reported one of her staff having been threatened?! Why?! Think she'll be in trouble for that, and she should be. Also said that Jack followed librarians and approached them in places outside of the library. Pamela told them how Winston saw him follow Pamela out of the library. They didn't know about that either. I said that, in light of all that, I was frightened of him. MT and Nancy were both very sympathetic and in complete agreement that we should only provide strictly professional contact with him. If he has blood on his face, hands, or clothes, we call the monitor or Manager-in -Charge, and he'll be asked to leave. Blood is a deal-breaker, according to Human Services. Jim Latta, who is the head of Human Services, is going to be called in. MT and Nancy are going to talk to Suzanne and Ann. So that was successful, I think.

December 16, 2009

Following the tenting of the house for termites, we were ready to go home at 11:00. I forgot the litter box and the water bowl, so after I unloaded Polly and the car full of stuff, I went back to the Residence Inn to fetch the stuff. The Maid had already dumped the stuff in the garbage bag, but the mat that the food sits on was not there. Frank was really upset with me, that I could have left it behind. Part of his anger was probably because he needed to eat, but partly because it was Bill's mat. Apologized, but Frank rubbed it in, wanting to punish me. He hurt his calf muscle, and that didn't help. When we got home, we noticed that one of the beams of the garage attic that Omar built, is breaking. Frank had to fill the garbage bin with newspapers. Because Frank was hurt, I had to do all the unpacking and restore the house

to order. Both cats were on my lap. Think they wanted consolation after Frank's raging at them. He was depressed and gloomy, mostly about the political climate, but also because he hurt himself, I lost the mat, and he had broken the cat bowls. He said "Goodbye Billie" as he threw the pieces away. Felt depressed myself, but comforted by kittens and the relaxation of my chair while I drifted.

## **2010 Journal**

January 10, 2010

Disney Hall concert conducted by Bramwell Tovey doing Vaughn Williams' *London Symphony* and André Watts playing Brahms 2<sup>nd</sup> Piano Concerto. Beautiful music. I was glad to be there with Frank. Always aware of fragility of life and so grateful for our life together.

January 11, 2010

When I was not vigilant, Polly managed to sneak away with twist tie from bathroom cabinet which she knows she's prohibited from playing with. I chased her around the house before she went under guest room bed. I had to give up my pursuit. Later, after I started getting ready to leave and brought my rolling bag into the kitchen to pack, I found she had dropped the twist tie by the bag! So darling and smart of her!

January 14, 2010

Left for Virginia Robinson Gardens at 9:15. Frank reviewed his notes while I drove. Arrived 30 minutes early. Glad he had plenty of time. About 40 women were there for the lecture and luncheon, including Kitty Wynn, who played Ophelia in *Hamlet* production in which Frank acted in Shakespeare in the Park in the '60's. Sat with her and chatted before Frank began. Also, Judith Linde, who recommended Frank for the luncheon. Lovely to see her, who first told me about BHPL's art collection. Frank spoke for an hour and 15 minutes on *Cultivating Man and Nature: Edith Wharton's Novels and Gardens*, and he was fantastic. Really splendid in every way. He even had a "Bravo!" at the end. Fabulously interesting information about Wharton, and about House of Mirth, the novel she wrote when she was living at The Mount in Lenox, Massachusetts. So proud of him. Everyone spoke glowingly to him afterwards. Had lovely lunch, sitting with Kitty, Jennie, and Sunday, 2 women who are on the board of Virginia Robinson Gardens. After that and following massive adoring response received, we left. Frank was exhausted—physically spent by his performance, but he rallied to go to the Getty for the rest of the afternoon. Saw *Drawings by Rembrandt and His Pupils: Telling the Difference*, an enormous show of drawings. Most interesting was seeing models who were drawn at the same session by Rembrandt and by a pupil of his from different angles, hung side by side. Real feeling of space and living history. Wonderful map of Amsterdam showing locations of Rembrandt homes and an illustration of corner of his studio where he worked. Saw *Drawing Life: The Dutch Visual Tradition*, which I loved even more. So happy to look with my magnifying glass close-up. Looked at an exhibition of photos, *In Focus: The Worker and Exhibition of Dutch Paintings in Collections*, which included great Rembrandts, Dore, and Metsu. Frank read me material he didn't have time to include in his talk. That was fun. So happy to be with him and so aware of fragility of life. Read attack from Karen, who was responding to Ethel in Support Services, who forwarded my message to her after I asked her about the annual art periodical with listings

of Top 200 Designers that we keep behind the Art Desk. I saw it on the shelf in Periodicals, and I asked Ethel, (after asking Suzanne who I needed to talk to!) if the periodical could be sent directly upstairs. Karen said that this was a Collection Development issue, and I should talk to my supervisor who would then bring to MT and Karen to discuss. She said that I shouldn't make requests of Support Services and that I should go through proper channels. She cc'd Suzanne, MT, and Nancy, so she was really trying to get me. I "replied to all" within 15 minutes of her having sent this, saying that this was a policy that was instituted before I started working at the library. I sent the message which contained the portion, cut and pasted from the Fine Art Manual. I left out that I only spoke to Ethel after having spoken to Suzanne, who said that Ethel was the one to speak to. Touché! Brilliant! I'm sure that this was her attempt to retaliate after my message to MT about selecting Fine Art books. Fuck her! Glad it was cc'd to Nancy.

January 21, 2010

Heard bad news about Jim. His car was wrecked, but he took Letha's car, and the police found him in a dump, wandering around, not knowing who he was or where he was. He was admitted to the hospital, and Jimmy said his entire body is a big bruise because his liver isn't functioning. When the doctor got to him, he did know his name and his birthday, but not who is President. Now that he's in the hospital and only sometimes aware of who he is, he could be admitted into the state hospital. He will probably die before long. Poor Jimmy! The sisters and Frank had a conference call to share information. They are all just resigned to his demise. Beyond hope, except to hope he goes soon and without further suffering. Frank doesn't even want to go to the funeral. Don't blame him.

January 23, 2010

Jeri called to say she watched *White Ashes*. She was knocked out and said I "channeled her." Now she knows. Very satisfying to hear her praise.

January 24, 2010

Devastating to learn that an African American man, one of five who won in Metropolitan Opera's *Audition* died of cancer not two years after the competition. He decided to attempt a professional career at 30, although he had gone through bankruptcy and had been away from singing for years. In the documentary one became attracted to him especially, and when he nailed his aria, he was the only one who was totally elated by how he had performed, saying that it didn't matter what the outcome was, he had done it, performing at the Met and with the Met orchestra. He was the only one who received "bravos," and one year later, he was pursuing a professional career, having been featured in a role at the Met. Life is so cruel. Burst into

tears reading the caption that he had died. Incredible. More dramatic than one could believe if it were in a movie.

January 25, 2010

Mary Ann saw Joe dumping beer bottles in the trash at the train station. She let him have it, as did Susie. Joe said that Mary Ann and Susie are crazy to be upset, because he doesn't have a problem. Mary Ann sees it as problem she no longer will tolerate—the lying and deception. So now what? Mary Ann is afraid Joe would commit suicide if he's thrown out of her house, but he won't be in a program and be tested regularly. Frank is willing to talk to Joe since Susie doesn't want to deal with it anymore. No one will take Joe in, so Frank thinks that, first of all, Mary Ann needs to ask herself if she can live with Joe drinking beer, and if so, under what conditions. No car? Rent? If not, then Joe can live there if he doesn't drink with stipulations that, if he doesn't keep clean, he will have to live in a rooming house within walking distance of Starbucks. Otherwise, he is shipped back to Kansas City to live at Jim's to take care of him till he dies. Joe said he hates Jim, so it's unlikely he'll do that. But what alternative does he have? Awful! Talked with Frank who is upbeat and not at all surprised. Lay in bed together talking and laughing.

January 27, 2010

Bru-ha-ha over innocent question about the origin of the song *Jingle Bells*, *Batman Smells* that Nancy had posed informally to Suzanne a few weeks ago, I learned later. I found a quick answer from Wikipedia which I sent to MT and which seemed to satisfy her, but Nancy wanted an authoritative response. This was irritating because I didn't know, wasn't told, that this was a reference question, given the context that it originated from a "Dear Abby" column. A patron asked Nancy for a precise answer. I replied that I needed the original question and context in order to know how to proceed with the next level of research. When we pass it on to SCRC we need to cite sources consulted. Meanwhile I checked all our print resources and found no references. I listed all of those reference books and cited an article from a university article with good information, blah, blah, blah. Suzanne was equally irritated because this happens regularly when Nancy or Administration field a reference request, and it's breezily passed on to a librarian instead of sending it to us from the beginning. Suzanne sent Nancy a message asking her to send requests for reference assistance to us directly. Good for her! Nancy responded to Suzanne's email, saying she was confused because she asked for this a month ago. Suzanne apologized for not having responded to the request and explained how we answer reference questions and why it matters that we deal with questions directly. Boy oh boy! I feel like I opened a kettle of fish, but I did nothing out of line. Best to lie low. Keep my nose clean!

January 28, 2010

Suzanne forwarded an email from Karen who approved a request for allowing an Art (reference) book to go out to a curator at LACMA as an interlibrary loan. The request went to the ILL clerk, Loc, who sent it to Karen. Karen didn't ask me or Suzanne about it. She's letting the curator have it for over a month, and it's the only book we have about the artist in the collection! Even when we used to do this in exceptional cases, it would only be for overnight. Outrageous! Both Suzanne and I are steamed about this.

January 29, 2010

Wrote a memo to Suzanne about articulating Reference loan policy, citing the email I found following the incident last year when MT allowed three Reference books to check out, without consulting Suzanne or me. This incident was the impetus for a written policy, which I delineated in that past email of never allowing Reference works to check out, or if there is ever an exception, then only overnight and returned the next morning, in person, to a librarian. Suzanne really appreciated my having located the old email and writing the memo. She sent it on to Karen, Nancy, and MT and told me that, following the previous incident, all managers and Nancy had a long discussion at Karen's request, because she didn't want to be bothered with the computer/OPAC hassle of checking out Reference books overnight. They said, well what if Stephen Spielberg wants to check out a Reference book, and they decided, to make the patron pay a lot for that privilege. So great! Suzanne said, when Nancy got this email today, she responded, saying that she was just asked by a patron for a reference book, and she said "no." Oh, I hope Karen gets reprimanded for this!

February 1, 2010

Couldn't wait to give Frank his birthday present. He said the book I made of his cat haikus was the best gift he'd ever received. I reminded him of the CD's I made of his mother talking, and he said that was probably the best after all. He was really happy with it. I was afraid seeing the haikus again would make him feel sad, but it didn't. Such a good gift. Really glad that we'll have it out on top of the piano with Bill's box of ashes.

February 9, 2010

Sent Suzanne a message saying that I heard a rumor which I suspect is the reason for a combined Reference/ Children's meeting on Thursday. Told her I cannot work in Children's. Wasn't hired to do that, don't want to learn, don't have children because I know I can't be around them. Really



upsetting! They are probably wanting to cross-train us so they can keep downsizing the librarian staff, having us work all over the library. So shitty! Remembered “cross-training” in a document recently, and sure enough, it’s an issue addressed in our current Memorandum of Understanding. It states very clearly that employees must agree to be cross-trained. This is, I feel sure, a new issue because, with budget cuts, the City must move workers around to do jobs left by workers laid off. I’m safe, I believe.

February 10, 2010

MT sent an email that was supposed to make us feel relaxed about the cross-training agenda of tomorrow’s meeting. It’s supposed to just familiarize us with the rest of the library and promote communication, blah, blah, blah. I don’t believe that nor do I trust her stated motivations. Greg Gomez, our union representative, invited me to call him, and I did. I said that he needs to look at the City’s job descriptions to see if all Librarian II’s are described the same. It is one job description, but it says there is special knowledge and training required for Librarians in Fine Arts, Children’s, and Adult Reference. Told him my job posting was for Fine Arts and Adult, not Children’s. He said that I should see if I can find that original posting. Then it will be a question for the City attorney. Shit!

February 11, 2010

Discovered late in the day that Pamela was scheduled three hours more at the Art Desk than I was for this week. More fuel to fire my indignation. Why would Suzanne do that? I’ll have to send her an email, emphasizing that, surely my education and experience make me more equipped to be at that desk than a generalist. Is this part of a concerted strategy to turn me into a Children’s librarian? Frank heard from a writer who asked for the DVD of *White Ashes* who praised my stunning work, saying I should do *The Belle of Amherst* and talking about me with respect to Julie Harris. Frank told him about how Julie Harris loved *Wood Demon* and how her first comment was about me picking leaves off the table at the beginning. Had to fight back tears as I read the email trail and Frank’s dear and heartbreaking comment about casting me as a cover, assuming there would be plenty more opportunities in later productions to cast me in leading roles. Sigh!

[From Paul Clemens.] *Hi Frank!...But, first, as to 'White Ashes' -- yes, I did, indeed, receive the DVD and the show itself was really lovely and Mary's performance was absolutely SUPERB! Delicate, complex, subtle, haunting and touching. Really superior work. So thanks to both of you for allowing me to see that!...Hope all's well with you and Mary, and please convey my heartfelt compliments to her about her marvelous show!... BTW, has she ever considered doing The Belle of Amherst? Because she'd be marvelous as*

*Emily Dickinson as well -- as good, I feel, as Julie Harris, and better than Claire Bloom was in a later TV version of it. Best Always, Paul.*

[From Frank.] *Dear Paul, What a nice response...Thanks so much, and especially for your good words about Mary. We have an interesting cross connection that will allow me to brag a little, so why not? When I directed my co-translation of Chekhov's The Wood Demon at the Taper (in the Antaeus Company's debut), one of the people who came backstage after to offer her compliments was Arthur Miller's sister, Joan Copeland, a terrific actress in her own right. Anyway, after my play closed, I was at the one-act EST marathon in NYC and saw Copeland give a very good performance. In the intermission, I went up to her to praise her. As I introduced myself, mentioning The Wood Demon (how she might remember who I was), a strong hand descended on my arm from a woman I hadn't noticed sitting in the row behind us. "The Wood Demon?!! That I just saw in Los Angeles! I'll never forget it as long as I live! My God, the way the maid in the beginning went across and picked the leaves off the table!" (The large table to seat all the guests who came to celebrate Zheltoukhin's name day, was outdoors, overhung by marvelous branches; we were in the round, and leaves rustled in the trains of the actresses' beautiful dresses even in the indoor scenes.) The woman praising my production was Julie Harris. I knew that she had come to see it, on a night I wasn't there, and she had given the actors a standing ovation. In fact, she made Charles Nelson Reilly, beside her, stand up and applaud too, I was told...I can't believe you're saying that about the maid, I said to her. Of all the actors in the company and all the moments in the production, that is what she thought of first: the maid picking the leaves off the table. But I knew why she remembered it: that busy, prim, haughty, nervous, quintessentially Russian maid had a slightly horrified expression as she shot around the table policing those leaves, as if each leaf was personal affront both to her and to the Tsar. I can't believe you said that, I said. The maid was my wife, Mary Stark. She's sitting right over there! (Am I the only director in the history of the world who didn't give his wife a big part: and the only one who should have? Mary covered major roles in the production, but I thought since I was co-translator, director, and covering four roles myself -- that's how Antaeus works -- it would not be seemly to cast her in a leading part my first time out. I thought I would have many future opportunities, especially as the reviews and the audience reaction were almost as positive as the responses of Copeland, Harris, and the other theater people whose opinions I valued and who made them known to me -- Roger Rees, Lynn Redgrave, Rachel Kempson!, etc. Sigh. Of all sad words of tongue or pen/ The saddest are these, "It might have been."...Best, Frank*

February 14, 2010

Frank gave me a card: *For the girls! Polly and Mary! From Jackie and Frank. Be our Valentine, OK?* And Frank wrote this haiku for me:

*In heaven I'll play  
your body with a great bow  
and oh! What music!*

So lovely. He gave me two gold bangles from the Metropolitan Museum of Art—one inspired by Greek design and one inspired by Faberge of ivory lacquer and Swarovski crystals that's really stunning. Lucky girl!

February 22, 2010

Nancy wrote several single-spaced pages in response to my memo but decided a meeting would be better. She started by saying that parts of the library tended to work independently. I reviewed what had happened and why I objected to it. Brought up Karen's initial email accusation that I requested a new procedure without authorization from my supervisor. Brought with me two of the periodicals—one from the '90's and one from a couple of years ago. Both were marked as "Art Desk." She could see that I hadn't asked for anything new. I said that I had gone through Suzanne. Objected to Karen's presumption that I was out of order, and that she had cc'd all managers and that she brought it up again. Nancy seemed to want to address the issue of its having been written about in the Fine Arts Manual as if the Manual was something I created, not as a compilation of rules, memos, and procedures that I assembled as a training manual for easy accessibility to all information needed to do the job. Nancy said that she only just found it and looked at it. She said that checking email from home and voicemail from home needed to be edited, and I did that as soon as I returned to my cubicle. Nancy and MT tried to say that Karen just misunderstood, and I said that I wasn't sure about that. I was clear that I feel Karen was intentionally attempting to blame me for acting out of line. I said firmly that, on the contrary, I don't do things unless I'm told it's OK by Suzanne or it's documented. I said I was glad to work under supervision rather than on my own. It was a good meeting. Nancy said that we need to be less detail focused and think about customer service in a larger context. Fine Arts needs to see how we can serve our BH community perhaps through more outreach. I expressed willingness and enthusiasm to do that. Relief when it was over!

March 7, 2010

Meditated until it was time to leave for the Clark Library. We didn't win the lottery tickets for the chamber music concert by Artemis, but figured we'd take our chances and get on the wait list, having always been successful in the past. The concert was fabulous. Thought I could die happily, hearing the beyond words gorgeous Adagio movement of A minor, Op. 132. Held hands and felt fragility and beauty of our lives together as two birds flew together

by the window the moment before the quartet burst through with the merry answering theme. Really wonderful concert. Settled down together to watch Verona Opera's *Attila* while the cats marauded and plundered. "We don't know how to rape," as Frank said in Jackie's voice. Laughed till I cried.

March 12, 2010

Ezra told me that the reason the circulating 700's shelves were looking so orderly was because Eddie had weeded them! After having reprimanded him for separating the scores he thought should be weeded because they looked shabby, he's doing it again. Fired off an email to Suzanne, saying it was outrageous, and asking if she was aware of it. Told her I am completing bibliographies, updated for what we now have, for associating our collection with the City's public art for an upcoming City Art Fair, supplemented with bibliographies of Modern Art. He can't withdraw books based on his own heuristics without my knowledge. She didn't respond, and she didn't meet with him till the end of the day. I was really angry.

March 15, 2010

MT responded to the email I sent Suzanne about weeding 700's, saying that Eddie had been given the assignment to weed Graphic Novels, and in doing that, he needed to weed the 741's upstairs. Composed a memo that Frank refined about the 741's not impacting my bibliographies, but that he had withdrawn books in other areas of the 700's. Explained why he's not qualified to make those decisions, why not informing or consulting with me was causing me more work in revising, editing, and re-printing the bibliographies, and that, while I welcome assistance in weeding, I must be the one to evaluate in terms of whether a damaged book needs to be replaced. A book that doesn't circulate should be retained anyway if it is a source (according to Havelice) for images. Important email.

March 16, 2010

Went to the meeting with Suzanne and MT, at MT's invitation, to address the issue of Eddie's weeding in the 700's. MT began by again attempting to explain Eddie's weeding with his assignment with Graphic Novels. I said that I was aware of that assignment, and that his weeding encompassed more than the 741's. I had to re-assert this point for the second time before Suzanne weighed in and said that Eddie was weeding in other areas wherever he saw that the shelves were crowded. MT talked about the collection becoming more generalized—less scholarly and even hinted that the Art Research Library may not be appropriate for a public library. I didn't quarrel with this point and said I wasn't arguing about the direction the library was taking. But I insisted that Eddie was acting in isolation—not I—when MT started talking about needing to work as a team. I said this wasn't

the first time the subject of weeding (or collection development) in the 700's had come up between me and Eddie. Said I referred him to statements in the Fine Arts Manual that specify criteria for weeding beyond circ stats and the condition of the book, citing bibliographies and how the books are used for copying images without circulating. I said Eddie doesn't have expertise in art. Suzanne said he studied art. I said as an undergraduate--that's not professional expertise. What MT, Suzanne, and Eddie would prefer is if the collection were dumbed down so that their non-professional level of knowledge would suffice. They said they would be talking to Eddie. Good!

March 17, 2010

[email to Frank.]...I said that if I want to withdraw a book, I put it on the shelf in the backroom so that Jeri or anybody else may weigh in on the decision, and that was what I expect from anyone else. I pointed out that EE had not shared his actions with anyone. He took the books away. MT backed off and said that she realized that it might seem as if I were being brought in, as if it were my fault, and I said yes, in fact, it did seem that way. She assured me, as did Suzanne, that they would be talking to EE. We would be talking about procedures for weeding. They agreed that it's important to put any potential weeds on the withdraw shelf so others may weigh in on the decision. I think that my vigorous and unyielding insistence that this was more than just EE being an enthusiastic puppy got through. I wasn't going to concede that there isn't really a problem. And I wasn't going to concede that EE has art expertise. That means that SM doesn't either. I also brought up that our patrons are not getting good service when librarians don't know how to access databases. It's discouraging still, because what they would like is that the amount of knowledge that EE, SM, and MT have in art were enough for the collections at this library. And perhaps they will succeed in dumbing down the collection to that level. MT said that there is a limit to how much relocating we are going to be able to do because Karen's people in Support Services don't have the time to process worn looking books to the reference area.

Frank's response: *I'm proud of you, very, for your defense of the library in the meeting, and for your telling them the truth and sticking to your guns until they understood it. I told you that I believed she was implying Eddie and anybody else with a circ list could weed anything. That's what she was implying, and Eddie the undergrad art whiz, leapt at the opportunity to get more shelf cred. And of course, since she doesn't even know as much as Eddie, including the manual and the various lists and the value of the books that may be worn on the outside, she is defending her right to be in her job by empowering Eddie and diminishing your "over" [qualifications](#).*

March 20, 2010

Frank presented me with two gifts for no special occasion, as usual. What a lucky girl I am! He bought a rust-colored corduroy jacket to wear with jeans and a gorgeous necklace he had made from a piece of picture jasper from Deschutes from a Sherman County mine that is now covered by a highway, so it can no longer be mined. Really an amazing piece that is like a Chinese painting with Polly's colors. Unique and lovely gift.

March 22, 2010

Printed out the database of 700's that Eddie was using, created last December. Pulled books, beginning at 700 and did one row of shelves, noting which ones should have been on the shelf, according to the print-out. Many were not there. I checked the OPAC, and as I suspected, most of those were gone from the OPAC, meaning they had been weeded already. Filled out cards for the rest that were missing and started looking through indexes to find out how many of the books Eddie already weeded are indexed in bibliographies we used and that were notated inside the covers of the books. I want to be prepared when (and if) it comes to making or supporting my case concerning the necessity for a subject specialist with expertise.

March 24, 2010

All but finished checking Eddie's weeding in the first row of 700's. 15 books are gone that are listed and indexed in bibliographies. Now I've got to figure out the best way to present the information to Suzanne and MT.

April 1, 2010

Met with Suzanne and MT in Jeri's office. Both of them were absolutely receptive to my presentation of the situation. They pointed out some of the items may have been counted "missing" and removed, rather than weeded by Eddie. MT also said that perhaps they belong in "Art" rather than in the circulating collection. I said that I thought we don't have the staff to do that, but that I agree in principle. So that may be something to do during the summer. They both conceded that they had no idea of the extent to which we have gone in documentation, and Suzanne took responsibility for Eddie feeling entitled to weed. Wonder what exactly she told him to do. Asked if they can get the extent of Eddie's weeding and any notes he took when he did the weeding in case the books are still around. Believe that they have no question now of this being my subject area. Their reaction was acquiescence and regret (with dignity).



April 2, 2010

Frank got a call from Susie that Mary Ann reached another point of crisis with Joe after he came home drunk and broke something. He's losing his Starbucks job because there is a new manager who won't accommodate Joe's unwillingness to make coffee drinks. He only will work at the register. He's depressed and not taking care of their new puppy. Now Mary Ann is sending the puppy back to the kennel, and Joe must move out. Frank was on the phone for a long time with Susie and Joe, and Mary Ann and Joe. Joe was sober and angry at first. He said he would not go to live with Jim and that he has other alternatives. Frank was loving and asking what he could do to help. Joe said "just say good-bye." Both Susie and he wondered if he is suicidal. Well, he's killing himself with alcohol anyway. By the time Frank was talking to Mary Ann, Joe had picked up the phone and was listening in without letting them know he was on the line. He was slurring his words and admitted that he had to move on. Frank may need to go to help move him to Kansas City or at least out of Mary Ann's.

April 6, 2010

Talked to Jeri, who said she was telling Suzanne that she's quitting. Eddie's weeding was the last straw. Can't blame her. Reported to Suzanne and MT, after searching B&T for 26 titles Eddie withdrew from the first row of shelves, that none are available to order. Asked if there is an annotated list I could use to make my damage control work easier.

April 12, 2010

Visited with Marilyn while we worked together at the Ref Desk. She said that, although she thinks Jeri's leaving is ultimately for the best, that it was shameful that she was "suspended." She said that there is a lot of "backstory," but that the issue of Eddie weeding in the 700's was not without his having been authorized to do so from either Suzanne or MT. The issues have been conflated in the minds of Administration, unless Jeri was not being truthful with me about what she said to Eddie. Marilyn said that moving to Oxnard was Mike's desire, not Jeri's, and her payoff was her convertible. She hasn't established life for herself there that is fulfilling enough to fill the gap left by the library, and that's why she hasn't been able to leave before now. She had to be pushed out, which she was.

April 19, 2010

[Letter to Gwyneth.] So, the last time I wrote was on the last flight. Be assured, dear Gwyneth, that you are never far from our immediate thoughts

and activities in our daily lives. I hope that the pressure of your job has somewhat lessened by now. Are you still struggling with the troublesome faculty member? Are you finding sufficient rewards in teaching your students? What are your plans for either staying in Jordan or returning to the states? Frank and I are on our way to Boston for the ARLIS conference which begins on Friday in earnest but is preceded by a day long Berkshires tour that offers us an exclusive tour of the Mount, otherwise closed till next month. We'll also visit the Clark's collection. Frank gave a thrilling (what a surprise) talk to the Friends of the Virginia Robinson Gardens in BH in January about Edith Wharton and House of Mirth, which she wrote while living at the Mount. After I finished re-reading War and Peace, in the translation by the Russian husband and wife, I read H of M. Such a wonderful writer. Mom's 80th birthday is tomorrow, so when we decided that we were going to the conference, even though the City is paying nothing because it's staggering like every other California city, I asked Mom if she wanted to meet us in Boston to celebrate her b'day. The whole family is convening in Portland over the 4th of July to observe her b'day and also to go to the reception for my nephew's wedding. Jon and Erin had a baby in January, Evora June, and they married on the beach in February, just the family of three, the minister, and a witness who took pictures. Mom will leave for Chicago on Thursday AM to meet Ann in Chicago where they already had scheduled a meeting with Mom's lawyer. She was up for the Boston leg of the trip, and we're glad that her birthday will not be completely postponed till summer. Quite a while ago, in pre-computer days, Mom wrote about her childhood, which I transferred to a digital file and then word processed and printed. I found a bookbinder online when I was shopping for a beautiful binder for the cat haiku Frank wrote in the year leading up to and including our losing Bill. Mom will get her bound memoirs tomorrow, and we'll go to a Red Sox game. I've never been to the Isabelle Stuart Gardner Museum, the Boston Museum of Art, or the Fogg, and we'll be doing all that as well. Happiness. The City will somehow sustain another nine million dollar deficit in the next fiscal year on top of the 18 million we suffered this year. Although the Library Director tells us that the few full-time staff will not be laid off, we'll probably lose our part-time hourly. So we'll be on the desk, absorbing those lost hours. There will probably be ten furlough days without pay, and no money for collections, and we will probably close evenings and weekends. Hard times. We're grateful just to be employed with benefits. Frank is directing and playing the Mayor in his and Nicholas' translation of *The Inspector General* at Noise Within two days after we return from Boston. The cast is exceptional, and I can't wait! How I wish you could see it. The first time it had a reading I was weak from laughing. We're really touched that Mike Collins, who hasn't seen Frank on stage since high school, is coming from Baltimore for it. Nice. Frank's family is attempting to handle Jim's ultimate ruin. His body is one bruise because his kidneys are shutting down. Joe's been given notice because of his drinking. Mary Ann can't take the deceit anymore, and it remains to be seen if Joe can or will straighten

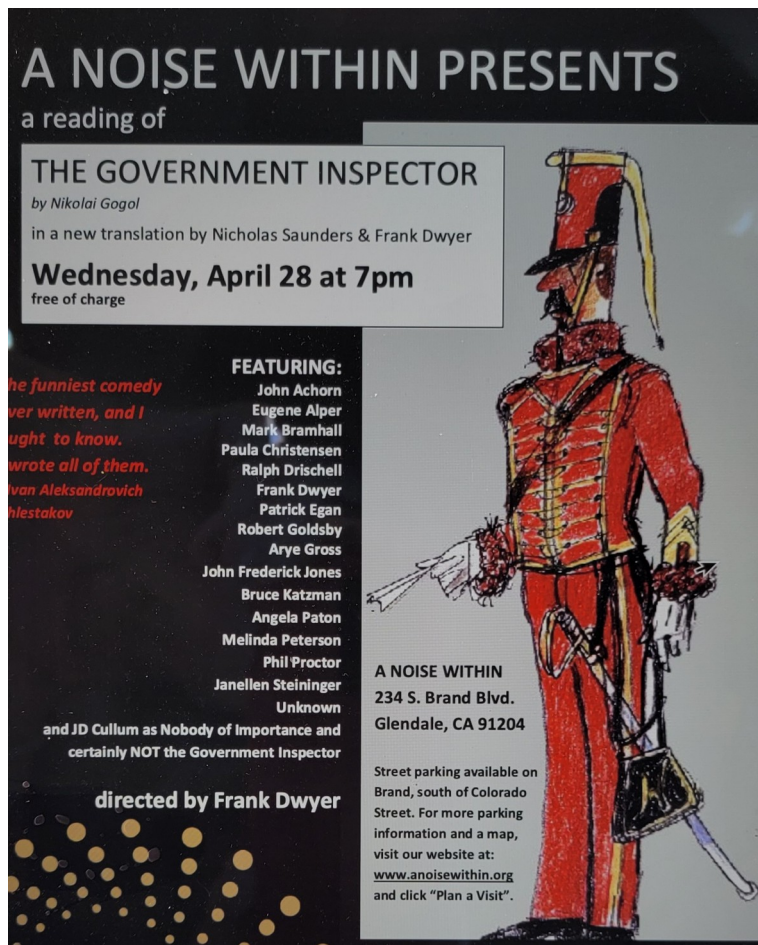
himself out. He'll probably end up in a homeless shelter. Horrible. Letha had a stroke and is on the upper floor in the hospital ward where Army visits daily. He's not yet ready to move up to join her, although he needs a caretaker with him in their apartment. He's already fallen once. Polly and Jack are constantly interesting, adorable, and hysterical. Jack is an alpha cat who wants what he wants when he wants it, Frank learned from a Scotsman in a daylong seminar he took at the Humane Society last month. His appetite is insatiable, and if we didn't strictly regulate his food, he'd have a problem. He wakes me at 4:00 every day. I love so much having them sleep with us, but it means that I must put him in the bathroom if I want to make up for my mounting sleep deprivation on my days off. We're hoping that a very fancy feeder will solve the problem. Enough for now. My arthritic thumbs are giving out. This will have to do. Write when you can spare a minute and let us know how you're doing, my dear friend. We love you very much...

April 20, 2010

The Red Sox game started at 7:00, just as we arrived. Had great seats just behind home plate. Really looked bad for the Red Sox with the Rangers leading 6-2. Wakefield was pitching, so that was interesting. Then David Ortiz was taken out of the game for Jim Lowell, and Varitek came in. Home run was hit over the Green Monster by a career minor league player, Darnell MacDonald, who was called up this afternoon just after the crowd sang *Sweet Caroline*. Game was tied, and then won by the same Darnel. Really fabulous game! Frank received ultimatum threat from Mary Ann resulting from Susie having said she has no intention to throw a shower for Lindsay with Mary Ann. Mary Ann won't accept the family coming to the wedding without forgiving Lindsay all her trespasses, including another binge last weekend after which she called friends and slammed Matthew, saying all kinds of stuff (we don't know exactly what yet.) Mary Ann has included all the siblings in her declaration of war in favor of Matthew and Lindsay. She's over-the-top about this, and Betsy has intemperately and prematurely sided with Mary Ann. She now has backed off her initial totally supportive position with Mary Ann because Susie talked her down.

April 21, 2010

Read latest in Dwyer email trail re Lindsay. Now, after Frank reprimanded Betsy strongly about her drawing Alison and Frank's marriage as a parallel bad marriage like Matthew and Lindsay, Betsy has demanded an apology from Frank. Frank won't have anything to do with Betsy until Betsy apologizes. Now he's sending a message to Susie about what he's going to say to Mary Ann and Matthew.



May 8, 2010

[From an email from Frank.] *Lay back down in bed, heard jingling behind my head, reached up for him. Her. Falling down, wanting to be loved. I can hardly get away from her. Came out to computer, said hello to him, a golden lump in the sunlight. He got up and came over to me, I lifted him, buried my face in his neck, kissed him awhile, then cradled him to look at his face, wondering if his eye was open. Nope. Neither one. He was asleep in my arms. When I came to bed last night, they were both together in an exploratory clump by (of course) the restored leg pillow, where they had fallen asleep while checking it out. "Oh, Polly, remember the leg pillow!" "Yeah!" Yawn. Yawn. Sleep.*

May 12, 2010

MT came by Art Desk to update me about plans to begin demolition of desk on Monday just as a patron requested piano music and complained about how she could no longer browse the collection. She wanted piano music in anthologies rather than collections by single composers, which was why it was so frustrating that she couldn't browse the shelves in the storage area

herself. I worked with her until she had a stack of music to take with her and told her that I had strongly advised against making the collection unbrowsable. Reassured her that I understood her frustration and promised to help her get music she desires when she comes to the library. Later, when I saw MT, she asked me if the patron had been satisfied. I explained to her in detail how the situation was difficult, and what I had done to make her happy. Really good that MT has evidence that what they've done is not to our patrons' advantage and badly serves our collections' usage.

May 14, 2010

Discovered another Art reference book was checked out last fall, and it hasn't been returned yet. Emailed Ida, cc'ing Suzanne to ask what she knows about the patron and about who authorized the loan. Really outrageous in light of affirmation last time Karen did this that it is not to be done. But this check-out had already occurred, and she didn't say anything about it!

May 14, 2010

[Frank's response to a message from Susie telling him that Army's membership at the Indian Hills country club should be cancelled since he wouldn't be able to go there anymore, unable to drive safely.] *This is about as close I've come to crying about either one of them: there's so much officially gone with this: me playing mumblety-peg with a knife with the other caddies, waiting for a loop; Susie and her medals; the lifeguard (Dave) who mocked my nasal voice and then quivered as Dad walked over from the 18th hole and gave him very public hell; my being elected President of the Junior Board (before he was elected President of the Senior Board, as mother liked to point out when they were fighting); doing the entertainment for all those 4ths of July, with Kay Ogle and Bill Bowersock singing, and all of us doing Music Man numbers (Kay Dennis now: a very nice woman, but I told her I couldn't be friends with her anymore because she's a Republican); all his golf and gin rummy friends in the locker room and what mother called the "Queer" Room: Frank Mesce, George Bernard, Earl Oliver, Sleepy Harrington, John Harrington, Bronson White, Alden Smith, B. C. Altman, Hiram Bloomquist (!!); Sid Selby (who hit his drives far far down the fairway); the girls at the pool: Jane Bland!; Mary and Matthew at Susie's wedding reception, Matthew playing his own imaginary horn along with the musicians; walking the whole length of the club inside, looking for Mom; rushing from the caddy shack after being paid for carrying two heavy bags 18 holes, many times, hoping I could get down to the Village before MH Books and Gifts closed, so I could spend it on a Modern Library book, or make a payment next door at the clock shop, where I bought that damn clock for Father's Day, the one that chimed every hour (because mother insisted on keeping it wound up) and drove us all crazy; watching Betsy have a few French fries*



*with her salt in the pool snackbar; having a magical day with Kathy Hall's friend Elaine, a redhead, we kissed in the pool, while Kathy was out of town: I was "dating" Kathy, who was Janet Oliver's best friend -- Janet and I had "dated" (I think -- anyway, Janet pulled over as we were driving one day, well past my 16th birthday, and said, "You drive, damn it!" -- she made me drive her father's car -- I was the only boy in the history of Kansas who didn't get his learner's permit when he turned 16; I guess I thought I didn't need it because the girls were old enough to drive); anyway, Elaine the redhead and I only had that one kiss, because Kathy called: her parents had had car trouble so they came back right away and didn't have the family vacation after all; Mom in a blonde wig for something (I thought she looked great); Mom was really beautiful (and she was still young for so much of my life, because I was the oldest: I realized many years after that when she was sitting up all night playing poker with me and Kirk and Chuck, etc., she was about the age Gigi was when I was in love with her; that still amazes me); Janet Popkess teaching everybody to yell "Wiki, wiki" at swim meets because the Popkesses had been to Hawaii; Jim telling Joe and me that he'd just shot a 72 for 18 holes, and me, irritated at the enormous stupidity of the lie, trying to reason with him, and him furiously insisting, and Joe not saying anything but just slugging him; Dad yelling through gritted teeth about the club bill and saying we could no longer sign for anything, and everybody else just ignoring him, and me saying since they didn't take cash, if I had a friend with me I would have to sign to buy him a coke, and him turning all his rage on me, though almost none of the receipts had been signed by me, I was caddying while my rich brothers and sisters snacked; Baby Joe Selby at swim meets, with Sid cheering him on; Dad watching Susie for 2 minutes over the hedge; playing golf myself, though not a set number of holes: I usually stopped after I'd lost a set number of balls -- I could hit the ball far, but not straight -- I thought one of my balls had gone all the way to Pay-less; Bennie Boggess, the golf pro, who was a timid old man when he came back to work after his heart attack; Gary, the golf pro, who dated Susie and once said to me, "How are ya, big guy?" I have to stop. I was sad at the beginning, and I'm still sad, but I'm laughing, too, as I remember. Life. Thank you for doing this, Susie. He doesn't need the car or the membership any more to still be happy about driving there 3 or 4 days a week to play gin.*

May 16, 2010

Frank was huffing and puffing and insisted on sequestering Jack in his bathroom because Jack was meowing. I think Jack is influenced by Frank's agitation, and Frank had messes all over the house in his ongoing attempt to bring his piles into order. He was working in the kitchen, and that made Jack more focused on food. Jack caught a lizard. He didn't kill it, but before Frank managed to get it out of the house, I got pretty upset. Don't know how injured the little lizard was. Felt mildly depressed about having to go back to a week of work. Felt downhearted by the time I went to bed. Sad about the



probable fate of the lizard and sorry to be going back to another week of work. Cried and was comforted by Polly, who joined me.

May 18, 2010

Lois responded that my bib/map of the library showing locations and identifications of art works at the library, along with bibliographies of supporting books in the library collection was beautiful, but too much book information for the purpose of the Public Art Fair. She wants, now she tells me, just a map that shows where art is. Furious because, from the beginning, I have said and shown what I'm preparing. Now, with two weeks to go, she is telling me she wants something else! Responded to her that from the beginning, I had explained what I was doing with the art bib/maps. Cut and pasted the email trail that I sent. Said that the map she had in mind was what Ann Soady was doing for Children's and that a similar one for the rest of the library would make a very nice cover for the bibs I'm preparing. Said that, after I completed my bib/map, I would, with whatever time I have when I'm not working the public service desks, make a map that locates all the art with a legend with artist names and titles of the works of art at the bottom or on the next page(s). If I'm not done by then, I would try to have a map-in-progress with the location of artists for the bib/maps completed up to June 1<sup>st</sup> and send it to her. Period. No reply from anyone.

May 19, 2010

Pamela was 23 minutes late at the Ref Desk. I'm sure she was with her husband, who was upstairs working, and she was at the Art Desk. She left the desk six minutes before the end of the hour because she needed to eat something. She expected me to stay on at the Ref Desk, but I was scheduled at the Art Desk. I told her I would be going to the Art Desk, and I put a sign up to say that the librarians would be back soon. Good that I did go upstairs because Eddie was giving the wrong catalogues raisonnés to a regular dealer patron and not giving her good service with the auction catalogue databases that, while the public art desk computers have been removed and the public can't get print outs for their searches, means that librarians must be prepared to do searches and print for them. He kept a patron waiting 15 minutes I had helped downstairs who wanted Debussy scores that were in storage. It was a good thing I had shown up when I did!

May 30, 2010

Frank was irritable and lit into me because his special socks were in the laundry. He hadn't put them in the lingerie bag to alert me that they needed to be hand washed. Frank blamed me for having done the laundry too

quickly after he returned home from Kansas City. It's been two days, and I wouldn't take the blame. He was saying not to unpack his luggage in the future. But he unpacked his laundry bag, and when I asked him about whether his laundry was all there, he said "yes." Told him he could just do all his own laundry from now on. Very unpleasant beginning to the holiday weekend. Frank was really anxious because his computer was giving a "catastrophic" error message. While he ate, I shepherded the computer diagnostic system along. Ironed his shirts. Transferred everything from the Camry to the new Cadillac, inherited from Army who can no longer safely drive. When the computer restarted, after very long procedure that I was overseeing, I could leave. Frank had gone back to bed. Feeling really bummed out. Frank was still in black mood when he returned and offered me no thanks for restoring his computer. Was consoled by Jack and Polly while I read The New Yorker.

June 1, 2010

Patron brought to my attention that the boxed two volumes, 8 CD set of The Art of Field Recording that I ordered and that included two 95-page books, were missing. Suspected that they had been tossed because of an ignorant decision. Suzanne told me that, other than opera libretti, accompanying booklets in odd-sized CD boxed sets, are not kept. If there is a question, Suzanne is consulted. In this case, Suzanne agreed that she would have said that the books should have been catalogued and added to the collection. Fortunately, we only received Volume II in May, so Suzanne was able to find it in Support Services. Volume I is undoubtedly lost, and it costs \$166 to replace the book alone. We'll never get it, I'm sure. Really a shame!

June 2, 2010

Sent Suzanne a message protesting the ability of man who masturbated in the Reading Room to return to the library a month later and the fact that librarians weren't alerted to his identity a month ago. I requested that monitors and Rangers call the police when a patron does something against the law. No response.

June 4, 2010

Suzanne sent an email to Pamela, Eddie, and me late in the afternoon, saying don't ask her for a description of patron who is banned from the library for a month. She said she can't describe him and would have to look for the description in the Ranger reports. I sent an email, "replying to all," including Nancy, asking if we could ask Rangers for a description, since we've been asked to look for the patron and to give him a banning letter. Nancy said Suzanne should be able to find the report for us, so Suzanne got

her nose slapped. She deserved it for not doing her job! She's probably irritated at me. OK.

June 5, 2010

Frank obviously hadn't eaten, and he got angry at me for buying jumper cables and not understanding when he said he was going to wait till September. He was pissed and condescending and yelled at me for asking what he meant when he's said that our budget is tight until we get our Independent Director checks. What I object to is his pissiness, which is partly because he needed to eat, but it's also because he has no patience for people who don't have his intellect. In addition to that is he hasn't curbed his purchasing of CD's and DVD's. Frank lost his temper with Jack when he was eating, and Jack got into his chips. He said he hit him hard on his bottom. Didn't hurt him. Asked him if he felt under control when he hit Jack, because I do sometimes worry that, because Frank can get so angry, that he might go overboard and hurt the cats. He said that he was controlled, so that's a relief. Jack was chastened and wanted my comfort, I think. Was glad that he didn't cry loudly for rest of the day. He really must lose that. It's too hard on us, and he's smart, so he can learn. Frank joined me to watch *On the Beach* with Gregory Peck, who is always great, Eva Gardner, Fred Astaire, and Tony Perkins, who was really fine. Sobering but also comforting in a way. After a nuclear bomb during the Cold War, when everyone has been wiped out except in Australia, and the cloud is going that way, they know they will die too. Even under those circumstances, people fall in love, are kind, find joy in life, and can plan to die gracefully and surrounded by loved ones.

June 8, 2010

Jack woke me before my 4:00 alarm, and he was so insistent, I slapped his bottom several times and really reprimanded him. Frank said, when he woke up, Polly did her seduction act and then raced to where Jack was, lying on the cable box, so that Frank would love her and Jack. It was as if she knew he needed consolation. So dear!

June 23, 2010

Really out of patience with Suzanne. Brought up the issue of Winston not answering my call for backup when group of students were loud upstairs. Asked about four people to a table rule that Winston enforces, but is not enforced by anyone else. It was agreed that people can sit together with more people at a table if they are quiet. Suzanne asked if the kids were noisy, and I said yes, they were. I wasn't giving her slack. MT asked us to consider dispensing with private Cyber-Coaching program, and I was very vocal and firm about how essential it is. MT thought we could give group

classes, and both Pamela and I said “no” emphatically. Gave examples of older people who don’t know how to use mouse, and people who are out of work and need to learn how to use a computer. This is why we’re here! MT surrendered on the issue. Good!

June 24, 2010

[Message from Frank.] *Polly, around 2 AM, came running into the study, ran up to the doors, chirped, turned around, ran back out of the room. She did this several times. I talked to her: what do you see out there, baby girl? I looked but didn't see anything. But she was so upset I kept watching: then I saw: it's another cat. Then I saw it was not just any other cat, it was Tony Lumpkin out for a nocturnal stroll. I went out after him, blocking Polly, frantically trying to get out behind me. He vanished into the darkness (even though the study side light turned on as I came past). I went back in, secured the screen, and came to the bedroom. The screen seemed a little ajar: I saw him back in the darkness, looking at me. I called him. (I was torn between not wanting to wake you up and thinking that I ought to wake you up.) Finally, after a little "Jackie Cat" song, he came up and put his nose through the doorway, and I snatched him up. I loved him and cuddled him as I repeated Oh, no, no, no, no, oh, no, no, no, no, no, and variations of that minimalist theme. He lolled around, lion of the pampas, for the rest of the night. I closed the glass door and wrote you the note so even when it got hot (as it did) you'd be stopped before opening the door. This morning, in the light, I reconnoitered. The entire left side of the screen has been pushed free: it's a very handy little cat door now. We need new doors when we get some money, and we need an interim fix before that (I don't know what; my first thought is to cut their Achilles' tendons). Very, very scary. I wanted to tell him that Bill never did that, but then I remembered several outdoor adventures Bill had more-or-less handed to him on a platter. Just for the record: Jackie Cat, aka Tony Lumpkin, Lion of the Pampas, does not suffer from yard lag.*

July 1, 2010

[Portland] Went to the porch and contentedly read paper on swing until Jon, Erin, Mom, and Evora (sleeping) arrived about 11:30. Visited with them for a while. Evora woke up, and I told Erin about giving Evora Mom’s “J” ring in my will. She was really touched and pleased by that. Left for Art Museum. Had several hours and saw all we could, although we didn’t look at all of Robert Crumb’s *The Bible Illuminated: R. Crumb’s Book of Genesis*, which is really an important achievement. Got recommendation to eat at Heathman Hotel. Beautiful room in nice hotel. Then drove to location of First Thursday Gallery Walk which includes three galleries, beginning with Attic Gallery. Surprised at the amount of amusing and fine art there. We were particularly attracted to sculpture of Jacqueline Hurlbert. They were long, narrow figures. *Wrapped*

was one we both loved most. Considered buying much cheaper little head sculpture instead, but Frank talked with the owner and agreed to pay a third down and then monthly installments for \$850 total. Glad we did and was a bit surprised that Mom seemed to approve too. Very interesting, revealing talk about why Ann didn't come. She was irritated when Jon and Erin decided to celebrate their wedding this weekend too. Nicki told Mom that Ann feels that Nicki's kids were favored over Ann's kids, but Mom has had the ability to have her own relationships with Nicki's kids, whereas Ann is always around when Mom is with her kids. Ann resents that Nicki's kids didn't spend time with her kids when they were on Kauai. Ann didn't think they should be expected to spend their vacation time and money to go to Portland. But Ann should have come anyway! Nicki is miffed at Ann. Mom said that Ann broke her ankle on their vacation, so she said she couldn't come. I said Ann was already not going to come! Mom said that Ann had made reservation, but that was easy for her to do without intending to come.

July 2, 2010

We decided to use rainy day to go to Tacoma Art Museum that was highly recommended by couple at our B&B. They said the Glass Museum was terrific. A two- hour drive with holiday traffic and rain wasn't easy. But we had a very good day. Although watching a craftsman making glass in the Hot Shop was interesting, what was best by far was the exhibit, *Kids Design Glass*, where every month a child's design creation is produced in the Hot Shop with the child in the front row. Child is given the glass realization of the design with a copy staying on display in the museum! Fantastic imagination. How thrilling that must be for a child! Spent an hour or so in the Art Museum. Not large but some lovely Boudin, Sorolla, and four beautiful miniature landscapes by an artist neither of us had heard of, Ivan Pokhitonov. Mom, Erin, Jon, Evora, Sarah, David, Becky, Leo, Tom all at the house. Wished Jon happy birthday. David had done vegies on the barbeque. There was rice, chicken, and birthday cake. Nice dinner. Mom drank too much wine, but was enjoying herself and enjoying showing pictures of Vietnam. Tom was charming, really. No sign of strain. Evora and Leo were darling. Had nice talk with Becky.

July 3, 2010

We were ready to go to meet Elizabeth at her charming little house where she just moved in three days ago. She has her show opening on Thursday! Worst possible time for us to come. She has the sweetest dog, Daisy. Fell in love with her. Elizabeth has impeccable taste and has a gorgeous home and beautiful art. Went to the Japanese Garden—her favorite place. Great garden. So beautiful. Irises were in bloom. Netsuke exhibit. Really terrific, and we had a nice visit as we walked along. On to Howell-Bybee Territorial Park out on Sauvie Island. We were there at 1:00 before Mom, Nicki, Tom,

David, Becky, and Leo arrived, as they were setting things up. Very quiet little park outside of Portland next to an orchard in back of an old farmhouse. Several picnic tables under a big tree. Jon organized all the food and extras. Erin's Mom, Dad, sister, grandparents, and friends, amounting to about 30 people or so. Relaxed. No agenda. Easy chat in small groups and people grazing on food. Eventually we hit on the subject of Ann, and Nicki said at first that she had decided not to talk more about it because of Mom, but all the kids were right there, and obviously, everybody did want to talk about it. Nicki's kids all think Ann is over the top. Becky said they make fun of her, although she said she likes Ann. I agreed that Ann is very open-hearted and generous. But Sarah confirmed that this date was chosen by Ann, although two of her kids had annual tickets to sports events. She knew they couldn't come! This is probably a major breach. Wonder how this will all work out!? Left about 4:00. Mom hadn't committed to going to Chamber Music concert, so when she finally decided she would, tickets were sold out. I was glad not to have to chat and visit for the intervening hours. Walked a half block to Blossoming Lotus, vegan restaurant that originated on Kauai. Erin and Jon knew it there and here, and it was highly recommended by them and others. Glad we went there because it really was very good. Then went to Chamber Music Northwest concert at Reed to hear Emerson Quartet playing from Book II of the *Well-Tempered Clavier* arranged by Mozart, and Mozart's String Quartet #19 in C Major, *Dissonance*, and Quintet in A Major for Clarinet and Strings, K. 581 with David Shiffrin on clarinet. All terrific. Very special encore of a fragment that actually breaks on the manuscript score with tied note across to the missing rest of the score. That was amazing to hear.

July 4, 2010

Had dream about being on crashing plane with a child connected to me. Didn't feel as if it were my child. Secured the child in the seat but went to another room where Frank was to be next to him. Didn't actually crash, but it was the end of the world impending. On to restaurant, Bridgeport Brewery and Bakery, for the party for Mom. Sarah decorated the room with pictures she had gotten from Nicki. Mom left the book I made for her at Nicki's, so I had to describe it to all the kids. Made me mad that she left it there. She won't be able to take it home with her. Scatterbrained and careless of her. She had plenty of wine to drink and, as she does, sort of played family matriarch. Not a side of her I'm fond of. But never mind. David made a beautiful relief map of Kauai on walnut that was a perfect gift for her. Leo was darling, flirting, and playful. Sarah was quite a good, savvy hostess. Good food. Frank gave me beautiful "birch bark" bracelet he bought at Japanese Garden. Really lovely.

July 20, 2010



Frank obviously needed to eat, and so did Jack. Frank was restraining him because of his meowing and hitting him, not hard when he continued to meow. He wanted me to tell him about my day while he was disciplining Jack, but I couldn't passively ignore this. He said that, if I wanted to talk with him, this was the time when he would talk, and I said I understood, but I'd rather not. Polly came to bed with me, and after I loved her at the foot of the bed, she came up to be in my arms. So comforting. Finally, Frank came in. Calm.

July 28, 2010

MT called me to say that Suzanne left on vacation without turning in our evaluation of the Reference standing orders. Unbelievable! That was top priority. It had to be completed and turned in. MT asked if I had taken notes, and I said yes, and probably Pamela and Eddie had too, but not with the expectation that a final report would be derived from those notes. That was Suzanne's job. MT said that Suzanne says that the report is in a file in her home! She may have to ask Eddie, Pamela, and me to assemble our notes and do Suzanne's job for her because it can't wait until she returns. So bad of her. How could she be so daft? Or is she trying to get fired?!

July 30, 2010

Jack had to be "brigged" because of his meowing for dinner. Frank has had quite a lot of success this week, talking to Jack as he holds him. He gets quiet and then is calm and doesn't meow till Frank is ready to feed them. But today he wouldn't get quiet, and Frank couldn't take it. After he was fed this evening, he seemed chastened, and seemed to understand. Then, in the night, hours later, after Jack had gone to bed with me, he got up and waited for Frank. He rolled happily on the floor, the way Polly does. Frank said it was the most loving, intimate time he'd had with Jack. He is very smart, and he may understand. He certainly wants Frank's love. Poor little darling. Bought more double-sided tape and put it all over the bottom of our newly unholstered chair. It's the only part that is not microfiber, and Jack lies on his back and claws it. Read that cats don't like double-backed tape, so I'll try that.



Frank called Mary Ann and said we really can't come to Matthew's wedding because of Frank's work schedule. It's just too much. Frank said she was cheerful about it, but I know she's very disappointed. She is spending \$12,000 on the wedding. \$4,000 on flowers alone. Obscene! Frank told her so and asked wouldn't it be better to give that money to help inner-city kids who need it and might use it to turn their lives around? Mary Ann said Lindsay's family is spending \$75,000 on it. Makes me sick. So glad we won't be there! Received invitation to the alcoholic's champagne and lingerie shower. That's disgusting too! Mary Ann said Joe is doing well although he hasn't started going to AA meetings, and he must. He and she had the best talk. Joe said he doesn't know why he starts drinking after being sober so long. Mary Ann encouraged him, saying that's why it's crucial that he goes to meetings and gets a sponsor to help him through those times. He was really sick after this last detoxing, following his falling off the wagon.

July 31, 2010

Woman approached me in the parking lot and pointed out the next car with a dog inside. Although a couple of windows were open somewhat, the dog was a Huskie, and it doesn't take long for them to suffer from heat in situations like that. She said it had already been 10 minutes. Told a cashier as I was checking out. When I emerged from the store, I joined five other women who were chastising a man to whom the dog belongs. He was smiling and downplaying the situation, but I said strongly, "It doesn't take long." I hope he gets publicly reprimanded like that every time till he's too ashamed to do it again!

August 4, 2010

Got alarming message from Frank in response to Mary Ann. Lindsay's mother told her that I'm not coming to the wedding. I spoke with her on Monday when I RSVP'd to the shower invitation, saying I wouldn't be coming. She asked if I was coming to the wedding, and I said, I didn't know, or I wasn't sure yet. It wasn't a wedding RSVP. But she reported that I said I wasn't coming to Mary Ann, and Mary Ann asked Frank if that meant that we weren't coming. He is late on his Williams piece deadline, and he was really mad at me because he assumed that I had said we weren't coming. This woman must TRY to make trouble. Frank's response to Mary Ann was over-the-top, not understanding why it's so important to her that he come to the wedding when it's going to be so hard on him to find the time, and when Matthew and Lindsay don't care. I responded to Frank and Mary Ann that I had only RSVP'd to the shower, and said I didn't know about the wedding. This was upsetting.

August 5, 2010

Went to Public Services meeting where we were all supposed to do a book as a Readers' Advisory exercise. I brought in the books the library has in Children's that Frank wrote for Chelsea House and other biographies that we don't have in the collection as well as play translations we have in the library collection and ones we don't. Also brought in The Professional A.C.T. Spoke about how I recommend translations and why and told anecdote about how Sidney Poitier had come looking for resources about public speaking and how I should have recommended my own book to him. MT said that she wants to purchase our books for the library because they fall within policy of collecting local authors. Very nice. So glad to let people here know about what we've written and Frank's productions at the Taper and on Broadway!

August 17, 2010

Home to frantic Frank, who needed to eat and had been "brigging" Jack in the bathroom all day and threatened not to give him dinner at all. I had horrid fear that he might kill Jack in a rage, and told him so. That made him furious. Very unpleasant. Hardly managed to exchange information about our respective days. Evening hour at home was anxious, and I couldn't lose tenseness/pain. Took two melatonin and half an Ambien before I could sleep at about 11:00. Finally brought Polly to bed, and her tenderness soothed me.

August 18, 2010

Had appointment with Suzanne at 3:30 to talk over how it had gone while she was on vacation. She was ten minutes late, and then kept me till 6:25, although I said at 6:04 that I had to go. She kept talking, even though I stood and opened the door. Not fair! She finally thanked me for doing the

Reference standing orders report and said that she hadn't had time to do it. So she took it with her, but never got around to it! She just blew it off! Infuriating! Home to a very agitated Frank. When I interrupted him to ask a question about his day, he glared at me with hatred. When we sat together to tell about our days after Jack and Polly were fed, he blew up when I responded to his question about why I seemed upset. I said because it felt so unpleasant and how he had looked at me. Then he started to be nicer, and by the time I had taken a shower and gotten ready for bed, he said he was sorry. He just feels very stressed by his work. I was in pain when I went to bed.

August 21, 2010

Found Frank in the garage in a sweat, scrubbing his beautiful new shoes. He had slipped in paint dumped in the gutter after his USC meeting. Lucky he didn't break his ankle, but he was skinned and sore. Blackberry must be replaced, costing over \$200. Luckily, it's operating enough for me to do another back-up. Shoes may be OK after scrubbing, but pants, shirt, watch, and his bag are gone. Worked on shoes, forcing him to lie down with cold packs. Exhausted and aching by the time I had done all that I could do.

August 23, 2010

Suzanne called me into her office and acted as if she was bending over backwards to accommodate me. I was trembling with anger as she doubted my information about the cause of my pain, and I had to explain several times why. I have not had a problem till now. The Ref Desk downstairs is bad for me while upstairs has become provisionally acceptable because I've made adaptations. Suzanne defensively said "You know, MT wanted to take you off the desk altogether." I retorted sharply, "But you didn't!" She waited until the new schedule to do anything and then it was wrong! And she acted suspicious of me. She changed the schedule back so it's the same as usual. She still isn't offering to relieve me of desk hours by working the desk herself in my place. MT sent a message that I should see a doctor so that they would know how to accommodate me, and as Frank advised, I came back hard saying I could go immediately if I can get in to see my doctor, and I assumed that on the injury report I would be able to report that time as comp time, but I wasn't sure because the form wouldn't load on the City webpage. Said all the accommodations I've made, but the library has made none yet, except for allowing me to use a sample chair in my cubicle. Said I was concerned at her saying that Karen was going to make a work request for an ADA desk to be set up with a computer and phone because it had not been already requested, and noted that in January 2009 the consultation had made recommendations that we still had not received. She called immediately to say that she hadn't wanted to alarm me, and that I could wait to see a doctor within two weeks. She's confident that an ADA

desk will be set up by the end of the week. I sent her an email so that it was in writing that, with the ADA desk set up by the end of the week, with one of the sample chairs, I feel confident that I will be able to comfortably work there instead of the Ref Desk downstairs.

August 26, 2010

At end of day, while Suzanne was working her one hour at Ref Desk, she sent email to Eddie, Pamela, MT, and me saying we should take tall chairs up and down stairs between shifts at the Ref Desk and Art Desk. If the tall chair doesn't suit us, use the ADA desk. Surely the chairs we used all these years at the old AV and Art Desk will work there. Asked Pamela when she came in at closing what had provoked that volley. Pamela has been taking the pink chair that works for her & apparently for Suzanne those few hours she works at the desk upstairs with her. When Suzanne showed up to work the Ref Desk with Pamela, the pink chair was upstairs, and Suzanne was irritated that she had to go up to get it. Pamela was trembling because of this latest nonsense from Management. Really intolerable that Suzanne should be so obtuse and unreasonable. Now she's joined the antagonists openly. It's so foolish and dangerous of her, now that the City's ergonomics officer is aware of the situation and how hazardous it is. Know that Pamela's husband, Peter, is going to be furios! Noticed that Suzanne had left a few pages from Risk Manager's office about procedures for seeing the City's physician in the event of injury on the job. She or they are afraid, it seems, that I'm filing a workman's comp claim. I'm not, but if this situation is not resolved soon, I may have to! Suspect that MT and other upper management will be dismayed that Suzanne has now told us we are to use bad chairs and not allowed to use the chairs that are best for us in the meantime. I asked Suzanne to follow up on my request to use a sample chair at the ADA desk, but she didn't respond on the outcome of that. Frank believes I need to respond very strongly, sending Suzanne's email to the managers and demanding protection against injury. Not sure how to handle the situation. Saw a man watching pornography with rear entry penetration at computer right next to Closed Periodicals and the entrance to the Teen Zone. I will send a copy of the email which received no response and report how I did nothing because I have received no guidance about the library policy.

September 3, 2010

Karen said eventually the plan is to have all of Reference and Circulating books downstairs and only closed stacks upstairs in order to close upstairs and not have to staff it. She also said that Adult 700's must be weeded. Karen wants the shelves three-quarters empty, so MT said that shelveers will move books that haven't circulated in the last five years to the Staff Room for us to evaluate and weed. That means that they are making a definite move toward a popular collection that will alter the nature of the collection of

art books. Don't think I can do anything to change that. I looked for material to use in preparing for my ARLIS/NA presentation about changes in public libraries and how we're adjusting to them. Found good stuff. Visited with Frank. Told him bleak news about the library. Gone, broken, over. Just a job. Nothing to be done about it except use compiled experience for ARLIS presentation.

September 4, 2010

Creepy patron who asks for my name was waiting for me, facing me coming out of the elevator. I wheeled my cart by him, and he asked to speak with me. I said to let me get set up. I waited at the tall desk for him to come to me. He was standing at ADA desk where, facing me, was a drawing of an erect penis. He gestured to it and said he wanted me to come with him so he could talk to me. I said that I preferred speaking to him at the desk. He asked me again to follow him so he could talk to me, and I asked him if he wanted to speak to a Ranger or a Manager. He said that I should be able to handle it or something like that, so I walked over to where tables are in the Art section. He said he was reading his book which he said had some provocative or obscene pictures, and he saw the sign on the next desk. I said I was very sorry and again asked if he wanted to speak to a Ranger or a manager. He seemed angry with me, and he said that, no, he didn't, but he thought I hadn't responded to him graciously. He asked me to take the book, and I said I'd be glad to and walked away. Really unnerving. Wrote email to MT and Suzanne to tell them what happened. Knew he was a creep. He was angry with me because I have not encouraged him in his overtures. MT called and talked to me and asked the Ranger to talk to me to get a description. Hope he doesn't come back!

September 5, 2010

Power went off. Frank was unable to go back to sleep because he didn't have use of his sleep apnea machine. Not safe for him to sleep without it. He was yelling at Jack, who wanted to be fed, and I couldn't take his yelling and Jack's meowing. Frank called me stupid in his jealousy about teaching Jackie not to meow. Hard way to start the day without coffee to ease me into the waking world.

September 6, 2010

Beautiful day to be at the Huntington. Looked at exhibition *California Landscapes: Gifts to the Huntington's Art Collections*, a small show, but very pleasing. Walked through some of the permanent collection on our way to the exhibition, *The Artistic Furniture of Charles Rolfe*. Interesting biography about his wife, Kitty Green, who was principal bread winner due to her success writing mystery novels. Then went to see *Picturesque to Pastoral*:



*British Landscape Prints from the Huntington Art Collections* which was in a little room with gorgeous prints. Took time to stroll through other galleries and saw exquisite Fragonard, Greuze, Watteau, Bouchard, and Canaletto. Such a great museum.

September 7, 2010

Frank sent Matthew a really tender, loving message saying that he can't come to the wedding because it's too much stress and strain due to overwork and his health. Mary Ann responded immediately to express how upset she is with his decision. Now it's really become ugly. She told Betsy that he goes to my family reunions, so he should go to the wedding. She's completely unreasonable and doesn't believe Frank has health issues or doesn't give a shit. Makes me really angry. Frank is fuming about Mary Ann. This is something that could destroy their relationship unless Mary Ann apologizes. Frank is going to tell her she needs therapy. She's paying for Betsy to go to NYC and has asked Betsy to say that some of the gifts Mary Ann has purchased are from Betsy, because she's bought so many gifts already. Although Betsy did not want to participate in the hair/make-up party that costs \$300 per person on the day of the rehearsal dinner (60 people!), Mary Ann is requiring her to go. And she asked Betsy, when she goes to visit Army, to get him to write \$1000 check for a wedding gift. That's fraud and really wrong of her. She's totally crazy.

September 8, 2010

Visited with Frank and Betsy. Betsy texted Mary, who said she would never be able to forgive Frank. In a call later with Susie, Mary described Frank's tender message to Matthew as "evil." She's talking about getting a series of plastic surgeries on her face for the wedding, in addition to very expensive hair extensions. Totally out of control. Nuts. And she claims that Matthew is in agreement with her—that when Frank got the job offers, he should have turned them down. Susie is livid about the whole thing and the amount of money it's costing her, including trips to Miami for Brett and Casey for Matthew's bachelor party. Horrid!

September 10, 2010

Apparently, Betsy and Susie penetrated Mary Ann. She wrote a good message to Frank apologizing, and he accepted the apology. Good. That's a relief.

September 11, 2010

Read Frank's Tennessee Williams piece. So beautiful. Loved his bio which says he owes a lot to Williams because of his *Streetcar* on Broadway at Lincoln Center and meeting me, having small part in *Rose Tattoo*. And that we'd been married 20 years. That amazes me. Hit the road for Malibu Getty to see the Greek Theatre exhibit. Betsy had never been there. I went to see the exhibition, which was very good while Betsy and Frank ate in the café. It was a case where I didn't think I would be interested at first, but when I focused and slowed down, it was fascinating. Went from there to the Getty Center. Betsy and I went up to see the Gerome exhibition. He's her favorite artist. Big, excellent, beautiful show. Crowded, but patience won out. Really glad to see it. Last gallery of his late work, mostly sculpture, was dazzling with painting of him with his models and sculptures from the modeling sessions. Really amazing, like mirror within a mirror. Betsy spent time with the photography exhibition, while I went through Renaissance drawing galleries and visited the 17<sup>th</sup> century Dutch permanent exhibition halls. Very good time spent there. On to Pacific Resident Theatre production of *Becky's New Car* by Steven Dietz. Frank had to wait to get us unreserved seats. Play was excellent, well-directed and well-acted. Frank had seen it in Portland. Nice because he worked with actress and director years ago in NYC, but didn't realize they were in this production. Really good theatre. So rare!

[Email from Susie.] *Very hard day for us today. On Friday night Carl and I saw a staged reading of a play called 110 Stories, written from real stories of people involved in one way or another in the events of 9/11. I woke early yesterday to go downtown and join in an event called Hand in Hand. Thousands of people holding hands stretched all around the tip of Manhattan and joining in a moment of silence at 8:46 when the first plane hit. My spot was directly across from the Statue of Liberty. Afterwards I walked over to the World Trade Center site and looked through the fence at the new building - which will soon be the tallest building in America. Astonishing given what this place looked like 10 years ago. A smoldering, stinking pile of twisted, charred steel and glass and concrete miles high on top of thousands of innocent people just like me who had made the terrible mistake of simply going to work that day. How did they pick up all those shattered pieces of people? How did they clean that up? How did they erect this massive new tower of steel, glass, and concrete? I saw the edge of one of the new reflecting pools and thought about all the ghosts in this place. This morning I watched the names being read for a while then went for a long run in Central Park taking in the beauty of the place and feeling genuine love for all the people I saw there. I spent the day walking in the city, taking it in, feeling so lucky to be alive and thinking of all the things I would have missed if I had fallen from those buildings that day. Brett and Casey graduating from college and starting law school - moving into their apartment together. Emily and*

*Andrew graduating from high school and considering colleges. Seeing their excitement when they learned of their acceptances, delivering Andrew to Colorado College and receiving his exuberant phone calls. Seeing Emily in her dorm room at New York University and hearing her joyous reports about her program and her future. Celebrating my 20th wedding anniversary with Carl. Seeing Matthew get married and hearing the news that he has a baby on the way. And on and on. In the afternoon Andrew called crying. He was remembering the horror of that day when he was newly 9 years old and was sent home early from school. He remembered his dad and mom coming home early too and then the anguished wait to hear from Mary and he remembered me running to hug her when she miraculously came through the door covered in dust. I cried with him and told him I was proud of him for being sad and remembering so vividly. He remembered us all getting in the car and collecting Brett and Casey in Riverdale then racing to Connecticut to get away from the horror of New York City while fighter jets were flying overhead. I have relived the day on television all evening. And the New York Times has a poignant section that I am reading. I stopped to write this because I needed to tell you all how much I love you all and how grateful I am that we are all alive. And how profoundly sad I am for all those people who died and all the people who loved them.*

[My response.] Thanks for this, Susie. I was thinking of you all today, unable to turn off *StoryCorps* on NPR as I ran my errands. Excruciating to hear personal stories. Lacerating and profoundly moving. Such confirmation of what is most important--that we express to our loved ones daily and without reservation, how much they mean to us and how much we love them. I love you.

September 14, 2010

Discovered that my calculation of the number of Art (reference) books, including all the sub-locations, is 6,000 fewer than what statistics compiled in 2007 show. Shocking! Kathy confirmed my current count, and she's the one who provided me with the 2007 figures. Showed Frank my presentation. He was very impressed and made very good suggestions about adding the statement that seven librarians in 2004 have been reduced to three in 2010, and that there are five managers now. He also suggested an excellent conclusion that works with the *Writing on the Wall* theme of the title.

September 15, 2010

I sent message to Kathy to ask if she could explain the 6,000-item discrepancy in those figures. She didn't know the explanation and said I would have to ask Karen. I did in as non-demanding or challenging way possible. Her response was that she couldn't imagine how I had come up with my figure for the current Art collection without making a list from the

database that, apparently, only Karen can do. She more or less told me that I shouldn't ask Kathy for answers to questions like these. Talking to Suzanne, I spoke very sharply about how Karen had not bothered to answer my question and, as usual, was patronizing and punitive. Frank was not supportive about my exchange with Karen because he thought she will be likely to think I'm a whistleblower for asking questions about the collection since she already thinks of me as a troublemaker. But I had to get an explanation from her, and I did it as reasonably as possible. Upset me to have to defend myself to Frank. Perhaps he's afraid that I may alienate managers to the point where they won't allow me to take the ARLIS conference as working days. So be it. Felt bummed out and anxious now about the danger of doing my presentation at all.

September 22, 2010

A regular patron who has ENORMOUS breasts and lips and long, platinum blond hair came to ask about a book. I was wearing my new knit shirt from Style on Green, and she said, "You look hot!" I thanked her and told her Frank bought it for me at a re-sale store where she has shopped for herself and a friend. ("I've been through hard times [!]" ) Funny and nice. That's a good librarian story!

September 24, 2010

Frank was confused about my birthday (not the first time!) and gave me

"All times are equal for I love you in them all, yet,  
on an autumn evening, O how strangely more!"  
--*Kokinshū*, 546.

**Mary**

**Already met the  
love of my life. What can I  
look forward to? (Bliss.)**

Happy birthday from all of us, the four  
Canyon Wash spirits who love you so  
much.

*Frank* *Bill* *JACKIE* *POLLY*

Such a treasure! What a lucky girl I am!

September 29, 2010

Eddie sent email to MT, cc'ing Suzanne, Pamela, and me about whether he and Pamela were to select 700's from notification carts with "popular" non-fiction titles. Could have been a completely innocent question, but I suspect it's another sign of him attempting to encroach on my territory. I responded to "all" immediately that I was selecting 700's titles, as usual. MT responded, confirming my authority in the subject area, but she left the door open to Pamela and Eddie to request titles and continue in weeding as a team. This required me to compose a memo, sent to all, clarifying how I'm checking notification carts for 700's, how librarians can check to see if something that is in the 700 subject area has already been selected by me, and that I'm happy to take any requests and process them in my carts. Then, because the door was open about weeding in the 700's, I described how, after unintentional weeding of unrecoverable items last winter and spring from the circulating 700's, I was involved in a complex process of annotating books listed in Freitag. I referred to the Manual that lists bibliographies and said that this was in preparation of a necessary extensive weeding that requires balancing books needed as small "r" reference books, along with criteria of circulation statistics and condition of books. No response to this from anyone. Good! Now it's been said three times to Suzanne, and MT, and shared with Eddie and Pamela. Received an invitation from Cathy Billings to serve as the chair for a committee forming for Pasadena's ARLIS/NA Conference in 2013. She listed those that were possible, and I said I would be interested in doing the Tours committee. That will be a big responsibility and time commitment, but I think it will be very good to do. Frank said I should let Nancy and MT know that I requested this in order to feature our library on one of the tours. Great idea!

September 30, 2010

Eddie made a blanket statement saying art periodicals that aren't popular need to be withdrawn. He recommended we give them to another library. I was very firm and said that it's not that easy, citing years I've spent finding a home for the Dorothi Bok Pierre Collection. Said that I don't feel I can responsibly remove something in art area if it can't be acquired elsewhere, as some of microform can't. Supported in this by Suzanne. Good! Made point that we could all weigh in by email for titles to keep. If anyone disagrees, we can discuss it at our next Reference meeting, which, because of people being gone, won't be until November!

October 3, 2010

Casey who had a cat that Susie really didn't want in her house but allowed so long as Casey kept it in their basement "apartment" area, had to put Kaya to sleep last night. Here's what Frank wrote to him:

*Dear Casey, Susie just told me your terrible news. I know it doesn't help for people to say we know just how you feel, we've been through exactly the same thing, because we haven't, no one has. We went through our thing, which has nothing to do with what happened to you and your cat, because your cat wasn't "like" anything else in the world, he was absolutely unique, an individual with his own sweet heart and good hard-working little brain, his needs and desires, his spectacular personality, his love: irreplaceable. That's a little bit of what we felt when we lost Bill last year. Did we have the sense to take any consolation in the fact that he was 15 years old, that he was our best friend and companion for 15 years? Not a bit: cats can easily live to be 20; we heard of one who was 30. And we knew no cat was as precious and irreplaceable as Bill. I wrote a lot of haiku about him, as he got older. I never cried but the closest I came was when I wrote a haiku about putting his toys away. "Even mousie? Mousie, too." That would just seem silly to people who don't know cats and what an absolutely amazing enrichment of our lives our relationship with them provides us. It might even seem silly to anyone who didn't know Bill. It didn't seem silly to me or to Mary, though. We knew him. She cried. To lose your companion animal, your best friend (in some ways) is almost harder to deal with than losing beloved people, because the loss is different and so the grief is different. The presence was different: they are so much a part of the "home" (physical and emotional/psychological) that they become the home. They are where you live. Playing with them on the floor you see your space from different perspectives and you begin to see the world, and yourself, from that cat's-eye-view. The absence of their presence means, in some sense, that your home has died too (in a way), that your viewpoint has died (how will you see now?), that your world-view (and even world) has (temporarily; or partially forever) disappeared. We feel so much because we know how much they gave us of themselves, and how much they depended on us (for everything), and how much they trusted us (completely). Because we couldn't do more for them, we couldn't even save them, we feel so guilty and useless. That's, of course, wrong. We fed them on time, and played with them, and made sure they were warm and comfortable and happy, and we gave them back the love that made their lives a long purr (interrupted for sleeping and naps and naps and naps and eating, but still, a long purr). And, of course, we do the best thing for them that any creature does for any other creature in all the universe: we take them to the vet, and we comfort them as we free them from pain and sorrow. We should be so lucky, to have a human companion do such a really hard, deeply loving, merciful, necessary thing for us. Here are the facts you need to hold onto: you had him for 3 years. That was the life he got. Because of you, it was a fantastic 3 years: he couldn't have had more love, more care. And YOU GOT TO KNOW HIM! He had his little life,*



and you were so **lucky**: brief as it was, it was yours to share. You don't feel lucky right now, but you are. Mary and I went to the wonderful animal shelter in Pasadena 5 days after we took Bill to the vet: both of us had our hands on him as he looked up at us, on an oxygen tube, wondering why we didn't help him feel better (he was counting on us; he counted on us for everything; we were his people); and then we did help him, the doctor gave him his release. The grief was ours: he was free of pain, he would sleep (his favorite thing, he was a cat) forever. At the shelter, we got two kittens: a 2-month-old redcat, Jack (whose real name is William Rufus, which was the name of the son of William the Conqueror; rufus because he was red, ruddy), and a 3-month old calico, Polly (whose real name is Arabella). (I didn't know how many more cats I would get to name, so I went a little overboard.) What I found out before I got home with them was that I loved them. They didn't replace Bill: I just gave Mary a birthday card from the four of us. Love doesn't cancel grief and mourning, but love is a great heart-filler. What I found out a little after I got home with them is that I am too old for kittens: I was too busy to have much time to feel sorry for myself, or angry at the universe, or anything else. I was worn out: and laughing all the time. It's always better to get two: they have each other for the rest of their lives as constant company and love and friendship. Jack and Polly sleep with their little paws around each other sometimes, and lick each other's faces when they wake up. (Jack tries to lick more than her face, of course, and she doesn't like it. "Men!" she says as she walks away.) What you need, whether you think you're "ready" or not, is kittens: and there are so many out there -- your perfect lifetime little lovers -- whose need for and desperate hope for YOU is so great it fills up their little anxious, frightened hearts. Mary and I love you and are so sorry for your trouble. We share as much as we can your grief and would take more of it if we could.

October 5, 2010

Read very interesting family history transcribed in 1888 from an interview with Cecil Duris (Major) Stogsdill, whose father was the first husband to Anne Rose Leathers. She married John Sharp, Grandma's grandfather. Several pages of many interesting memories. Glad Mom sent me a copy. Went to appointment at Beverly Hills. Aesthetic Foot Surgery. Pleasant office and convenient location. Had x-rays taken. Talked to Dr. Sadrieh who says I need lapidus procedure on both feet, which is more extreme than just bunion surgery because the problem starts at the joint below and requires correction there. 4-6 weeks in a cast, and individual surgeries. Won't be able to drive when right foot is done, and I'll be on crutches. Ugh!!! Really awful. Must change to PPO by the end of the week and find another surgeon for the 2<sup>nd</sup> opinion. I like him and think I'd like to have him do it, but this is going to be an ordeal. And it must be done. It's only going to get worse.

October 9, 2010

Went to USC for Metropolitan Opera in HD performance of *Das Rheingold* with Bryn Terfel. Full house, but free tickets. So that's nice! Good to spend time with Lillian. Performances were great, and staging by Robert La Plante was inventive and stunning. Glad to see it. Took Lillian home and returned to Disney Hall for Philharmonic led by Dudamel. Weber's *Der Freischutz* overture, Beethoven's 4<sup>th</sup> Piano Concerto with Emmanuel Ax, which was wonderful. Interesting because 2<sup>nd</sup> chair young man was auditioning. Didn't know it at the time, but I could see he and concert master were exchanging communication over the musician sitting between them. He was being conducted, really, as much by concert master as by Dudamel. Fascinating. Then I read in the paper that the chair is not yet filled. So that was the explanation for what I had observed. So good to be in the concert hall again and see my viola player, Carrie Dennis, and tympany player, Joseph Pereira.

October 10, 2010

Left at 12:15 for Chamber Music in Historic Sites at the Chandler Mansion in Mid-Wilshire with Ciaramella, a group we know who do early music. Excellent concert of Falconieri, Piccini, Santiago de Murcia, Purcell, Cazzati, Gaspar Sanz, and A.K. Gilbert, one of the founding musicians. Lovely, sweet, deeply relaxing, and restoring music. So nice to be out together.

October 11, 2010

Went to Innovations Day and listened to my Zen stone during key note motivational speech. Wrote in journal. When we were released, after I resisted participating in any of the games, (just hate that!) went to car and meditated. Helped set up our "strategic planning" room. Nancy, Karen, and MT spoke about the library and state of budget and usage before we broke into five groups. Facilitated mine fairly easily and made very good impression on the group as a whole when I did my reporting back. Easy for me. Was complimented on my ability by a few people. Think it was time well spent, if only to boost morale. However, if all our thoughts are ignored, it will be very bad. Was shocked when Jason, a very good shelve and all-around good person, emotionally protested how he has been badly treated with a lack of understanding and support by management while he has been stressed with his mother's cancer, stroke, and ramifications of all that on his health. He was put on probation twice because he took sick days which he, a part-time worker, didn't have. Know that had to be from Karen. Nancy mow-mowed sympathetically. But Valerie, the dear, and I both spoke in support of him. Noticed during the day some friction between Karen and Lois. That's interesting.

October 13, 2010

Wrote message to Larry Hall, sending it first to Pamela (and Frank) for approval about how only one chair is good for the tall desk, and it's not good for everyone. The other one doesn't have an adjustable foot rest, which we specifically requested. Pamela believes that these two chairs were scrounged from City offices and were not acquired by Larry. That sounds right. Also said we still hadn't received a chair for the ADA desk, and that I'm still suffering hip pain and need to be able to work at that desk with a good chair.

October 16, 2010

Heard feature on NPR about a doctor who practiced medicine in Ethiopia, treating a TB patient who had 90-degree curved spine and had been abandoned by parents. After he treated her for TB, he took her to Ghana where "one of the best doctors in the world," Dr. Boachie, treated her for the curvature! Stunned to hear. She had hoped to be a housemaid till after her surgery. Now she wants to be a doctor!

October 29, 2010

Went to Ivy Substation to see acclaimed Actors' Gang production, *Break the Whip*, inspired by and directed by Tim Robbins. Stunning piece. Both of us agreed it was one of the best theatre pieces we've seen in LA. About the Jamestown Colony. In three languages. Large company of actors onstage all the time, playing many roles. Thrilling! Met Tim Robbins and several of the actors afterwards and praised their work enthusiastically and gratefully. So glad we saw it.

November 2, 2010

As expected, election results showed massive shift in House to Republicans. Horrible news about Rand Paul winning. But Sharon Angle lost, thank goodness! Listened to country music instead of bad news on the way home. Listened to news with Frank. He's vowing to detach himself now from politics. Makes him too angry. He'll listen to music instead. Hope so. He'd be happier and do more other-than-political writing.

November 3, 2010

Donor gave gorgeous leather folio of *Plant Lore of Shakespeare* by Rosa M. Towne, who did botanical illustrations of all the plants mentioned in Shakespeare. Her brother found a printer after her death, and illustrations were given to the Botanical Collection at Harvard where we saw glass flowers exhibition at ARLIS/NA Conference. Really stunning book. Only 48 in the world. One for sale that is not in perfect condition, as this one is, is worth over \$500. Told Frank about it, and of course he wants it. Bought it for him.

November 14, 2010

Felt robbed of time and panicky about weekend closing in on me. Frank hadn't eaten and was irritable. He was pressing me and yelling at me, and I yelled back. Both of us are really stressed. Left at 1:45 for Santa Monica for Musica Angelica concert. Concord Ensemble. Felt depressed because of Frank's yelling at me. Back on an even keel by the time we arrived. Just wanted to be with Frank and music, which was fantastic: Malvezzi, Luggaseli, Rossi, Mazzocchi, and Monteverdi. Lute and viola da gamba accompaniment. Exceptionally good. Frank was critical of me for not being sociable with a couple who are at all music events we go to. I don't like Michael. I say hello and go sit and read while Frank visits with him. He, of course, was there, and as we approached, I asked Frank if we could not sit with him. But they sat with us. Frank thinks I should be friendly with them. I explained that I have to be sociable at work. When I go out with him, and it's just us going out, that's what I want. He can be sociable or not, but I don't think he should expect me to be. The day ended unpleasantly too. Salvaged last calm hour, reading The New Yorker in the green chair with Jack and Polly.

November 25, 2010

Meditated with Polly. She's such a darling, reciprocating my caresses with licking my fingers and then turning her face to my face to let me kiss her nose. Showered and dressed for our Thanksgiving at Madeleine Bistro in Tarzana. They had two turkeys in front of the restaurant with two young women who work at a farm for rescued farm animals where one can "adopt" an animal for the rest of its life. I was able to get inside the pen and pet the turkey. So nice. Excellent start to great Thanksgiving dinner, although we both ordered from the regular menu. Really great food. Talked to the chef. Husband and wife who also prepare catered menus that are delivered. Frank can order by email his dinners for the week. We were both impressed with the entire experience and can't wait to take friends and family there. Frank and I relaxed and watched *Happy Cat*, *Happy Home* DVD with cat behaviorist who did workshop at the Humane Society. That was very good and gave us some ideas about how we can improve Jack and Polly's quality of life. Then watched *Freaks and Geeks*, two episodes plus outtakes and commentary. It's been so long since we've been able to watch a movie together. Both Polly and Jack got on top of me in the green chair. Lovely.

November 26, 2010

Went to PetSmart for supplies and picked out a scratching post tower. Went to Kinko's and ordered holiday calendars for Frank, Mom, Nicki, David, Sarah, and Jon. Ann and Bergers don't get one this year. Too bad! They should have been in Portland!

December 1, 2010

Late in the afternoon, I received a message from Madeleine that she and MT decided to turn over to me the entire Opera Talks responsibility, which includes communicating with the speaker and host about the technical needs, asking for a tech person to set up the room, asking for Housekeeping to set up coffee and supplies, poster, and flyers downstairs, plus materials about library programs. And it's next Tuesday! Not only that, but I don't work Friday, and my furlough day is Monday. I sent back a message saying I was happy to take on the responsibility but made it clear that my schedule is very limited, so did they have any suggestions? Cc'd to Suzanne and MT. Of course, neither Suzanne nor Madeleine working public services desks at all, and for most of the afternoon, Suzanne and Madeleine were kibitzing in Madeleine's office. Typical.

December 2, 2010

Attempted to troubleshoot issues and details for Opera Talk. Cc'd all on everything so they would know everything I was doing. I was feeling very taken advantage of when I got a message from the Mayor's office, I think, telling me that I had been awarded Friendly City honor that would be awarded to me at the City Council meeting by the Mayor! Letter of praise from a patron. Nancy must have sent letter to be considered for the award. Very nice. Mom, of course, was thrilled. Suzanne is probably jealous, and other librarians will probably be resentful. But it was validation of my work which I really appreciate. Laughed and laughed at Jack doing his best to fit in a box much smaller than he is. Compared it to Temple Grandin and her "hug box."

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November 15, 2010

Mary Stark  
Beverly Hills Public Library  
338 No. Foothill Blvd.  
Beverly, CA 90210

Dear Ms. Stark:

I want to thank you for your help, kindness and patience with helping me learn how to use the new computer system in the Art Reference Library. You have made it possible for me to achieve my goals year after year and I wanted to make sure that you were aware of how much it is appreciated. Your expertise is always impeccable. Also, it makes it easier to understand with your quick and simple explanation.

I have a heavy work load and your help not only helps me but dozens of other individuals who are waiting to hear the outcome of my research.

Thank you once again.

Sincerely,

RITA AMENDOLA



[Letter from me to Gwyneth.] *I hope that you were able to take some time out of this Winter Solstice Day to do something entirely for yourself. Has it eased up at all for you in your teaching? Are you finding the faculty politics any more comfortable than the last time I heard from you? What are your plans for next year? I hope that, if you decide to stay, it's because your work has become more rewarding and less stressful--that you're feeling respected and indispensable to your students. We're not feeling terribly high on life in the United States, despite feeling incredibly lucky that we're both employed and covered by medical insurance, and for now, other benefits. But this country is only marginally improving its image with the repeal of Don't Ask, Don't Tell. If Congress doesn't pass the Start Treaty and the benefits for the 9/11 First Responders before the end of the lame duck session, it will be truly shameful. I'm waiting to hear if the BH City Council has approved the library being open next week despite the rest of all City offices being furloughed between the holidays. For months we've been anticipating being closed for 10 days, but the Youth Soccer program, of all things, took up the challenge and proposed that the library should remain open if they could raise enough money. They've come up with \$14,000, and the Friends of the Library have contributed a few thousand more. The Beverly Hills Courier (a weekly paper) had a column just after Thanksgiving when the public was informed about the furloughs. The editor said that other City offices could be closed in order to save money, but not the library. So there is great validation in all this, although I must confess that I'm so worn out that having enforced furloughs seemed to be a blessing. Now, in the last few days, Nancy is attempting to pull together a bare bones staff to keep the public desks open. We won't have any Support Services, and if the computers go down, we'll be without*



them because the IT office is only backing up City computers once a day. If a toilet overflows, we can't call Facilities. And we may be working the desks without more than a dinner break. It will be an endurance test, but having been given this vote of confidence by the community, it's the least we can do to give them the best we can. Mom arrives on New Year's Eve, just in time for the Pasadena traffic jams. She'll be with us about 10 days, including a Dudamel concert at Disney Hall, one of Frank's book groups, a Met production of *Girl of the Golden West* in HD, and a *Hamlet* in HD from the National Theatre in London. I'll be working most of the time she's here, but Frank will be squiring her around, and they both enjoy that. Jack had a urinary tract infection: cystitis. So now, no hard food, a prescription diet that necessarily includes Polly too. But nothing dire. We finally took your lead and got them a tower that lives by my lovely Relax the Back chair. They ADORE it! Endless high-jinks. They dote on each other. Polly leaps into bed with me at night, snuggling under my arm, chirping with delight, and Jack horns in, lying practically on top of her after they bathe each other's faces. It's too wonderful. My heart is soothed by the thought of them. Such joy. He is unbelievably funny. He is mad about Frank and doesn't care a bit how much we laugh at him. He's a pasha and should have been named Bunky, although he thinks Jack is more respectable. Frank has had a frenetic term, teaching two classes at Santa Monica College on the novel and Greek theatre. He's had his book club and the Pasadena Seniors Seminar, and two classes a week teaching master's degree acting and playwriting students at USC how to read a text. That has been the best. Next term he loses the playwriting students, to their dismay, but he keeps the actors. They adore each other. It's been bliss for him, but he's exhausted. We're very glad to be staying home for the holidays.

There were seven full-time Adult librarians when I started here, and in March there will be only two. It's a broken library. I do what I can and try to let go of the things I can't change. Ironically, I've been awarded the Friendly City Award, along with a part-time Children's librarian for exceptional customer service. This is a city wide, newly inaugurated program, I think, to try to appease City workers who have been suffering from the budget cuts and furloughs. I think my award has to do with a regular dealer who appreciates at least one librarian who knows what she's doing with the art databases. She wrote a letter to Nancy, and I think Nancy passed it along. At any rate, I'll be given an award by the Mayor at a City Council meeting next month. Needless to say, it made Mom very happy. I'm reading (actually it's an audiobook) Wolf Hall. It's really good. I'd rather be actually reading the book, but it's too big for me to comfortably hold. My structural integrity is not great. I saw an orthopedic surgeon last month who took x-rays of my feet. I thought it was just bunions, but both feet need surgery on not just the joint at the base of the big toe, but the joint in the middle of the foot that connects it. It means 4-6 weeks non-weight bearing, and then a boot. On each foot individually. We changed our insurance to a PPO so that I will be able to choose the surgeon, and once the insurance kicks in next month, I

*will see another surgeon from the Kerlan-Jobe clinic (where all the athletes go) for a 2nd opinion. If I can live with the pain without hurting my chances of being able to do the surgery when it becomes inevitable, and without making it more likely that, because of unsteadiness, I may fall, then I may delay as long as it's safe to delay. If I must do it, I'll get an IPAD and convince myself that being in bed with the cats and books is a nice thing and that, eventually, I'll be able to work out and be active again. I read an alarming amount of information from people who have had unsuccessful surgeries. It's not easy to do this surgery without complications. Yuck. I need to close this before I'm caught. I won't proofread. Forgive me. Frank and I think of you often and with great affection. Much love to you always...*

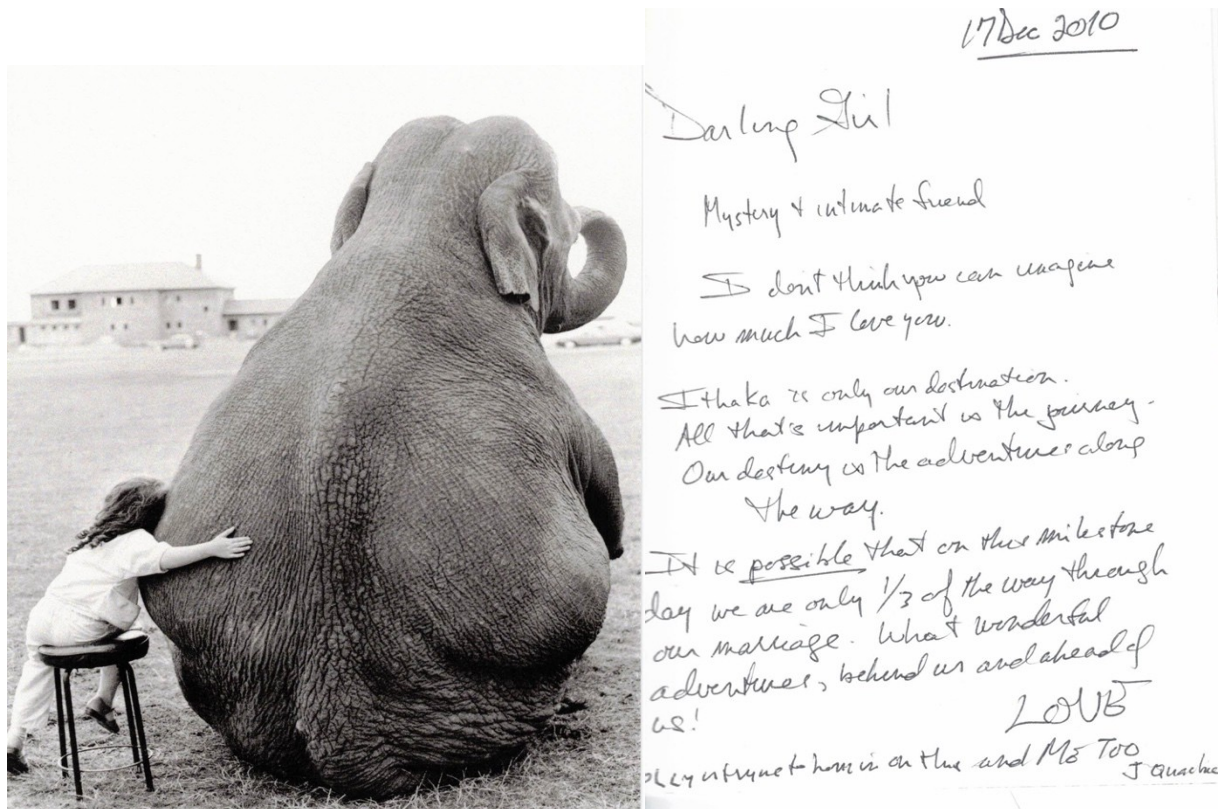


December 10, 2010

So distracted and anxious, and felt worse because Frank was angry with me for first suggesting to him that I could meet him at his USC party that was from 6-9, at 8:00 so that I would have time to go to the Fitness Center for an hour. Would also mean I wouldn't have to drive in rush hour traffic. I immediately said I would forego the Fitness Center, but he was already overwrought by then with worry over Jack. He took him to Dr. Kay, and Jack was catheterized in order to get a urine sample. Dr. Kay says urinary infections are common in male cats, but Jack had to be sedated, and he was stumbling and scaring Polly. Hard for Frank. Hard day for all of us.

December 17, 2010

20<sup>th</sup> anniversary. Hard to believe we've been married 20 years! Seems new, fresh, and young still. Wrote card for Frank that it fills me with sweet sadness because of the knowledge of time passing, quiet joy, and deep gratitude for the beauty we create in our lives together. Frank came back from Style on Green with a navy Armani Connexion suit. Classic and handsome. (Three Armani suits now!). Also three good tops. He had a card for me of a little girl with her arm around an elephant:



The Ithaka part was what he wrote for Thea Musgrove's piece that premiered at the Royal Albert Hall, from C.P. Cavafy's poem, *Ithaka*. He gave me Nepali "rope" and pebbles bracelets. Both very beautiful. And reindeer t-shirt, all from Greater Good, website that is a charity for good causes that we "click" each day to support. And signed copies of May Sarton's The Fur Person and Yogi Berra's When You Come to a Fork in the Road, Take It! What a haul!

## 2011 Journal

January 11, 2011

Went to appointment for second opinion at Kerlan/Jobe Clinic with Dr. Jung. We both liked Dr. Jung, and by the time we left, agreed that he's probably the one to whom I should go. He said my right foot should be done first, which is what I intuited because of pain being greater. It's pretty clear that, unless I am not planning on being active for rest of my life, and I don't mind pain, that I need surgery. It will involve fusion, shaving hammertoe and fusion on top where I have arthritis, lengthening tendon and maybe shaving bunions at little toe as well as big toe. 4-6 weeks non-weightbearing and boot for 3 months. 6-9 months before I am restored enough on right, and then I must do left foot! Horrid! Frank was, of course, optimistic and sees this as beginning of good news.

January 24, 2011

[Email from Robert Winter after Frank contributed to his UCLA class.] *Dear Mary -- I don't know if Frank has yet come clean to you about his performance before my 530 students last Wednesday. If previous knowledge of his character is any guide, he has probably tried to soft pedal his appearance. So I must with some bluntness tell you that he was magnificent, funny (both ha-ha and poignant), illuminating, inspiring, captivating, enchanting, magical. At the very end, after he had lovingly answered a final question, I asked how many students were now thinking of going to the theater for one of their live events. Hundreds of hands shot immediately up into the air. Thank God I had the foresight to request that the session get videoed. Although it may take a while for them to get me the DVD, I will make sure you get copies so that Frank might use favorite bits of it when people ask to see his teaching work. I can't wait to get mine. But it was acting--brilliant acting--mixed with his deep humanity that gave my unwashed students an experience they will not forget. I cannot fathom what it is like for two gifted actors to be living together (solipsism turned on its head?). But whatever your combined recipe, it works wondrously.*



[From an email by Frank.]...I've just had my two little just-turned-10-year-old twin niece and nephew visit from New York. They are endlessly curious and smart and delightful and hard. What was hardest? Running up four flights of stair at Dodger Stadium. (When they got a flight ahead of me, I had just enough breath to yell out "Amber Alert!") Bowling for the first time since age robbed me of lower back flexibility. Repeating requests, as in, Sit down when you're not bowling, we can't see through you. Sit down Andrew sweetheart. Sit. Sit down, Andrew. Sit down, Andrew. Sit. Do you speak any English Andrew? Sit. What can I say to you to get you to remember not to jump up and stand in the way every time anyone else bowls? (Nothing, what can you say to a puppy?) Sit, Andrew. Sit. Sit down. Sit down Andrew. Sit. Sit down Andrew. Sit down goddammit or we're going home. Also hard: answering questions. This is a test of character. The first day, you answer all questions with wit and encyclopaedic thoroughness, as if you were responding to Regis Philbin. That makes it harder to adapt the strategy which begins to be absolutely necessary to preserve your sanity, about midday on day two, of saying, "Beats me." "I dunno." "No idea." "That's a good question, let's write that down for your father." We played Miniature Golf at a place the management calls Golf n Stuff but I call, in the service of Truth and to the twins' unending delight, Golf n Crap. (As in, Can we please go back to Golf n Crap, please, please, please, please, please? Repeat as needed.). Gene Autry Western Heritage Museum, which you should visit if you haven't. I should advise you that you will enjoy it a lot more with a pair of ten- year-olds, and also a lot less. High point. Moment at Hill Street Cafe when Andrew (known nationally by restaraunt staffs as The Destroyer) suddenly looks glum and announces that a french fry has gone down the wrong way. This is my kind of moment. Not looking directly at him (offhand, continuing my own pursuit of dinner, which proves that I couldn't be teasing, and what I'm saying must be true!), I toss off "I hope it didn't go down into your lung, a kid can die of that." Out of the corner of my eye I see his eyes get big with death, mouth agape with the terminal conviction that 10 is the end of his line, that the worst possible thing has happened, in the midst of happy life, a french fry has gone down into one of his lungs. He is touching where it hurts: lung. Shortly after Mary convinces him he is not going to die (I am nearly hysterical with laughter), I begin making up instant classic country-and-western songs about the event:

1. Pour me a mug of kitchup,  
There's a frinch fry in my lungs...
2. Children, please chew up your frinch fries,  
They can stick in the lung like a knife...
3. Shake down some salt if you love me,  
Cause it's boring in this lung...
4. I was saving one frinch fry for later,  
So I stuck it in my lung...
5. The doctor, he said it was asthma,

*But the x-ray showed a fry...  
6. It hurt me so much when you left me,  
Like a french fry in my lung...  
The possibilities are endless. (The songs are all so much better with the music, which I also invented but don't know how to notate and may now be lost.) Children certainly inspire an artist, though not perhaps to make the sort of art that can drive forward an adult career. Goodbye, I said, as they tearfully headed off to board the plane, with their SpongeBob backpacks and assorted Golf n Crap plunder. "Remember, don't eat all your french fries right this year, it's not nearly as much fun."*

March 7, 2011

Looked for instruments online. Frank had idea that, while I'm in bed rest at home, I could learn to play a musical instrument. He thought of simple (and cheap) pan-pipes, but I don't like that sound. I looked for early musical instruments like crumhorns and shawms. Found alto cornamuse for sale. Emailed Adam Gilbert at USC to ask his advice. Am I being too ambitious? "Good idea. Why not?!"

March 25, 2011

Still waiting to hear anything from Frank. Finally thought I'd check the box office to see if Frank had just gone in with a last-minute cancellation. Box office people said he had, and I could go and look for him. I did. Walked up and down aisles and around both balconies looking for him. Finally, after 8:00, he emailed me, asking where was I? He was in the parking lot charging his phone. He came in and found me. When we got out of the museum he erupted at me, blaming me for his not being able to see puppets because he was waiting for me outside the box office for 90 minutes. He said he sent me several emails saying I should meet him there. I didn't get any. But still he blamed me. Said I had to have known he would be there waiting. Not fair. Really felt blameless. He hadn't eaten, of course. But when I attributed his ire to that, he became more angry.

March 26, 2010

So afraid that *Winter's Tale* at the Guthrie would be a disappointment, but it was very good with a few excellent performances. Astonishingly wonderful play. Don't think I've ever seen it. Frank was brought to tears. Moves me to see what makes him cry: Shakespeare's words. Touches me deeply.

April 18, 2011

My anesthesiologist gave me nerve block, and I was hooked up to IV to hydrate me. That helped. Listened to opera arias while waiting and all



during surgery. I was out before I knew it, nearly immediately upon entering surgery room. Wasn't anxious at all. Just was looking forward to getting back home to Frank, Jack, and Polly. When I came out of anesthesia, I had a sore throat because there was something in my throat during surgery. Felt nothing in my foot. Looked up to see Frank across the room. Welcome sight. Nurse dressed me, took me out to the car, and loaded me into the back seat. Dr. Jung commented that I have a "high threshold" for pain. Interesting.

April 20, 2011

Horrible pain in my knee made it nearly impossible to get to the bathroom when I woke up around 6:30. Frank brought me what I needed, but when he was adjusting pillows around my knee, he jostled me, and the pain was more than I could stand. Crying. Frank assisted me with the knee-walker, but it was really impossible. My spirits were sinking. He encouraged me to try crutches, and despite the weight of the cast, I could manage. What a relief! I can do crutches! Hooray!

May 1, 2011

[Letter to Gwyneth.] The surgery was longer than we anticipated because there was also a cyst that he had to remove. A lot of pain was caused by it, he said, and he noted that I have a high tolerance for pain. Under the circumstances, that's a good thing. Call me Bernadette. Remember *The Song of Bernadette*? Anyway, the surgery took 5 1/2 hours instead of three. Dr. Jung was impressed by my hammer toe, by the way. A couple of days after the surgery, I didn't have enough support under my knee, which, in addition to my arthritis, meant that I had so much pain in my knee that the foot pain was totally in the background. I was using a "knee walker" to get around the house, minimally. I had practiced a lot with my dandy crutches, prior to the surgery, but the cast is enormous and heavy, so I had no confidence that I could support myself on the crutches. The good news was that I was forced to use my crutches before I thought I could. Now I'm confidently mobile with them. Everything is fine, and I'm enjoying reading, listening to Yankee games, watching more movies with Frank than we have time for otherwise, playing the piano, singing, and snuggling with Jack and Polly. I completed listening to *Les Misérables*—56 hours and magnificent! A couple of weeks before the surgery, Frank said, "Why don't you learn a new instrument while you're recovering?" I did some research, and listened to instruments online. I'm partial to the sound of double-reeds, and I knew that there are double-reeds that are enclosed—windcap instruments—because an early music group we have seen several times had some of these among the instruments

they play. The man who is the leader of the group, Ciaramello, also teaches at USC, and Frank had come to know Adam well enough that I felt I could ask for his advice. I explained my situation and asked if the cornamuse was an instrument that I might learn to play on my own. He encouraged me. I found one for sale in Mountain View (also one for sale in England) and the seller supplied me with a book of about 100 Renaissance and Medieval tunes. What I didn't know was that the cornamuse requires careful "playing in". One must only play it for 5 minutes a day for the first week, 10 minutes a day for the second week, etc. Also, it requires a good ear because, one places one's fingers on the proper holes, but the note you come up with must be tuned by the embouchure and diaphragm control you develop. It's delightful to have the time to tackle a challenge like this! Yesterday, after nearly two weeks, we went out to a Chamber Music in Historic Sites concert. It was not too ambitious, and we managed without mishap, although I was really pooped yesterday evening. Tomorrow, I go back to see the surgeon, and we expect to get a smaller cast which I'll have for another 4-6 weeks, followed by 2-3 months in a boot. Then, once I have my strength in my right leg back, I'll get the left foot done. We anticipate two more weeks before I return to work—probably part-time to begin with. I've taken driving lessons so that I can drive with hand controls, and I'm scheduled for a DMV test in two weeks. I'll have to go back to the DMV when I return to driving without the hand controls. The logistics for this were elaborate, but we've tackled them step by step. I'm sending you pictures we took when I went out for the first time, and Frank brought to my attention the lilacs and the Dwarf Bottle Brush bushes that are now flashing their sparkling "flowers". I've never had lilacs on these bushes like this year. Delightful! Love to you and yours.



June 24, 2011

[Message from Julie Jensen, playwright.] *Dear Mary: I just finished watching Harriet Beecher Stowe. And love it indeed. What a fine, subtle, clear performance, what a lovely script that moves in time and doesn't belabor anything. The relationship with Calvin I found most interesting. The sister friend. This is really a fine piece of work. You should be very proud of this piece. I remember being in Hartford for a production and visiting Twain's house. As an afterthought, they told me I could also visit the Stowe house. It was so human, small and comforting. Not unlike your performance. Thank you, thank you. jj.*



July 25, 2011

I sent Mom an email last night, urging her to seriously consider, now that she's put her house on market, relocating in Pasadena. There's much more of interest to do here, and we would take her with us to concerts and museums. Doubt that she will do so, but at least she knows that we would be happy with her here. Heard from Linnea Linkus Portrait Studio and discussed booking a session for my nude photograph. Tricky to find date when Frank won't suspect and before I go back to working full-time.

July 27, 2011

Had no idea where Frank was. Knew he didn't have rehearsal, but last night, when I forgot his rehearsal schedule and was worried about where he was, he responded defensively, so I was afraid to even try to call him. Was anxious and worried that he might have been in an accident. He had just gone shopping and had dinner, and he didn't think he needed to let me know where he was or when I might be able to expect him. I was upset because this has happened before. I told him that when it's six hours, for instance, that he's gone to "run a few errands," it's considerate behavior to call or email me. Was crying, and Frank was only defensive, not understanding or apologetic. Had to take Ambien to calm down enough to be able to sleep...

July 28, 2011

Madeline said she wanted Eddie and me to work as a team. She told me that Eddie wanted to weed an Art Reference item that, although it was published in 2007, is indexed and useful. Eddie responded defensively. He also pointed out that shelvees weeded 800's and 900's. Why can they do that on their own, yet professional librarians have to be working as team? Madeline said that 700's had been weeded by shelvees! I blew up! This, after all I went through with Eddie's weeding. I told Madeline that I could not go

through this again. If they want to have shelveers do weeding, let them, but don't expect me to do weeding with Eddie. This is Karen telling her shelveers to weed, despite my meeting with MT and Suzanne. Unbelievable! I was furious, and Madeline and Eddie knew it. Our jobs are being taken from us. Upper management doesn't want us.

August 2, 2011

Went to Linnea Lenkus Studio for 2:00 appointment. Sat and talked with her for a while. That gave her an idea of what I like and what Frank likes about me, and about the way I use my hands. Started out with photos of me in black clothes I was wearing. Then took off my clothes. Did naked photos with and without my rust scarf, sitting, lying down, looking at her and looking away, eyes open and closed. Not hard for me at all. Know we got good shots to choose from. Great! So glad I did it!



August 24, 2011

Visited with Frank. He's energized and excited ever since scanning and digitizing nude photos he had taken. Says he feels better and is wanting us to make love again, despite his inability, due to diabetes, to penetrate. That would be painful for me now anyway because I've lost elasticity over the years. I'm touched and very happy that he loves and desires me. Said he's always thought I'm the most beautiful woman. How lucky for me. And he renewed his enthusiasm in wanting me to have nude photography done by a professional. Tried to put him off and stall him, but he's got a missionary



fervor about the idea again. Don't know if it will be possible to wait till our anniversary to reveal the Memory box of Linnea's photos I've ordered. Incredible to me how he always seems to spoil or attempt to defeat my gift giving plans.



August 28, 2011

Frank announced he wanted to make love. Little scary because it's been so long. So lovely and wonderful. Amazes me, always, how different orgasms are from Frank making love to me. Much bigger. Afterwards, Frank joked about "I can't remember why we don't do this more often." Nice.

September 3, 2011

Went out to research places where Mom might live. Had thought she might be more inclined to consider Pasadena seriously if she thought I would find her place. Saw a beautiful condo in an old renovated hotel in Old Pasadena within walking distance of everything. Really think Mom needs to come and see the places I've found. Believe she would be much happier here! So glad I've done this foundation work to attempt to convince her to seriously consider this.

September 20, 2011

Madeline said Suzanne did my evaluation with MT, although I don't know why. Very surprised at her criticism, mostly that I'm impatient with new hires, not great with "teamwork," and that I need to focus on management desires. Wonder what happened that made her change her mind about me after our meeting where she said I was unreservedly excellent? Frank wants me to contest, it, but I don't see the point. I don't respect her opinion, and it will only make me seem like troublemaker. I found my journal entry for the date, and my memory was confirmed that it had been uniformly positive in all areas. Now I agree with Frank because I think that Suzanne's negative



comments had to be expressed in our meeting. Otherwise she is derelict in her responsibility as my supervisor. She's expressed no criticism since. It reads as if Suzanne's positive statements are followed by MT's edits but MT, I believe, is not supposed to see the evaluation until after Suzanne has submitted to me, and I have signed. I have proof that her criticisms are in error, I think. I must protest, although this will confirm upper management's belief that I'm a troublemaker. It may cost Suzanne her job. I hope it does, I admit.

September 21, 2011

Madeline said, more or less, that Suzanne would have been "written up" if she hadn't commented as she did. I pointed out that, if Suzanne had objections to my performance and didn't express them at that meeting or in the intervening nine months, she was derelict in her responsibilities as my supervisor. Madeline agreed. She thinks the evaluation will not matter, but she understands completely why I would want to respond on the record.

September 22, 2011

The point is to let them know in a very measured yet devastating way, that they can't do this to me without being very sure that I will defend myself.

September 28, 2011

Talked with Madeline. Suzanne had shown her my Performance Evaluation, as I suspected. She said she thought it was excellent and said anyone who saw it would know that my position is true and validated. So good to hear that from her. She also said that she loves working with me, for the record. Good! I said I felt same.

October 14, 2011

Evaluation meeting with Nancy, MT, and Madeline at 9:00. Nancy asked if I wanted to add anything to what I wrote in my evaluation, and I said that Nicole in HR advised me that I could request that it be thrown out because Suzanne hadn't completed the evaluation prior to our meeting and hadn't completed the process within a year. Said that I felt blindsided by her comments because she said in our meeting that my performance was excellent, without qualifications, and indicated nothing to the contrary in the subsequent nine months. If there were criticisms of my performance, my supervisor should have communicated that. Nancy said that a process problem could be addressed, but that the comments had some justification. She referred to my ARLIS presentation in which I talked about cross-training as something I had been spared so far. I reiterated that I was cross-trained

more than anyone as Reference Librarian in Adult and that I should have been cross-trained in Children's last Fall but wasn't scheduled. Not my doing. MT said that it wasn't a bad evaluation, saying that it was "satisfactory." I said that wasn't good enough, and it was inaccurate. Nancy said supervisors sometimes made their charges feel as if they could "walk on water" when really, they believed they had criticisms of work which were communicated to management. Nancy said that managers needed to be critical in evaluations. I did not downplay my dissatisfaction. Nancy said that MT and Madeline should comment and write goals for my work from this time forward. Then MT, Madeline, and I will meet again to go over that new evaluation. Nancy was not happy at end of meeting. Think she hoped I would be mollified, and I wasn't. I was upset and struggling not to cry. Both MT and Madeline were extremely collegial and friendly with me. Wonder how they feel. I believe that they all know I'm right about this, but from a management perspective, they must be in solidarity and not put Suzanne in bad light.

October 25, 2011

Had meeting with MT and Madeline for "goal-setting" as follow-up to my Performance Evaluation meeting. Atmosphere was friendly and relaxed. It didn't appear that MT had prepared for meeting with Madeline, so basically, we just reviewed goals in my evaluation that Suzanne had proposed, and I had agreed to. MT acknowledged that I was valued for my subject expertise. I said that I wanted to tell her what I told Nancy about how, although I'm disappointed that the job I have now is not the job for which I was hired, that I've accepted that. I explained my relief when Jeri, my mentor, left because then I was free to work without conflict and ambivalence. She seemed to be making an attempt to finesse the bad evaluation, asking if we could put it through. I said I wanted it to be invalidated because I hadn't been allowed to review it prior to my meeting with Suzanne, and it was submitted past the time allowed. I said I didn't want it in my file, and MT said she would check about process. If it isn't invalidated, then I'll have to go to HR. It was a very positive meeting, and MT seemed to be very appreciative to hear that I'm wholeheartedly willing to be a librarian here, with new job description.

December 1, 2011

Chatted with Frank. He read me excerpts from student journals. They talked about how the play Frank had assigned to each had changed their lives. He really has done that for many students, his sisters, and me. Told him so.



Frank's USC students.

December 3, 2011

Frank again was aggressive and angry, presuming that I was intentionally misbehaving. He jumps to the conclusion that I am his antagonist when I'm not at all. Yelled back at him that "Everything with you is an argument." He got it and attempted to placate me before I went to bed, but I was worn out by repeated incidents like this.

December 17, 2011

Frank wished me Happy Anniversary, saying how extraordinary it is, after 23 years for him to be so knocked out by my body, mentioning all the nude photos he has around of me. I told him to go to living room couch where I had put the Memory Box. Took photos of him opening box. "You did it," he said. He was stunned at first and then wanted to know all about how I found photographer. He was disappointed that I had chosen a woman, except he could see and appreciate that I chose her because her work is so beautiful. He was so happy and grateful. Wonderful gift. He feels we can show them and leave the box out. If people open it, it's OK. Including Mom. And he wants to get some framed and hang them at the door going into our bedroom. But of course, it's never enough! He wants me to have more photos taken by a male photographer. And he will go with me to session. That's all right. So glad I did it! Frank is thrilled by the Memory Box and quizzing me about who is allowed to see it.



December 25, 2011

Frank and I made love. He thinks that the reason I don't masturbate often and am not as "hot" as I was is due to his having "neglected" me. I said it is probably my age, and I'm tired and need to sleep when I go to bed, but he may be right. Lovely time for us.

December 28, 2011

Mary Ann and Susie are both concerned about Betsy. She "has problem." Maybe linked to when she's drinking. She says inappropriate things, and she's only months away from financial ruin. She is hanging onto idea that she must keep her house so Ryan can stay in his school, but she can't find a job. Mary Ann suggested that, if she can't find a job, Betsy will have to live with us. Frank disabused her of that idea! No way! But we may all end up supporting her. What a family! And no one heard anything from Jim over holidays. We probably won't hear anything until he's dead. So be it. Terrible but that's how everyone feels now.

December 29, 2011

Susie drafted a message to send to Betsy after she returns home, requesting her to write a formal business plan and detailed budget. She must face

reality, especially if siblings are going to help her in last ditch effort to have her own real estate business.

## **2012 Journal**

January 7, 2012

More terrible news about Betsy, who is much closer to ruin and potential foreclosure of her house than anyone knew. Mary Ann has now yelled at Betsy for not having gotten a job. Betsy defended herself, saying she needs to be at home for Ryan, and Mary Ann said she worked with total care of Matthew, took in boarders, and she had only one bathroom, that it was hell, and she kept her house. "Tough love." Who knows how this will end. We may be paying Betsy's \$5000 a month mortgage!

January 13, 2012

We headed for Disney Hall. Great concert which Mom loved. She's bent from sciatica pain. Frank talked with her about the sciatica being a manifestation of her fear of moving. She listened. He made it clear that moving to Pasadena was my idea which I pushed. Although I prefer just going out together, there are many times when there is something on a week night when he would ask Mom to go with him. She listened.

January 14, 2012

Picked up Mom. Oriented her to Old Pasadena. Showed her gym, public library, mall and Gelsons. Showed her the two condos I found for her. Said that what she needs to do while she's here is to just consider where she would feel most comfortable living. Don't think about the hassles of moving. Told her I can't lift and move boxes, but I can make things happen, so don't worry about that. We'll take care of any problems step-by-step. She said, when asked, that Ann is against her moving. She doesn't know how Nicki feels because they haven't talked about it.

January 17, 2012

Frank was online all day with Susie, Mary Ann, Betsy, and Carl about what Betsy is asking now, only because Susie pressed her to face up to her situation. She's figured that she's going to need \$25,000 from the siblings and their spouses for 6 months. She is hoping by then to have made a sale so she can keep her house, and we would be paid back. Susie and Mary Ann are furious because Betsy and Craig have acted so irresponsibly and have been in denial, hoping for a miracle intervention to prevent disaster. Now the siblings have to bail her out. We have some money in the bank, but my surgery will be expensive, and Frank's health is not great. Angers me too, but I'm keeping out of it.

February 1, 2012

Was nervous about whether or not Frank would like his parrot sculpture, but he said he did. Only when asked however. Hmmm! Mom wrote Frank a lovely birthday card about what a wonderful son-in-law he is, how touched she is that we want her to move here, and how she's so grateful for this visit. Really touching.

February 6, 2012

Frank said he and Mom talked about "our story." Interesting what Mom doesn't remember, like the call where Mom and Dad tried to bring me to my senses, saying I had been brainwashed. He told Mom about my list of things I had to share with Frank before he and I made the leap, including my question about what if I didn't enjoy sex as much as he anticipated I would. He told her we didn't kiss until after I left John, which surprised her. He made her promise not to reveal to me the conversation, which I appreciate, feeling some ambivalence about her knowledge of these intimate details.

February 7, 2012



Dismayed to find Mom was at the house. Really would have loved having privacy and a chance to visit with Frank. He was irritable due to computer problems. Settled in and dodged Mom as she prepared to be driven back to her apartment. Frank bought me a few tops at the Salvation Army, and although I said I wanted to wait to look at them after I had a chance to settle in and shower, he brought everything out in front of Mom before they left. I withheld approval on some things until I could try them on, and he made a comment about my not being appreciative enough. I returned the barb by saying he had not been appreciative enough of the parrot sculpture. He said "OK, I can't buy you any more clothes, and you don't buy me any Macaws." Not nice and not fair. Glad when they left. Frank didn't come in to say goodnight, and finally, around 12:00, when he came in to change clothes, I asked why he was mad at me. He was angry because I behaved badly. I defended myself and said I asked to wait to see the clothes and try them on, and when I had, I liked them. I protested that he had been unfair. Very unsettling. Bad night.

February 8, 2012

Frank was scheduled to translate with Eugene, but Eugene cancelled. Frank invited Mom to come over to watch a movie, but she declined. Later, I said I would prefer if, when I get home, she's not there. Another argument. I defended my right to express my opinion and wishes, and Frank jumped on me. He was certain that Mom had gotten that message, and that he invited her anyway. I protested that last night was the first night in three weeks when we could have had a little time alone. I feel the need of privacy and tenderness. Frank said he felt that I wished he weren't ever at home. Absolutely unfair and untrue. Feeling really hurt. He said Mom had a horrible apartment, as if that were my fault. Blamed me for her not having a DVD player when I did everything I could to find her a nice place. She chose to take the one-bedroom instead of the studio, which was brighter and would have been fine. Not my fault about the DVD player not working with that TV. Why couldn't we have taken over our extra one which would have worked? I'll do that this weekend. Really makes me feel bad.

February 14, 2012

[Email from Frank.] *Here's who loves the wonderful Fabrice de Villeneuve cushion most, in descending order:*

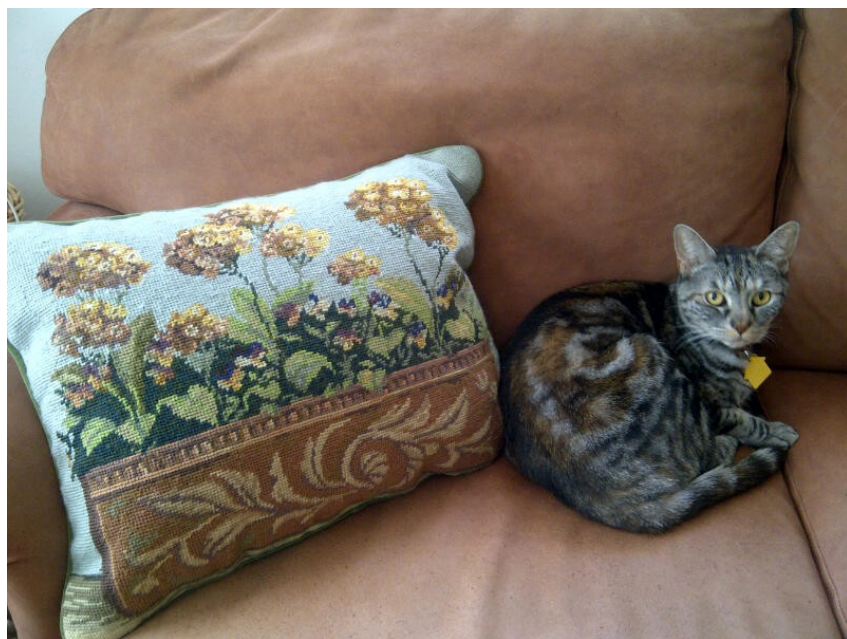
*Frank*

*Jack (Jack was tied for first but said, "I like everything, so far!" and was penalized for lack of discrimination)*

*Polly (She actually chirped "Ho-hum," but she's only being cool. Teenagers!)*

*Polio (Disqualified. Still hibernating and unable to look at it.)*

*I wish I could say I would love you just as much if it weren't for your face and body being so beautiful, if I didn't obsess about your beauty. I wish I could say that, but, funnily enough, I don't have to. In hindsight, it was in fact astonishing foresight. The only tiny fault I can find with you is that you are so depressingly, crushingly, tediously overclothed most of the time.*



February 16, 2012

Went out and visited with Mom a bit as I finished getting ready for work. She said that she finally had gone out walking yesterday and agreed that the location was great. Said she should look at the condo. She said she didn't have time now, and she couldn't move here because of the house in Florida. I said she should put it on the market and see if she can sell it, if that is what is standing in the way. She said that there were lots of things to consider. If other reasons are keeping her in Florida, fine, but if it's the house, then put it on the market, and if it sells, then deal with other issues that present themselves one by one. She said she was really appreciative of our wanting her here and said that, although she's been really glad to spend time with Frank, she regretted that I haven't been free to spend time with her. I said I sympathize with that because I would love to spend my evenings doing things with Frank, but I can't because I work. I said that, until I retire, which I probably won't be able to do, that's the situation. If she is here, she needs to know that that's the way it is. She said that she's 82, and that she has to face growing old when she considers moving. I repeated what we've said before: that's why this would be a better place for her, because when she becomes infirm, she can still get to places here with a walker or a

wheelchair, or Access services. But in Florida, she's stuck there. Brief but important talk.

February 18, 2012

Terrific concert. So nice to be out with Frank. Both of us were feeling great success about Mom's visit but also great relief to be back to ourselves alone. Still had to share him with friends and admirers from Emeritus. Frank had me laughing till I was crying. He's been riffing on an Irish character ever since *Lonesome West*.

February 23, 2012

Went to my Performance Evaluation meeting with MT and Madeline. MT reviewed where she thought we were, and said she hoped we could move forward, in light of how happy everyone is with my work. I said I was committed to doing whatever is necessary to have the evaluation expunged from the system because it's invalid—that the process hadn't been followed. I wanted to give the library a chance to take care of it, but I would go to HR and do what they tell me I need to do because it's incorrect and unsubstantiated. MT said, if I do that, it's possible that evidence will be found. I was fine with that because I believe, because the process wasn't followed, it will be thrown out. I said that, if Suzanne had done the evaluation prior to our meeting in January, I could have responded, and that the evaluation would have been entirely different. MT seemed to be completely stopped by this and said that this had gone completely by her. I sent her the timeline of events. She said she would talk to Nancy and HR and that maybe what we should do is have a new evaluation by Madeline reflecting my performance since July. I said that sounded good. It was very friendly and collegial, and may be worked out. All of us want to get this behind us!

February 29, 2012

Madeline came up with the email trail she said I did for Ask-a-Librarian. I searched LA Times with Proquest database, searched BH directories and Courier microfilm and hadn't found obit. I responded to the patron and thought that was it, not knowing that Madeline then asked Suzanne, who has a personal subscription to Genealogy database, to try her luck. She came up with it, although Madeline hadn't taken time to read the trail to see how Suzanne had found it. She said it was microfilm from LA Times, but we don't have LA Times microfilm anymore. Madeline asked if I would like to send the obit to the patron. I said "no," that Suzanne should. I already responded to patron, saying I couldn't find it. Madeline said she gave it to Suzanne because she wants to see if the library should have subscription, and Suzanne likes to do these searches. I said it's fine with me to just let her do

the searches. Madeline said she has strategy for searching, and she could send it to me. I said it would be useful if Suzanne would write it up and distribute it to all librarians. Madeline went off to talk with Suzanne. Irritating, of course.

March 1, 2012

Madeline sent message about how surprised she was at my response to her request to contact the patron, and said it was a sign of poor customer service! She said that Suzanne found the obit using LA Times microfilm. Management decided not to have it anymore, but we do! Asked Ann Cox to confirm that librarians had not been told! Checked with closed periodicals. Anne Salvatore confirmed that there had been talk about getting rid of all microfilm, and we aren't getting it anymore, but we haven't gotten rid of the old microfilm. Responded to Madeline about how distressing her email was to me, and that I had been laboring under false impression regarding microfilm. What I tried to convey yesterday was only that I didn't think I should be asked to respond to the patron after I had passed on the item two weeks ago. I objected to Madeline's suggestion that, since I had done other research, I could present Suzanne's work as my own. Really upsetting! I had to meet with Madeline. She didn't apologize for her "rush to judgement," and I was aggrieved about that. Think she was surprised at how upset I was. Told her that I felt it was dishonest to do what she asked last night, and I felt I should have had the chance to respond before she jumped to the conclusion about my "bad customer service." She tried to ease away from subject, but she knew that I am really hurt by this. Spent time sending a response to the patron that says a manager found information I couldn't find. Put together help memo with runs of all periodicals and databases and online sites for obituary searching. Dread coming to work tomorrow for Reference meeting.

March 7, 2012

Found books "rescued" yesterday from Eddie's weed truck that had been put back among weeds. "Rescued" them again and put them on truck to be reshelfed. When I found he brought them back to his truck of weeds, I said that I selected them to be retained. He said they are old books and should be weeded, and when I maintained that I had different opinion, Madeline supported me. We needed to be able to discuss items if we disagree at Reference meeting. Eddie dug his heels in and interrupted me. This is assigned as "team" project. He's absolutely in the wrong. He started going off about how the "Art" location in the library needs weeding after I went to work the Telephone desk. Then, when he was supposed to be at the Ref Desk, he wasn't there and wasn't wearing the Vocera intercom device. Madeline finally found him in Suzanne's office, and when she talked to him, he said he was asking HR for a transfer to another job in City! Astonishing! I

was stunned. Madeline was completely in support of how I responded to him and was commiserating with me. Worked on writing justification for items I want to retain in collection. Can I request keeping plays that he wants to weed? Will MT and Karen decide Eddie is right? Such anxiety!

March 9, 2012

Eddie was composing and sending memo to MT, Karen, Madeline, and me about how he wants to discuss how the number of 700's behind the Ref Desk had been determined. He wants us to rethink what is there because he finds it hard to find books there! I immediately sent a message to Madeline with the attached email she sent out asking all librarians to weigh in on evaluation of those books and my draft of Scope Statement. I said that Eddie had not voiced any opinion, and I had not acted in isolation or territorially. Really disturbing to me how all his hostility seems to be focused at me! Frank had not responded about either Eddie's email or my response to Madeline. I was so anxious, and when I got home, I dissolved into tears when Frank wondered "what's wrong." He had no idea I would be so rattled by library stress. He can't just be sympathetic and consoling. He yelled and was upset with me for being upset and upsetting him. Later he calmed down, feeling bad for not having realized that I needed his support concerning my email to Madeline.

March 16, 2012

Frank hadn't responded to my email today, and I expressed my disappointment and expectation that he should answer me, even briefly, since we see each other only sleeping for days at a time. He didn't want to hear that and was angry with me for asking. Bad scene. Left him at his computer and went to bed with Polly around 10:30. Appreciated her tenderness. Frank came in, along with Jack, and we had some time before I fell asleep, to talk a little about library scene.

March 24, 2012

Would have enjoyed the concert more were it not for a young woman just in front of me and in direct line of sight to the stage who checked her cell phone and texted six times during Sibelius. Frank said I should stop being "unpleasant" and said it was the "way of the future." Couldn't believe that he felt that way, although he's checked his phone for messages in the past himself. I object to that too! He probably needed to eat when he snapped at me and huffily left the room when I printed out pages by mistake. Really pissed off at me, like I was making his homelife unpleasant too. My feelings were hurt when I went to bed. Had to knock myself out with whole Ambien and two melatonin to calm down. Darling Polly saved me. She is such a love.

March 25, 2012

Wrote Frank note saying I was sorry I made his life unpleasant and promised him I would do all I could to make his life easier.

March 26, 2012

Visited with Frank. So glad when he said that I didn't need to apologize to him last weekend. He needed to apologize to me. He's still struggling nearly every day with corn nuts he ate over a year ago that are indigestible and causing him great discomfort.

Poor man. Must bear that in mind, along with his genius and diabetes and cut him slack.

March 27, 2012

On to appointment with ear, nose, and throat doctor. I have tinnitus, probably caused by prolonged use of hydrocodone. Not much yet, but it probably will progress with age and the continued use of hydrocodone.

When I told Frank, he said, "Let's try to get rid of the pain so we can stop hydrocodone." Afraid I won't be able to tolerate the pain. Well, we'll see. And with more surgery upcoming too!

March 28, 2012

Read about tinnitus. Really should try to not even take ibuprofen, but for now, I'll just see if I can eliminate hydrocodone. Did without it today. Pain but not severe. Just feeling squeezed. Really hard to tell Frank everything I needed to. Felt as if my head was bound and eyes masked. Wonder if this is result of withdrawal from hydrocodone? Hope so. Don't want to think that I'll be feeling this every day.

April 8, 2012

Astonished when I read email from Mom. She revealed that she had sadly concluded her affair with John which had been very fulfilling and happy. He had been in a long-term partnership with woman who decided she didn't want sex, so he and Mom began "dating." When Sunny decided she would accept a sexual relationship after all, he returned to her after a tearful parting with Mom. Really good news that she's open to another relationship. Wonder if her affection for John influences her desire to remain in Florida?

April 21, 2012



Showered and then, at Frank's request, I started masturbating. Frank (& Jack!) joined me. Nice lovemaking.

April 23, 2012

Distressed to see a sweet dog in Coldwater Canyon traffic. Helpless to safely intervene, but I think another driver, more courageous (or foolish) than I, pulled over to rescue it. Horribly helpless. I was strung out by the time I got home. Told myself not to bring that into house, but when I was visiting with Frank, and he asked about my day, I got agitated talking about the email exchange I had with Sheryl in HR about sick leave for foot surgery. Frank said that I was dramatizing, and to let it go, but I felt he was minimizing the situation and took it personally. I became emotional, and he got angry because he feels he needs to fix the situation when all I expect is for him to sympathize with me. I know he can't fix it. That ended badly. He was tired and needed to eat, so he was not in a good mood.

April 28, 2012

Forgot to mute my laptop after listening to a video clip. Irritated Frank because then he hears the sound of mail notifications after I've gone to bed. I muted the laptop volume, but Frank thought I should be able to change email notifications through the Preferences menu, as you can with his computer. I think Macs are different, but Frank thought I was being stubborn and was angry with me for doubting him. He didn't let his anger go and was more irritated because, after spending quite a while looking at Preferences menu and looking online for support and a solution, I could only find similar user questions, but no solution, except what I proposed at the outset: to mute the laptop volume overall. Frank held on to his anger and returned later to say how the argument had been hard on him. I said I felt the same. He asked how it had happened, and although I attempted to make peace, he wouldn't accept it and wouldn't let me apologize. I was in tears and miserable.

May 16, 2012

[Email trail from Frank].

*It seems so easy  
to walk on the beach  
naked  
with your wife.*

*All you need, really,*

*is a wife  
I have one  
who will  
she will  
and you have to want  
to see her naked.  
I do.*

*And that's it,  
that's all you need.*

*And it has to be yesterday.*

[My response.] So beautiful! But sad, you seem to be here, and I experience our life together as so lucky and wonderful.

[Frank wrote.] *I wrote it last night as I was falling asleep. I couldn't be happier, but I'm also sad. The only thing we can do is prize today the way we're going to miss yesterday, which I do. It's a lot easier having the wife I describe in the poems and keep, to her unaccountable displeasure, as my screensaver.*

[My response.] I hope you feel better. Rest and mend. I love you more than you know. Witty even when sick.

May 31, 2012

Was visiting with Frank, while he was distracted by computer game and hyper, when he said he "wasn't interested" in what I was saying, regarding Madeline's saying that managers are instructed not to give excellent evaluations because people won't be motivated to improve. He was racing ahead, while I was wanting to offer an insight that not giving excellent evaluations when performance has been excellent is demoralizing. I felt stung and left. Had to troubleshoot cat's feeder because Frank doesn't know how it works. That was irritating too, making me feel like I'm his assistant.

July 6, 2012

Frank had been overseeing the switch from cable to satellite. In addition to nude photos that he usually has around the house, he had a picture that shows me with legs apart, fully exposed. Couldn't believe he put it out. I asked if the photo was out when the repairman came. He said yes, and that he didn't know that the man would need to go in bedroom. Not true. He knew that he would have to change the box, and he wanted him to see it. I was furious, humiliated, felt betrayed. Man could have taken picture of it and sent it to his friends, uploaded it to the internet. Frank did it because his

titillation is more important than protecting my privacy. He immediately apologized, but we didn't speak for rest of evening. Tried to calm down. Couldn't relax. Took Ambien. Polly came and comforted me. Lay awake till midnight when I finally took another ½ Ambien, as well as melatonin. Terrible end to my day.

July 7, 2012

Asked Frank if the man was in the bedroom alone. Frank said yes, and I said he could have taken a picture with his cellphone. Frank said he felt horrible. I asked how he could have thought that it was all right, and he said he tricked himself and rationalized and said how he hated it that he hurt me. Then he said that it wasn't too late to stop the framing of my photos that Linnea took. Knew he would bring that up, as if those photos give him permission to put crotch shots out in the house for anyone to see. He said that he wasn't sure that he could look at them on the walls. I became very upset and said that now he was punishing me for being upset. Those photos are categorically different. I was sobbing, and Frank said that things have changed. That was even more upsetting to me. Said I'm sorry I'm not young, hot, and sexy as I was when we were first together. He said he really feels horrible and said he wanted to die! I said "How can you say that?! We have such a happy life!" He's feeling depressed about being old and diabetic.

July 10, 2012

Dwyer's are dealing with Betsy's saying that she's out of money, so she's going to bail out on her vacation plans to go to NYC, having already decided not to come visit us because she can't afford it. Her email made it clear that she can't meet her mortgage without help, and Craig is not offering support. He is now looking for a job because he can't make a living from photography. Siblings cannot continue to subsidize Betsy's business beyond the initial six-month loans we offered, and there is only a month or two left of that. She's going to have to sell her house, which she keeps saying she can't do until Ryan has graduated. Susie's email to her, after consulting Mary Ann and Frank, said that, since her nut requires \$100,000 a year income, she will have to get an apartment, and Ryan will have to go to another school. Suggested she may need to relocate close to one of her Jasper friends who might be able to give her at least more emotional, and social support. Mary Ann thinks she should move to New York to the Dwyer "ark." Betsy took it well, and is going to talk to Craig on Thursday. Don't know what that can do, even if he moves back into the house on a platonic basis, or he moves in, and she moves out. Drama.

July 20, 2012

Really lovely message from Bonnie Lindstrom, whom I helped doing her Historical Collection research on Benedict family. Mostly, she was deeply touched because I validated the time and care she has devoted towards years of research and her creation of miniature scenes of family history. Said she broke down and cried because I was first person who had given her that kind of validation. Very, very touching and sad too.  
August 2, 2012

Didn't have patience for hearing Frank's medical complaints or about Betsy's request for another \$15,000 from siblings to see her through selling her house and setting up housekeeping in a rental alternative. Got ready for bed. Frank came with me because of his concern for my pain which is requiring all my reserves and focus to overcome. Listened to his chat which was a distraction, but when Polly came to bed and nestled beside me, I asked him to let me read myself to sleep.

August 5, 2012

Realized that sciatica may result from playing recorder, because I'm tensing my buttocks and leg, attempting to control sound. Another breakthrough in understanding and solving pain issue, I hope!!

August 11, 2012

Evening started badly with Patrick asking innocently enough about the library, saying that when he had inquired about my work, Frank told Patrick that I come home every night and complain the way he did about Taper. Struck a nerve, and I said to Frank that I would be careful henceforward not to complain. Hurts me because he complains much more than I, and I have a lot I could complain of but don't!

August 23, 2012

[Email exchange with Jonathan.] *Hi Mary -Thank you for the email. My Sunday is very full, but I do have availability Saturday during the day. Usually I do 90-minute appointments (80 minutes on the table) for \$100 ... when requested, I do hour long appointments for \$70. My office is located in the Hastings Ranch/Kinneloa Mesa area of Pasadena near Sierra Madre, in the Northeastern foothills of the region. I share a lovely space set above a canyon wall in the hills, which I share with a psychotherapist. If you would like to book an appointment on Saturday, let me know what time of day works best for you, and tell me a bit more about yourself and what you are looking for in a massage. Thanks, Jonathan*

[My response.] Well, that's very close to our house. We're also in the Hastings Ranch neighborhood. Late afternoon on Saturday would be perfect.

Could we book an hour for deep tissue, please? I have pain issues due to arthritis and chronic conditions related to scoliosis. My spine was fused in 1990, and since then my hips, particularly my right hip, is often painful. I had major reconstructive surgery on my right foot 18 months ago, and I'm scheduled for major reconstructive surgery on my left foot next Thursday. I have been seeing Jonny Leim for three sessions of neuromuscular therapy to treat a painful condition around my left knee that my orthopedist believes was caused by arthritis, having looked at an MRI I had last week. Jonny has helped a great deal, but he's not in town this weekend, and I work in Beverly Hills full-time during the week. I'm really in good health, despite what this sounds like. I'm a vegetarian, I practice hatha yoga every morning, and I work out every day at the gym--30 minutes on an elliptical machine and work with weights, alternating upper and lower body. I take no pain medication and have been finding deep tissue massage and acupuncture very helpful in my pain management. Let me know what time is best for you. Thanks very much.

August 25, 2012

On to my massage with Jonathan Whittle-Utter whose studio is very close by. Young, handsome and best massage I've ever had, by far. Really gentle, strong, and very respectful. Great, really. Yippee!

August 30, 2012

Did few odds and ends and checked email once more before leaving for Kerlan-Jobe at 9:15. Consulted with Victor about post-op meds and care. Said good-bye to Frank and went back to be prepped. Very good nurse got me ready. Talked to anesthesiologist while he prepared me with nerve block. That hurt a bit, but didn't take too long. Went into surgery, where Jung was waiting, at 1:00. Next thing I knew, I was going into recovery room. Got dressed. Taken downstairs to rendezvous with Frank, who was waiting to load me into car. Had extra pillows, so I was fairly comfortable, and drive home wasn't bad. It had rained in Pasadena, and there was a rainbow I gazed at as we drove. Good omen. About 7:00 when we pulled into driveway. Frank brought knee-walker to garage/kitchen door. I made it, a bit shakily, to door and transferred to kitchen chair. Skids on chair made it easy to move it to position relative to knee-walker, and I transferred to it. Got to bed and was relieved to have made it safely. Changed out of clothes and got settled in. I was feeling acute pain. Really bad for long time. Scariest thing was when I went to bathroom, and as soon as I sat on toilet, I felt dizzy. Just sat there until I could, with Frank's help, get on to knee-walker and back to bed. When I had to go again later, the same thing happened. This time I started sweating, seeing stars, and was on verge of fainting. Frank got me back to bed, and I was relieved. Jack was on my

pillow with his paw on me, watching over me. Truly. So amazing. Really taking his job seriously.

September 3, 2012

Called Frank. Don't know what he was doing, but I waited and waited, wanting to eat but being unable to get it for myself. Went to bathroom, and Frank left me to brush my teeth, but he didn't come back. Said he was responding to a message from Mary Ann. I needed to get back to bed and get my foot elevated. Blood flow makes cast really tight, and cast is very heavy. He was distracted and forgot me. Next thing I knew, cats were sliding water dish on tiles in the kitchen because they had no water! Don't know how long it had been, but Frank hadn't noticed. That increased my annoyance. Felt like I need to do things myself. Can't count on him. Bummed out.

September 4, 2012

Frank made comment about not asking him to do individual tasks, like turning off fan, instead of putting in all requests at same time because it's hard for him to get up and down. Motivation to do everything for myself as soon as possible.

September 20, 2012

Received a message from Jonathan Whittle-Utter's blog, because, I guess, somehow Facebook recognized my search for him. Not sure. It was an invitation to "like" the blog. He writes about yoga and bodywork. He is a good writer, and it's not too New Age-y. It's grounded and clear. I commented that I appreciated what he was writing about, about hearing from him, and that he's a beautiful writer. This morning he sent a message thanking me for following his blog, taking time to comment, and asking how my recovery was going. Pleased that he was checking on me. Responded that, after I see Dr. Jung on Tuesday, I'll know when I'll be getting a boot and when I'll be able to schedule an appointment with him. Told him how the challenge of surgery brings with it the pleasure of being at home with Frank, cats, time for playing piano, singing, playing cornamuse, recorder, reading Dickens, and watching baseball. Thrilling pleasure to make a move that is judicious and still personal! Brought up my considering getting my hair cut short next week. Wouldn't do it if Frank objects. He's always said he likes my hair the way it is, but when I asked him what he thought of the idea, he just wanted to know why I was thinking of change. I liked my hair short when I was in high school, but while I was actress, I figured that I needed the versatility of longer hair. Since not being an actress, I've always had the idea of cutting it, but didn't want to do it if Frank's preference is for longer hair. He thinks that whatever I want is fine with him, although he likes my



hair as it is. Don't think there is a better time to do it since I'm away from work, and my return with or without short hair will be an event. Keeping my hair as it is seems to be sort of holding on to my younger self-image as I'm obviously aging, although I'm not trying to hide or resist acting like I'm 60. While changing to short hair is sort of celebrating that I'm 60, and I'm in a body that is trimmer than ever, cared for meticulously and with great style, not with a longing for lost youth, what I was, or might have been. So, I think I'm going to do it.

September 26, 2012

MARY, the wonder  
of you attaches me to  
life. Happy Birthday.

Love,  
Frank

Yay!



October 5, 2012

When Mom and Frank were talking about Republicans being “bad” by definition, Mom said that there were “good” slave owners. Frank said no good slaveowners, no good Nazis. When I agreed with him, Mom dismissed me as having been brainwashed by Frank. Reminded me of her opinion when Frank and I first got together. I said her remark indicated her lack of respect for my intelligence and character. She was drinking wine, and that probably affected her lack of discretion.




October 12, 2012

















































Left for massage appointment. So excited and glad to go! Lovely to see Jonathan. Told him what hurts, and he asked if he could do a little gentle work on my foot. Fabulous massage. He's so loving and careful and good. So lucky to have found him! He escorted me back to car, so I felt safe in post-massage state.

October 27, 2012



























[Letter to Carol.] I've been using the time at home to practice my alto recorder that I was forced to favor over the cornamuse, because the pressure of playing the cornamuse contributes to a lot of pain at my sternum. I had a similar experience with the last surgery, experiencing a lot of rib pain. I love having more time to sing, play the piano, and read Dickens' Our Mutual Friend. I've devoted uncounted hours fixing the multimedia programs I created with HyperStudio for Mom and Dad's 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, Daddy's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, and about Harriet Beecher Stowe and *White Ashes*. When I started working with HyperStudio, it was a software program provided to me by a professor. The programs I created in graduate school were operated by a free "Player," which I kept upgrading in order to be able to continue playing the programs through the software revisions. However, when I got my laptop and transferred all my files and programs to it, I discovered that I no longer could play the programs. I was distraught until I contacted HyperStudio tech support and was given personalized attention and gracious salvation by the creator of the software himself! He offered to take all my programs and upgrade them, stack by stack, last autumn. He was interested in the use of theatre in the HBS program, and he encouraged me to learn the new features of the software. My programs still needed to be reconnected, link by link, which required time that I didn't have while I was working. I knew I would have time during this period of convalescence. While Mom was here, when I needed to have a good excuse to be on my own and working, I reconstructed the anniversary and birthday programs and put the HBS program on its feet again. Who knows if anyone will ever see that again, although I'll send it to the Stowe-Day Foundation in the hope that it may be of interest to someone someday. I just couldn't stand for all of the richness and depth that I had created to have crumbled away. I've also used this time to get a good start on the extensive amount of work required of me as Co-Chair of the Tours Committee for the upcoming ARLIS Conference of Art Librarians that will be in Pasadena in April, 2013. All the correspondence, phone calls, and logistical planning requires time that I don't have when I'm working. So it goes. Finally, and surprisingly, I suspect, is this last: I cut my hair very short the day after I turned 60. I have wanted short hair for years and years, but as an actress, I thought that longer hair was more versatile. Then, after I was no longer an actress, Frank preferred my hair longer. I liked it too. But I really wanted to not look the same at 60 and beyond as I looked for decades

before. I thought that, returning to work will be an event anyway, so the haircut won't be a "story" in itself. Frank was completely agreeable. I've told no one till now.

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
















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






















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# A VISIT with HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



[Bibliography](#)

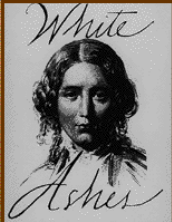
[Chronology](#) [Family Tree](#)

[HARRIET](#) [HBS Center](#) [The Play](#)

# White Ashes

created & performed  
by

## Mary Stark



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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE  
Her Life and Writing  
created and performed by  
MARY STARK  
Crayon sketch by George  
Richmond in 1853.

# The Harriet Beecher Stowe Center



[Home](#) [Tour](#) [Proclamation](#) [Info](#)

So, you want to know something about what sort of a woman I am. Well, you shall have statistics free of charge. To begin, I am about as dry as a pinch of snuff, never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used up article now. The general topic of remark upon meeting me seems to be that I am not so badlooking as they were afraid I was.1




[Home](#) [Video](#)

[Bibliography](#)

[Grandmother Foote](#)

I was the seventh child born to Lyman and Roxana Beecher. My mother died when I was five years old, but I remember her very well. She was an angel: quiet, serene, unselfish—the only person I ever knew who never told a lie or spoke an angry word. She was a timid



[Back](#) [Home](#) [Bibliography](#)

Standing from left:  
Thomas, William,  
Edward, Charles,  
Henry.  
Seated from left:  
Isabella, Catherine  
Lyman, Mary,  
Harriet.  
Insert photos:  
James & George.  
Photo thought to  
be taken by  
Mathew Brady in  
1859.



[Home](#) [Family Tree](#)


## BIBLIOGRAPHY








































### "A Visit With Harriet Beecher Stowe"

created by




















































MARY STARK

Special thanks to the Harriet Beecher Stowe Center for their help and permissions, especially:  
Mr. Joseph S. Van Why, Diana Royce, Roberta Bradford, and Tom Harkins.


















































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November 1, 2012

Frank was irritable, as usual, but at least he apologized for having “no margin.” He’s wearing me out with his irritability that is nearly constant lately.

November 10, 2012

Found article in a library database about oxalates. Frank’s kidney stone was analyzed, and he knows now what he shouldn’t eat. Terrible blow because he should avoid coffee, nuts, tofu, berries, oranges, eggplant—everything he loves. He can eat some if he flushes with water before and after eating, but it’s depressing for him. Alternative to kidney stones.

November 11, 2012

Called Mom and got caught up while Frank was having brunch and dressing for Met Opera in HD at USC. When he was ready, I told Mom I had to go. Frank was bitching about how we might not get there in time. I said I didn’t know he was waiting for me. I was ready to go, but it was as if he set me up so he could berate me. This after apologizing for being so crabby with me in

the morning. I understand why he's discouraged about dietary restrictions, or whatever stress he's operating under at any given time, but his lashing out at me because I'm available is what wears me down. Told him that this morning.

November 15, 2012

Left for 11:30 massage appointment. So glad for this! Relieved to hear that, when I'm back at work full-time, I should have no problem booking him on weekends, although he is out of town sometimes. This weekend he's part of the staff at an Arrowhead retreat on channeling anger in other ways. When I asked if he knows other staffers/trainers, he said that others in his men's group will be going. Wonder if he's gay or maybe bisexual. Said his family lives here, and he, his brother, and sister will be having Thanksgiving with his parents at their home. Nice.

November 16, 2012

Visited with Frank. One of his students, probably African-American playwriting student, complained to a university committee about class, because of "nigger" in an August Wilson play they are reading aloud and studying in class, accompanied by thorough discussions about baggage of terms. Interesting development. Frank's not worried, but he feels betrayed by the student. Because of the complaint, all his students are now involved in an investigation surrounding the complaint, which many resent. Stupid!

November 19, 2012

Frank was irritable before he left for class, and I had no patience for it on the day I'm going back to work. Enough of his complaints. I could complain about not being able to be an actress, and getting two graduate degrees in order to earn a living in another profession. Get over it! Was at the library a half hour early, so I had time to greet everyone in Administration. Nancy [director of the library] hugged me. Everyone loves my hair. Warm welcomes from all. Had some time with Madeline, who seems a bit more shellshocked than I've seen. She seems to be completely on the outside of management. She wasn't consulted before Karen and MT weeded librettos, and when she said they've started weeding the 700's, I just smiled and said that whatever they decide is fine with me. I will offer no resistance. This is a new reign of terror at the library! Toby said that Suzanne came back from her sick leave, and her office was locked. MT was standing there with a letter from Nancy saying that her job had been "reformatted." They have apparently been positioning her for firing even since she and Madeline switched positions last year. Toby thinks Madeline is next. Probably true. As managers, they are "at will." They don't have a union and don't require a reason for dismissal. Suzanne asked if she could get her personal things

from office. "No." Cold! Scary! Lovely warm hug from Carson in Circ. Appreciated that!

December 2, 2012

Talked to Mom. She's decided to put the house back on the market and to purchase a condo in Punta Gorda overlooking the ocean. She won't be coming here over holidays. Ann and Gary aren't going to be traveling, so Ann and Mom will be shopping for a condo instead. Think this is a decision based upon the expense of a Pasadena condo (\$750,000 compared to \$360,000). Her "depression mentality." She first said it was because the move here would be more difficult, but I knocked that down. Then she said it was because Florida has assisted living, as if Pasadena doesn't. I refuted that argument, saying that there is a gorgeous assisted living option here that I found. (She asked me to send her a link for website.) Think she also feels comfortable with her social life there, but she's not considering how much more difficult, once she can no longer travel easily, it will be for family to visit her. Enough! It's her decision, and I'd rather my life be Frank, me, Jack, and Polly anyway. But think she's making a mistake.

December 4, 2012

On to Kerlan Jobe for my appointment with Dr. Jung. X-rays were good, although pin at top big toe joint has "slipped." Alarmed until Jung reassured us that it's no cause for concern. If it begins to cause discomfort, it can be "easily" removed in office. He said I don't need to wear boot. Jung surprised both Frank and me by saying that mine is the hardest case he's had! That's sobering.

December 10, 2012

Visited with Frank. He'd had his last Emeritus class. They gave him gifts, as they customarily do, including a lovely certificate they'd produced, saying he was certified as a gerontologist. (Emeritus is requiring courses in order to continue teaching there.) Really sweet of them. He exploded at me after calling one of his USC students by the wrong name, and apologizing to her saying that he was taking drugs for his kidney stone, when he isn't. I said that he should have told truth that he had just been "careless," not that he had been under influence of drugs. He said that I was "nasty" for "criticizing" him. Then he got more angry at me because his mail, that I left on the counter in kitchen, as I always do, had been stacked in a pile by maids so he couldn't find it. I asked where he wanted me to put it in the future, but he had no answer. Just blamed me. After going to the bedroom and reading awhile and being consoled by Polly's nearness, I apologized for saying that he was careless and for criticizing him, saying that that was not my intent. He said "thank you."



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For two act version of *White Ashes*

December 11, 2012

There was tension between us. Apologized profusely for my error for not putting a concert date in my calendar. Asked if I could take no break, or come in an hour early. Frank used it as weapon to say I was "careless," so all apologies were for nothing. I was shattered and burst into tears, sobbing as he left. Told him he was "mean." Meant it, and he knew he was wrong.  
December 23, 2012

Left for massage. Jonathan worked a lot on my calves, ankles, and feet. Like untangling connections. Didn't want to be there when he opened my card explaining that I was giving him a mala that I bought to connect me to Charles Bates, my guru, who wore a similar mala. Said he has become my teacher and thanked him for his service. Careful wording. Don't want to be presumptuous or be misunderstood.



Mary.  
Pretend there's a kitty  
smelling the rose! Such  
a good memory of the  
baby with a dark spot on  
her forehead - and a  
blister on her thumb -  
it started there without  
even a blanket! I love  
you.  
Mom

December 28, 2012

Timed my arrival in the office intentionally to be just before my work day begins at 9:00 in order to avoid Madeline claiming time off the clock. Reference meeting was to begin at 9:00, but when I returned from the bathroom with 4 minutes to spare, in which I wanted to make my coffee, Madeline, Eddie, and Monica were all at the table ready to start the meeting. I said that it wasn't yet 9:00, and I set up my coffee to brew. Madeline said something like, we'll begin when you're ready. I said "Really, it's not yet 9:00." She had us all scheduled at public desks at 10:00, and she had a lot to cover in the meeting, so she wanted to begin early! Bad start to the day, but my point was made. She said in the meeting that she wants us to let others know if we're going to leave the building during our breaks, because we're not accessible by Vocera then. This has come up before, and I've made the point that we aren't required to have Vocera accessibility over our lunch hour when we're off the clock. She backed off then. Said I always go out of building for my break, but she said it would just be preferable to tell co-workers if you're leaving. Then Eddie said that, by the same token, if one is going to be late returning from a break, then you should call. He was implicating Madeline for her long dinner breaks, and Madeline understood the subtext and responded that, oh well, everyone is late now and then. Really not right to ask us to be on duty during our off-clock time, so Frank suggests that I send an email at the beginning of every lunch break, saying that I'm going on break, leaving building, and not accessible by Vocera. Make a point until Madeline gets it. Children's is moving into a new area, and they will get new chairs, so Madeline said we could get their old chairs if we need them. I'm fine with my cubicle chair, and I said so, but she still wanted me to check them out so we could replace the Telephone Reference chair. She said that MT was OK with that, but when I went to the Children's office, I was headed off by MT and Karen coming down the hall to say that

they told Madeline “no”. MT said “you have a good chair,” and I said that I was happy with my chair, but Madeline wanted me to check for a new chair for Telephone Reference. MT rolled her eyes, and I laughed and said “Never mind, I understand!” So predictable! Reported back to Madeline. Stupid!

December 30, 2012

Jonathan asked about my Christmas and what good movies we had watched. Then he asked about when I was Rolfed and when I started practicing yoga. He was surprised at how long it’s been and said I should be teaching him. “Oh, no,” I said. Glad to be slowly learning more about each other.

## 2013 Journal

January 16, 2013

Had message from Schlesinger Library saying that they will accept my *White Ashes* script and DVD in Beecher-Stowe Family Papers Collection! What wonderful news! This gives me such peace of mind to know that this achievement and contribution of scholarship and record of my work as an actress will endure. It's a fitting embodiment of my careers as actress and librarian! Really happy. Told a few people: Lois, who has seen the DVD and, as an actress, knows what this means. She hugged me. Ann Cox was really impressed, I think, because it's prestigious. Radcliffe/Harvard! Mom was really pleased, of course. Posted it on my Facebook timeline, and received lovely comments from Nicki, Jonathon Medeiros, and Charles Coffman [library clerk who is a painter]. Deeply significant to me. I kept thinking about it all day. Anticipated some response to Schlesinger Library news from Frank all day. He responded yesterday to positive response when I asked if I could send my script and DVD for consideration with "Yippee," but he failed to recognize the significance of the emailed acceptance. Feelings were hurt, but managed to drop my disappointment, knowing that he was preoccupied with his first class of the term at USC. Still.



SCHLESINGER LIBRARY  
RADCLIFFE INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

March 5, 2013

Mary Stark  
768 Canyon Wash Drive  
Pasadena, CA 91107

Dear Ms. Stark,

We are grateful to you for choosing the Schlesinger Library as the repository for the script and DVD of "White Ashes." This material will speak to many issues, document your own work, and add deeper context to the Beecher-Stowe Family material already here at the Schlesinger Library.

Enclosed are two copies of the deed of gift. Please sign both copies and return one to us. The other is for your files.

Please accept our thanks and the thanks of the researchers who will use this material to further scholarship in many fields.

With best wishes,

Kathlyn Allamong Jacob  
Johanna-Maria Fränkel  
Curator of Manuscripts

Arthur and Elizabeth Schlesinger Library on the History of Women in America  
10 Garden Street • Cambridge, MA 02138 • Phone 617-495-8647 • Fax 617-496-8340 • [www.radcliffe.edu](http://www.radcliffe.edu)

January 18, 2013

I looked up ideas for book display for African American History month and found *From Slavery to the White House* and sent email to all, saying that, if anyone had an objection, please let me know before I start looking for art for the display. Eddie came up to me with print-out of alternate ideas that he thought would be better. I said he should put it in an email for Madeline, Monica, and me. Don't care a bit about his alternate ideas! His email said my idea was dark, and that, in talking to Monica, she said it was too "political." Made me mad. I answered to all immediately saying that I like the weightiness of the title and that, with inauguration this week, it is timely. Said that, if the group would rather assign a title to me, fine, I would be happy to find art and keep the display filled. "Let me know." Eddie came to me and said that he thought my email suggested I wanted ideas. It did not. Then I overheard him go and complain to Madeline, so for rest of day I was wondering if Madeline would tell me that my title was too strong and to find another. It's Black History. It's built on slavery!!! She didn't.

January 27, 2013

So glad to see Jonathan after two weeks. Happy to share with him details of my weekend. He was pleased that I was excited about ending my weekend with a two- hour massage. Glad he had two hours, giving me what I needed. Special. Think he took the opportunity, for first time, of looking at me as I turned onto my back. Glad if he wanted to see me. Whatever he wants. And I know Frank feels that way too!

January 29, 2013

My last appointment with Dr. Jung. No longer his worst or hardest case, as of yesterday. He talked about how the correction on my left foot was not as good as with the right foot. He's not worried about it getting worse, but if I notice rubbing that causes pain, he could move bone over in much less complicated surgery. That's not something I need to anticipate. Fond farewell with great thanks to him.

January 31, 2013

Eddie and I discussed yesterday logistics involved in the dismantling of his book display and me mounting mine. I was surprised when I read his email to Madeline this morning, expressing concern about timing the switch. I reassured him in my reply that he should go ahead whenever it is convenient for him, assuring him that I don't need assistance in building my display as he suggested in his message. He said that he pulled more books because he thought it looked like I needed more books for display. Realized he was attempting to horn in on my decision to make initial display with books about Blacks in art, music, and dance, pulling exclusively from 700's. He thought there should be history and biography. Assured him that, if I need more books, I was prepared with a list I am working from. Typical Eddie behavior!

February 3, 2013

Went to 90-minute massage. Not enough time, but great. Asked for two hours next Sunday. Saw a mountain lion on hillside on the other side of ravine. So thrilling! Happy to share experience with Jonathan, although he didn't see it hunting and pouncing in the grass.

February 8, 2013

Jeri made a surprise visit. She was coming by to pick up her books for laundromats she supplies. I was due on desk, so we could visit only briefly. Glad for that. She was trembling. Don't know if it was simply from excitement of seeing me again. Urged her to look at new Children's library despite her reservations, but she didn't, I found out later. Well, so be it. [Last time I saw her. She was apparently already suffering from Alzheimer's, although I didn't know it.]

February 11, 2013

Black woman who loved my book display asked who was responsible and said how beautiful it is. But specifically, she loved the title and image & asked for a copy of it! Told her how grateful I was for her comment and why, because of criticism that it was too strong and dark. Great! Plan to pass her comment along.

February 16, 2013

Went to two-hour massage. Heaven. I'm always cognizant of time passing during massage, knowing that it will be a week before I have another one. At same time, I'm really in present, with massage and my body. So grateful for Jonathan. Feel so lucky!

February 17, 2013

Talked to Mom. Irritated by her saying that, if we were "reasonable," we would find nothing to object to in Unitarian Church that she attended today. Let her know that it is because we are reasonable that we reject religion, and reminded her that I attended that church for about ten years!

February 24, 2013

Told Jonathan how his latest blog describing his massage as a meditation for him confirms that experience from my perspective. Told him how I asked Charles Bates if it was all right to have mantra in my mind at other times than just meditation. He answered "Mantra can always be with you." Said that resonated with John Franklyn-Robbins assuring me that the way I worked as an actress from outside in is good if it works for me. Not sure how that connects, but I was glad I told Jonathan, who was surprised that I had been an actress. I told him I performed at Berkeley Rep when he was a student at Berkeley. Glad to share more personal information with him.

March 1, 2013

Music in Historic Sites concert by Moscow String Quartet was marred. I was sitting next to man who was sniffing unconsciously. Made the mistake of letting Frank know. He can't help but be pulled out of enjoying the music, knowing that I need to move, looking for another chair. I moved to a more comfortable chair, but Frank reprimanded me and wouldn't let up, so I felt humiliated. I went back to my chair for intermission, nearly in tears. Didn't want to be around Frank, who was irritable. He probably needed to eat, and he had computer virus problems he had been grappling with since last night.



Still. After the concert, he started in again, criticizing me for being thin-skinned and allowing myself to be hurt by him. Too much.

March 2, 2013

Frank reached point where he had to eat about 3:30 or so. He was irritable. He had finished taxes, and it was my job to scan them. Had done scanning with our printer in the past, but since then, something is “disconnected,” so I resorted to a hand-held scanner that Frank bought, prompted by Bill’s recommendation. He hadn’t opened it, and has been lobbying me to learn to use it. I figured I could use our printer which, because it’s on the floor, is too difficult for Frank to use. I wasn’t going to go through figuring out the connectivity problem because Frank won’t use it anyway. Frank went off at this point, berating me for my bad attitude. I resented the unfairness of his charge. Yelled back at him to “stop it” and eat something. Said he’s been nothing but cranky lately. He backed off immediately, knowing, I think, that I was right. Glad when he left. Couldn’t get his new gadget to work. Went to Kinko’s and faxed documents. \$45. Well, it’s done. Really scared when Jackie, who was on his tower, fell off and apparently had a seizure. Horrible to see. Ministered to him. He seemed absolutely fine. Purring and clear-eyed. But we were shaken. Watched him closely to be sure he was OK.

March 2, 2013

Mom told me that, while Nicki was visiting, Tom sent Mom an email, criticizing her and Daddy for the way they set up the trust, not giving him ownership, and for not giving him some stake in the Hawaii property. Stupid of him! What right has he to tell Mom how she should manage her estate? Nicki was devastated, especially because, when Nicki mentioned a visit to Portland, Mom said she won’t be able to go there. She isn’t going to respond to Tom, but she won’t be around him. Don’t blame her! Feel sorry for Nicki. Ann cannot be told. Mom made that clear!

March 10, 2013

Went to two-hour massage. So happy to see Jonathan and report that both hips were much improved. Asked for usual laundry list of hips, feet, and neck for his special attention. Felt intense and heavenly. He asked about concert, and in telling him about our concert going, I mentioned how work is not satisfying except as means for having ability to go to concerts, have massage, etc. He asked if I’ll be able to retire, and I said I don’t think so, but possibly because of good fortune with the house, telling him about the trust. Glad to reveal personal information to him. Want him to know more about me, know I trust him, and want to share with him.

March 22, 2013

Discussion about how to handle Special Collections materials because items are missing and mutilated. Will taking more information on a form solve the problem when part-time librarians aren't following policy now which should already make theft and mutilation impossible? I said they need to carry out policy and not depend on messages from another Librarian II rather than by the Supervisor. No follow-up. Madeline wants a form drafted to see if requiring more information will solve problem. We'll see. I brought up again the need to do a shelf check in SC so we know what's missing. Karen says it's a low priority. I replied that we should do it ourselves, albeit after we've completed CD assignments. Madeline said Karen won't want to give us a list of SC materials. We can do that ourselves, Monica and I affirmed. I printed out a couple of pages later to show Madeline. Madeline said that upper managers will just be defensive about the results of a shelf check. That's not why we need to do it! I said we need to fill out yellow inventory cards for missing items so catalogue records can be changed to show that items are "missing," and not "available." Inexplicable why Madeline was so argumentative and resistant. It's as if she wants to foment discord and gossip. That's not what we want. We just want to do our jobs.

March 31, 2013

Left for much anticipated massage. Praised Jonathan for his *Run Buddha Run* film. He was genuinely gratified by my comments—beauty as well as wit. Intense and intensely pleasurable. When he asked if I was pursuing any artistic interests, I told him about *White Ashes*, Schlesinger Library, and Harriet Beecher Stowe website struggles. [Archived website can be accessed at the Internet Archive, [whiteashes.org](http://whiteashes.org), captured on May 24, 2019.] Glad to share all this that is important to me, even though I love not talking and focusing on massage. So glad I have this every week, and so grateful to have him in my life. Surprised to hear that he had not done any filmmaking for four years before he did a short in December. He did *Run, Buddha, Run* last month! His life is full!

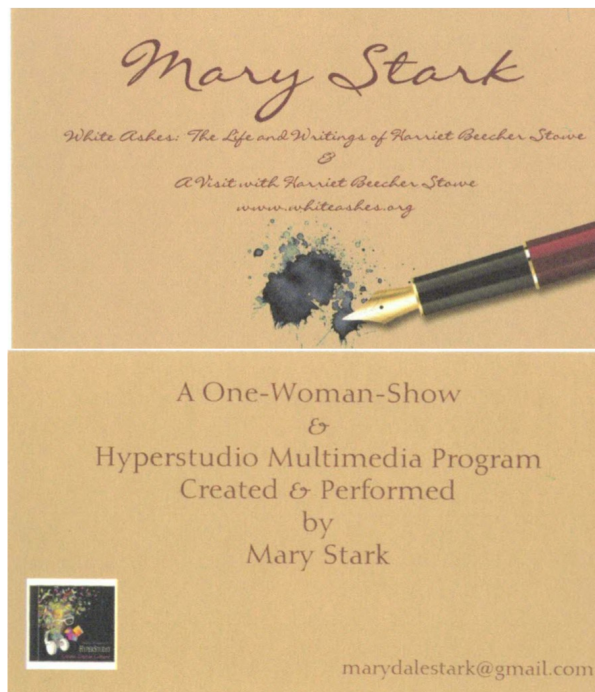
April 1, 2013

Had lovely email from Jonathan who explained why I need to not take pain during massage without letting him know. It makes it harder for him to calibrate how much pressure to use. Responded that I understand and that my taking pain is probably the result of years of not wanting to complain and whine. I will take his words to heart.

April 14, 2013

Files transferred for Whiteashes.org webpage and loaded. Checked the program, and it worked including the bibliography buttons. Thank goodness!

Posted Facebook announcement and sent email announcement. Hooray! Talked to Mom. She said in passing that she saw the webpage but hadn't looked at it yet. She didn't think it was a very good picture of me. Really irritating! Glad when the conversation was over. So glad to go to massage appointment! Surrendered myself happily to Jonathan. Feel completely safe in his hands. Intense and deeply relaxing two hours. Gave him my first business card for the website, aside from Frank, of course. Glad to do that, and he knows how much it means to me.



April 16, 2013

Went by Administration when I arrived at work in order to pass out website business cards. Gave them to MT, Lois, Nancy, Deborah, Toby, Carson, Stephen, Asher and Anne. Gratifying and surprised response. Most have no idea about this side of me. Impressed that I built site.

April 21, 2013

Left for session of cranial sacral therapy. Sweet woman from South America. She is "intuitive," and as she laid hands on various chakras, she shared what she felt and saw. Balance is an issue with my hurt foot seeming heavier than my right, so she advised meditating on restoring balance. She also had a vision at second chakra of fallen tree—something lost. I said that separation

she described I associated with separation from my career as actress. Then I realized that the day after I released my website and let go of that anxiety was the day I hurt my foot. She perceives feet as metaphysically “stepping forward.” So perhaps I’m not feeling peaceful about letting go of theatre. She perceived at heart chakra an explosion. Good, signifying immanent transformation. Anyway, she believes that I will notice improvement (in foot—in tinnitus?). I’m hopeful.

April 24, 2013

Home to alarming news that Jack had another seizure. Upsetting. Again, he seemed fine right afterwards, and after calling vet’s office, Frank decided it wasn’t necessary to take him in until tomorrow for appointment. When I went in to say goodnight to Frank, Jack had another seizure. Frank called second vet we took Bill to when Dr. Kay was out of town. I had just taken half an Ambien, so Frank dressed and loaded up Jack, who was quiet but purring. Scared.

April 29, 2013

[Massage at our house.] Told Jonathan about foot problem. He commented on the number of books and asked what Frank does. Told him about going to cranial sacral therapist, what she said about loss, how I processed that with regard to theatre and acting, her observation about my left foot taking more weight than my right, and issue of balance. Her metaphor about feet signifying movement into future, and my association of how, the day after I launched my website, I stepped wrong on my foot. Jonathan, not knowing her, could not comment about her, but about my wanting at least to share my responses to her. He suggested that I pay mindful attention to areas that are tense and cause me pain, breathing. He asked if I keep a journal and said to write in journal what my “inner actress” has to say. Told him I would. When he got to my left foot, I had a lot of pain, although his touch was very light and gentle. Foot seized-up, so he could hardly work on it at first. Just moving around area, detecting pain and tension. Finally, some letting go. I told him I was aware of pain, releasing when I could consciously let go. Really intense. Was surprised and disappointed that, apparently, he hadn’t looked at website. I want him to, and I want his praise, I know. So grateful for massage!

May 1, 2013

When I was driving home yesterday, it was clear to me what “inner actress” was saying: although I intend to have a feeling of release and comfort from my website, I was longing for approval, admiration, and recognition of my work from people who matter to me. Although I only just launched my site, my body could have been forcing me to recognize that the only real

validation and approval I can control and be sure of is going to come from me.

May 12, 2013

Taken by surprise when Jonathan suggested that my body might benefit by “jump start” that change in my work-out could provide. He suggested “ecstatic dancing” groups. While I think he’s right that my body can do balance and weights, it needs more flexibility, but I can’t see myself entering group dance or dance workouts that gym offers. Felt vulnerable because I interpret his guidance as a criticism of me, related to Frank’s saying I used to be “hot.” Told Jonathan that, when I’m not working, I need to be anonymous. He said that I could do dance and not identify myself, and when I shared my fear of movement when I’m struggling with walking with grace, he said he was just “planting a seed.” Very loaded for me, so by time I left, I felt vulnerable and protective. Pretty sure he was able to sense how his words had shaken me.

May 13, 2013

Thought about how I could do dance Jonathan thinks I need. I wouldn’t need to go to class, but instead dance to music I loved in 70’s and 80’s and music I love now. Important thing is to move in freer way. I mentioned to Jonathan that I could go to his hatha class on Memorial Day because it’s a day off. He told me that he wished I could do his hatha class. In his message, he gave details about location of class and said it would be lovely to have me there. Responded that I was surprised at potency of his suggestion about jump starting my practice with dance, and that, after mulling it over, I had come up with way I could incorporate his guidance into my hermit life-style by dancing to music I loved in 70’s and 80’s and love now. Said again that I regard him as my teacher, but that some lessons are more difficult than others. Glad to be able to disclose to him. Thought about how my resistance to dance could have connection to embarrassment I felt when Mom once was dancing in place, sort of showing off about being youthful. Could also be a fear of being perceived sexually by Frank again.

May 14, 2013

Left about 11:15 for appointment with Linnea Lenkus. Started taking photos of Frank and me. Then with Frank, but me without clothes, then me alone, nude on black background, and finally me on white. Back to studio to work with Sharon, deciding which pictures we want. Really delighted with pictures of Frank and me. Want to replace photo of us in my locket, now that my hair is short. I have aged a lot, I think, in these past two years. Not happy about muscle tone I’ve lost, even though Linnea kept saying how amazing my body



looks, which she says is testimony for yoga practice. Anyway, after working for about two hours, we reduced number of photos to 22—another Memory Box = \$4,000 more or less. Extravagant, but worth it.



May 19, 2013

Danced to Billings, and it was a revelation. Inspired by Mark Morris choreography--modern dance to classical music. With bathroom counter as a kind of barre, I was able to dance. It was wonderful, fulfilling my life desire to be a dancer. Thought of picture of infant me in tutu Mom made me, in front of Christmas tree in ballerina pose. Such a gift Jonathan has led me towards. Can't wait to tell him!

May 20, 2013

When Jonathan asked me how I've been, I told him about surprising and delightful result of his suggestion that I investigate adding dance to my workout. Jonathan was really pleased. He said he didn't know where idea came from, so he probably intuited it from me. Expressed my gratitude. He said that today he finally had time to go to my website. Said he hadn't watched all of my show, but he had very nice words about website itself and how surprising it is to see me acting. Said what a good thing it is to have research I've done available on web. So grateful and happy. Jonathan said that my body is noticeably more receptive and supple to massage. No doubt a result of dance. No doubt in my mind. Frank commented about how handsome Jonathan is. He thought massage must be sexually stimulating. I



said no, not stimulating, but definitely very sensuous and wonderful. So lucky that he's not threatened but genuinely glad for me to have it.

May 26, 2013

Told Jonathan about how excited my dancing makes Polly, which amused him. He asked if I was still planning to go to his yoga class in the morning, and I told him that I had been looking forward to it all week. He was glad about that because he said his intuition told him that I was in an ecstatic state because of dancing, and he wants to be sure that I'm grounded—balanced, and said how he heard about woman who was being taught ecstatic dancing and was carried away by it to the extent that she broke her foot. Told him how the work with him is helpful for me in how I process experiences. Talked about how it is a lesson in dealing with my own impatience and intolerance, but also learning to stand up for myself to find alternatives. Felt like I could reveal to him my sadness in facing when/if something happens to Frank. So appreciative of how he listens and guides with kindness and care. Wonderful massage. Deeply soothing.

June 1, 2013

I was sitting next to Silvia, mother of one of Frank's students, and we were having very nice conversation about her work with endangered children in Uganda. Didn't eat as quickly as Frank wanted. So we didn't get on our way to Santa Monica till 7:35. Frank was angry, and I was in the way of anger. Think he was irritated that Silvia and I hit it off. He couldn't participate in our conversation because he couldn't hear Silvia, so he talked with Ana. I had no idea he was angry. He was really over the top. Did my best to remain calm. But what with elevator that wasn't working, but no sign to let us know that, we were just entering back of hall as music began. I went to balcony and heard all of piece, but Frank couldn't do stairs. So that added to his ire. Horrid. We were estranged for entire concert. And he was mad all the way home at everybody on the road.

June 2, 2013

Bought groceries. I must have dropped my keys. Retraced steps over and over again. Asked managers for help. Searched on hands and knees, but couldn't find them. Called Frank to bring key, and when he asked, as he gave me key, if I had looked in my grocery bag, I responded low and even, "Yes, Frank," because I had looked three times already, and the manager had looked. He barked at me, and I dissolved as soon as I got into car and headed home. Really worn out by his temper and irritability and also upset about keys. Took a long time before I could stop crying. Felt shattered. Frank came in and prodded me about returning Mom's call. I already decided I wasn't going to call her back. Had to take care of me. That set

him off again. He was mad at me for being so sensitive while he's worried about dying. He said how he loved Britten pieces last night, and I was the cause of his missing them because he perceived me as willfully dawdling over dinner. I was sobbing by this time, protesting that I had no idea that I was unresponsive to his trying to move things along because we would be late. I felt shattered again. Jack was crying to Frank because he wanted us not to fight. I was in bed when Frank came in to apologize, and Jack was on top of me to comfort me. Frank talked about his health and what he's going to do to lose weight and try to get his health back. He said how much he loves me, how perfect we are for each other, and how I couldn't want a mate who is placid and docile...Jonathan commented about how adept I was in hatha class, which surprised and pleased me, and called my Downward Facing Dog awesome or amazing. He said "Beautiful, Mary" as I was in pose on Monday. Great massage as always. He's so intuitive, I was worried he would sense my recent sadness, but if he did, he didn't mention it.

June 16, 2013

I was delighted that, on Jonathan's mix-tape at end of my session, he played the two bhakti songs, one of which he referenced on his blog about "surrender." The article I read at gym, after spotting Jonathan there, was about artist, Turrell, and how surrendering when approaching his work was probably necessary. I was so impressed by article, that I sent it to him. Synchronicity!

June 19, 2013

I have a tiny locket, and I now have two impossibly small pictures of Jonathan in it. It's attached to my little bracelet made of rudraksha beads like the mala I gave Jonathan-- the one that Charles Bates wore! So glad to wear that reminder.

June 23, 2013

Told Jonathan I believe that his work with me has made my job easier and made a difference to people with whom I come in contact. Really think that's true! Robert and Lana arrived. He sent me a laudatory message yesterday about my DVD and *Aus dem Lobgesang*, the duet I sang with Linda Seka on *whiteashes.org* webpage, which he wants to use in his program chapter to illustrate how something of this quality can be produced on cassette—one doesn't need a lot of equipment. He praised *White Ashes* beautifully and touchingly, and I felt touched by his comments. Lana really laid into Frank and was unrelenting about how he must exercise. They were both very worried about Frank's health. Appreciated their concern and was glad he was hearing it, but he had plenty of excuses why he hasn't been able to exercise because he's had no energy. And he'd rather be reading!

June 25, 2013

Sent Jonathan email saying he couldn't have anticipated the happiness indirectly resulting from his suggestion to "jumpstart" my workout with dance. Listed music that lifts my heart that I only hear if the songs happen to be played on radio, since I no longer own a turntable. Now, I dance to them each morning. I don't expect unrequired responses from Jonathan. I suspect he's careful about any digital trail that could be misinterpreted by clients or others. I was very happy to receive his response, "This is wonderful!"

July 8, 2013

Sent Peter Mark and Thea Musgrave my webpage address because Lillian praised my singing. We talked about how Robert Winter asked to put our duet in his MITA music program. He responded immediately, saying *White Ashes* was wonderful. "I had no idea!" and that the duet was also terrific. High praise, coming from him, who has a career as an opera company artistic director, member of LA Philharmonic, and Julliard graduate. Fed my soul!

August 4, 2013

Praised Jonathan's latest blog about transexuals resorting to surgical "solutions" being culturally determined and not an alternative in Native American cultures, for instance, where those who combine male and female identities are often regarded as spiritually advanced. That led to discussion of drug use to control aberrant behavior and *Silver Linings Playbook*. Talked about interaction with marginal, medicated patrons and revealed to him that, although I advocate non-surgical, non-prescription health when possible, I have quite a history of recreational drug use in my past. He was surprised and amused, I think. Happy to disclose personal information to him. Learned he was conceived on the Upper West Side, very near where I lived. Neat, except it highlights how much younger he is than I. Think he's around 33.

August 5, 2013

Just as I was about to finish my last shift at Telephone Desk, I began to stand up to stretch before walking to get steady on my feet. Don't know exactly what happened, but I think my knee buckled beneath me, because of arthritis perhaps, and I tumbled over on to floor, catching my fall with my right hand. Hurt my wrist so badly that I nearly passed out. I made it back to my cubicle where I attempted to get my body back. Wrist was bad, but I just wanted to go home. Knew that once I reported my injury, I would need

to deal with paramedics from Fire Department. I had to tell Alice, in case I would be unable to come to work in morning. Alice filed injury report while I lay on the floor in my cubicle. MT arrived, and the three of us went across street to see paramedics. Better than having six firemen, complete with stretcher and equipment, come to me in library. By this time, I could walk safely. Firemen are so amazing. So capable and calm. They took my vital signs and did little tests to see how much movement and feeling I had in my fingers. They advised me to be taken to hospital for x-rays or to go home and see my doctor and get x-rays. I felt competent to drive, especially with spinner knob.

August 6, 2013

Pain was significant. Went for x-rays, and break was confirmed. Made an appointment with Dr. Kenneth Sabaag who said break was significant. Not just long bone running up arm but also bone in my hand pushed out and tipped down so that my hand is not aligned. Was reassured that surgery would restore me nearly completely. Only minimal loss of wrist flexibility. Had been worried about being able to play piano. No problem. He said that this injury is definitely a sign of osteoporosis, and that, given my size, race, and age, this is a condition that I need to discuss with Dr. Clinton to see what I can do to protect myself from more breakage. Oh dear. Endured most intense pain I've ever had for next eight hours. Waited till I could take another Vicodan. Frank called on-duty physician who said I could take two Vicodan. Thank goodness! Still, I was only able to just endure throbbing, intense pain till 1:45, when I could take another dose.

August 14, 2013

Jonathan wrote yesterday, "Embodiment is such a mixed bag, isn't it?" His blog is titled, "Embodied Spirit," and I've been thinking about this, about how having a body, with its limitations and vulnerabilities is a laboratory for occasions like this where my injury forces me to confront issues that I would otherwise ignore. I must question aspects of myself that need attention!

August 17, 2013

The rift between Mom and Nicki, rooted in Tom's dissatisfaction with terms of trust, has progressed to the point where, although Mom's trip next month to Kauai includes visits to David's family in San Francisco and to Sarah in Portland before she comes to visit us, Nicki will not go to see her in Portland. Shocking! Wonder how long Nicki will hold out before she is allowed to see Mom? Horrible! Talked with Jonathan about my wrist injury and my falling. He asked about my nutrition and advised me to eat better at breakfast, suggesting Greek yogurt, which is rich in fat. Good advice which I will heed. Confided in him that I thought about his words "Embodiment is a mixed

blessing, isn't it" and thought that this injury may provide me with ways of seeing how my mind, heart, and spirit may be speaking to me in ways less easy to ignore through my body. He was very careful about moving my right arm and touching my hand and fingers. Touched me deeply when he spent prolonged period of quiet touch at my wrist. Moved me, and I almost inaudibly thanked him. He is very dear to me.

August 24, 2013

Sad new of Julie Harris' passing. She, who gave *Wood Demon* standing ovation, and when she met Frank in NYC, remarked to him how unforgettable it was, noting the maid at play's rise, picking leaves off table—me!—as he pointed to me, sitting across the room and identifying the "maid" as his wife. I will never forget that!

August 27, 2013

Frank returned with Polly. We thought she would have surgery for tumor that was feared to be malignant. Vet said that decrease in size of mass from 2.7 to 2 centimeters was nearly always sign of no malignancy. She said that she admittedly puts her cats through a lot, and would probably remove the lump for her own peace of mind. However, if lump is malignant, then we would be prolonging Polly's life perhaps only for a matter of months. So instead, we will wait, be vigilant, and hope it continues to decrease in size. What a relief, or at least reason for hope! [It continued to diminish in size.] She went to bedroom with Frank and me, falling asleep with my hand on her tummy and her paw in Frank's hand. Heartbreaking!



September 17, 2013

Talked to Ada, my physical therapist, about yoga, and she seemed surprised at advice from Yoga for Osteoporosis by Loren Fishman and Ellen Saltonstall about not doing yoga. Hearing how I've been practicing since late 70's and with rods in my back, she said that she thought I was making the right decision, continuing with my postures with my straight spine, because of the rods, so long as I don't put weight on my neck. She said that, because my spine is fused, my hips are going to adjust, so if I force myself beyond what is possible for my hips to handle, I might hurt myself. The popping of my hip, which happens when I do spinal twist, is probably because the joint is out of alignment, and I'm popping it back. She doesn't want me to play piano because of pain. Glad for her help, but felt bad about losing piano. Thought about how I should use this as encouragement to sing unaccompanied in meantime. I'm doing my best not to be downhearted by setbacks. Hard.

September 20, 2013

Sang without playing piano for about an hour, adding arias I haven't been singing. Found CD's of other arias to learn and downloaded music I could find online. Good for me! One door closes and another opens.

September 21, 2013

Nearly cried when describing to Jonathan my worries having read Yoga for Osteoporosis and being told not to play piano. Told him that I am looking for arias, singing, and glad to have an appointment with endocrinologist, but he knew I was fragile and commented, while giving massage, that I need to keep in mind that statistics do not predict my outcome. It's important to my attaining good health not to be negatively influenced by holding negative outcomes in mind. Comforted and calmed by massage and being with him. So helpful! Glad our concert season has begun. Love being out with Frank, sitting beside him and listening to beautiful music. Nice to dress up. Miss wearing my beautiful clothes!

September 24, 2013

Dr. Drange asked for another bone scan and told me why I should not take Forneo because it can only be taken for two years, and that's it. It should be last effort after doing the once every six months injection drug Prolia. It is a step down from Forteo, but I can take it for an indefinite time. First, we have to show that Fosamax didn't work for me by another bone density test, which I should have had from Clinton when he took me off Fosamax. Worst news was that Clinton should not have put me back on Fosamax until after my wrist mended! Horrible! We'll find out Thursday when we see Sabaag if my recovery has been compromised by this. Really bad of Clinton not to have known!



September 28, 2013

Mom left her IPAD at David's, and disregarded my advice to travel with her Kindle, so she had nothing to read until I found her Frank's New Yorker that she hadn't yet read. I shared with her the password software program I use to store all passwords when she asked for my advice. She didn't purchase it, so all her passwords, stored on her IPAD, are unavailable. She can't get on Facebook or use the Kindle app on her Samsung phone. She pleaded her helplessness with her new phone, which she got because her friend, Craig, has one, but now he's gone back to NYC. I said that she's smart, and not helpless. She can go to YouTube and watch videos, like I did, and that learning how to do things will be good for keeping her 83-year-old brain nimble, which is important. Know that she would prefer to have others do things for her, but she needs to be more self-sufficient. Little concerned when yesterday, she left the faucet on in bathroom full force and then locked the door so Frank had to use screwdriver to open it. Already, several times, she's injected spiritual mumbo-jumbo, flabby thinking into conversation. Frank and I both challenge her assumptions. We don't let her off the hook! Found out that, not only had Mom left her IPAD at David's, she also left her money and checkbook. Distracted by kids, she said. She forgot that, when I asked if she wanted Kim to just cut her hair or give her cut and color, she said just a haircut. It was already past 1:30 before we were on our way to the tailor's. She tried to hand over the job of going to the tailor to me, but I insisted she give the order, and she needed to because there isn't enough material to do what she wants. She had to agree to an alternate plan, and the fee, which she commented upon as being not cheap: \$250. "No," I said, "he's good. I didn't say he was cheap."

September 29, 2013

Mom was tired, and I was concerned (Frank too) when we arrived at restaurant, because it took her a long time to get out of car, moving, and a long time to walk the short distance to restaurant door. Then she stopped in doorway, and had to be prompted to continue moving. Frank wondered if she might have had a "mini-stroke" which, he says, are common. Mom said she was fine but a little dehydrated. Worrying...

September 30, 2013

Left for Ontario airport. Nice chat on way. Got her checked in and seats switched for better ones. Said good-bye, and she was emotional. I'm sure she wonders now if it will be the last time. She said her Kauai visit would be her last.



City of Beverly Hills  
Community Services Department

September 30, 2013

Ms. Mary Stark  
c/o City of Beverly Hills Library  
455 N. Rexford Drive  
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

Dear Ms. Stark,

The Human Relations Commission is pleased to inform you that you were nominated for the 2013 Embrace Civility Award. This award was created to recognize people in Beverly Hills who contribute to civility as a way of life throughout the city. The award is an extension of our civility campaign that began by inviting the community to join us in supporting an environment where civility, respect and responsible actions prevail. You were nominated by Boze Hadleigh who described in the attached nomination form how you exemplify one or more of the following attributes:

- Acts as a role model of positive civic behavior
- Takes a stand in support of respect and responsible actions
- Promotes positive neighbor to neighbor relations

The selection process was difficult due to the qualifications and strengths of all the applicants. While you were not selected as the winner of this award, the Human Relations Commission would like to commend you for your positive role in our community. If you have any questions, please contact James R. Latta, Human Services Administrator 310-285-1006.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Rochelle Ginsburg".

Human Relations Commission

Rochelle Ginsburg, Chair  
Tom Pease, Vice Chair  
Dr. Sharon R. Nazarian  
Barbara Linder  
Ilona Sherman

October 1, 2013

Told Dr. Drange about my serious reservations about Prolia. She said all of her ten patients who have taken Prolia have had positive results without bad side-effects. So that's good, although still, I have reservations.

October 3, 2013

Frank was hyper and doing a monologue about going to theatre last night with Elizabeth. I asked for clarification when something was unclear to me, and he responded condescendingly that it was a stupid question. Angered me. That made him respond defensively and aggressively. Unpleasant.

October 6, 2013

I told Jonathan about great performances we'd seen. He loves Philip Glass, and said that, although he wanted to see LA Opera's production of *Einstein on the Beach*, he felt like he probably shouldn't because he's not going to have income for eleven days while he's at his parents' cabin in Oregon.

Decided to give him \$150 for ticket. Wrote card saying that I wanted him to go and “Please, allow me. Best regards and gratitude.” Excited by thought of giving him gift.

October 9, 2013

Got lovely message from Jonathan, thanking me for ticket. He said at first he thought he shouldn’t accept it, but he asked if he might think of it as an early holiday gift. Said how much it meant to him because Glass had influenced his writing since his Berkeley days.

October 10, 2013

Call from Dr. Petit who had lab results from my polyps. He began by saying I had “dodged a bullet.” Very long Latin word, ending in “—oma” was found at tip of polyp taken close to my rectum. Fortunate that it was at tip and not at end attached to colon. In a year, I will go back. Sobering. When Mom heard that I was going to have colonoscopy, she said that Daddy Herb had colon cancer, which I didn’t know, or at least had forgotten. With family history of colon cancer, I should have been having colonoscopy screening early—before the recommended first screening at 50 prescribed for general public. Very lucky that I broke my wrist, found to have osteoporosis, and therefore told to have screening. Frank went on computer for more information. I am also lucky to have been living right—no smoking, drinking, good diet, exercise, fit, and not over-weight. Frank immediately took handle of situation, but later confessed he was shaken by news. Me too!

October 13, 2013

Happy to see Jonathan, who told me about *Einstein at the Beach*. He loved it and thanked me again and again, touchingly, before I left. Asked him what he meant by saying Glass was such an early and sustaining influence on his writing. He said it was not just because he would listen to Glass as he wrote, but also structurally. He asked me if I had ever seen Glass opera. Told him “no,” but told him my *Six Degrees of Separation* to Glass with *Marat/Sade* workshop with Robert Wilson protégé. Told him how Arthur Little told me I would be playing breast-baring Charlotte Corday and then cast me as spastic Simone. But spastic representation, enhanced by Robert Wilson’s *Einstein* technique, gave me a beautiful performance. That led Jonathan to reminiscing with longing about theatre. He’d love to act again, but he doesn’t have time. I shared with him about how I still feel loss, but feel so grateful when faced with situations of anxieties that Lillian, Patrick, and Elizabeth have, although they are among best. Lovely time of sharing with him. Left feeling so grateful for him!

October 20, 2013

Talked to Jonathan about blind singer and conductor who cued off each other's breathing or intuitively, and Jonathan asked what had made me think of that, because he had just been thinking about how he intuitively knows what is necessary in massage through touch. He did amazing work on my hand and thumb and deeply pleasurable work on my feet, as well as an incredible adjustment at hips and thighs. Told Jonathan how profoundly grateful I am to him. Pleased to have CD he burned for me of two artists on his mixtape I like very much and asked him to identify.

November 10, 2013

Ordered my cane. I have mixed feelings about using it. Feels like a capitulation, but I don't want to fall, and I am unstable at times.

December 1, 2013

Asked Jonathan if he had ever experienced a good massage, like what he gives, before he decided to be trained as massage therapist at Esalen. No. When he went to Esalen, he was intending to farm, but he realized that massage was his calling (other than being an artist, writer, filmmaker, and actor). He said that Esalen's approach is specific.

December 4, 2013

Frank was cranky and complaining because he feels pressured by papers to grade, distractions, and lack of time to do his own work. Commiserated with him and urged him to stop doing what he doesn't want to do that depresses him. But he wants to teach. He finds it fulfilling. It's up to him.

December 5, 2013

Read Chris Benfey's review of new Norman Rockwell book in New York Review of Books. Excellent review. We were both delighted that it features our print of barber shop with musicians playing inside. Listened to Eat, Pray, Love as I drove home. Wonder if Jonathan is sharing this with me because he recognized the lack of sex in my life. He has jiggled my kneecap, which she mentions in her book is healer's way of determining lack of sex because of dry cartilage. Find this intriguing. I do identify with author's self-assessment of seeing herself as celibate for rest of her life. Which is definitely a big reason why I'm so grateful for Jonathan and weekly massage that is professional, safe, and intimate in a non-sexual way. The author discovers that her sex life is not over, so...!

December 7, 2013

Told Jonathan about Chris' Rockwell review and our framed print "by bed." Telling Chris this and receiving, happily—thrilled really—Chris' comment that he was pleased to think of print by our bed! How I forwarded it to Frank, knowing he would be delighted too. Told Jonathan how I fell instantly in love with Chris when I saw him, like a Greek god, walking out of Julliard Quartet concert, how we had very briefly been lovers. But we remained friends. Good friends over years, and Frank and he met. Then how, this morning, I realized that we, some time ago, moved print to guest room. And it isn't even "by bed" there. So funny and so metaphorically odd! Seems to say so much about what I wished to say to Chris, despite the reality of situation. Telling Jonathan was also thrillingly disclosing to me. The entire session was profoundly revealing and close. Told him how much my life is enhanced because of him.

December 14, 2013

Astonishing Christmas present from Mom that included check for \$20,000 and Grandma's wedding ring that I knew I was getting eventually, but Mom said in note that she decided to give promised pieces now. Nicki gets Grandma's engagement ring, and Ann gets Daddy's ring. So glad to have ring! More beautiful than I remember. And it fits my little finger next to our wedding ring. Perfect! I'll be wearing our wedding ring, Grandma's wedding ring, Betty Lou's ring, "Mom's" [Grandma's mother's] ring, and Mom's [with "J"] ring. Lovely!

*Nicki, Ann, and Mary,*

*I want you to have these pieces of jewelry now. I know some time ago when you, Nicki were here, we talked about them. Nicki you said you would like to have mother's engagement ring, Mary had said at one time she would like someday to have her engagement ring, and Ann you wanted your dad's ring. So that is the way they are being sent this year. Someday I want Evora (June) to have the Tiffany "J" and I'll think about the miscellaneous small things later! Feel free to have them reset, etc. to suit yourselves. I know Mother and your dad would be pleased to know they have been passed on. I might add, in case you don't know, that Mother did not have either of the rings until years and years later, after you three were born, when they were someplace and it seems to me that it was in Florida (although I don't remember anything about them ever going to Florida, of all places) that Daddy bought them for Mother.*

*So Merry Christmas, and God bless us, everyone.*

*Mom*

December 15, 2013

Jonathan had been to Esalen and had new massage techniques for shoulders and carpal tunnel. Amazing massage. Loved being helped by him. So lucky! A couple of times I've read his mind as he's worked. Tonight, he was thinking of Ida Rolf, and I said that I was reminded of being Rolfed because of an association while he was working on me. Very cool!

December 17, 2013

Visited with Frank. Exchanged anniversary gifts. Really lovely snow globe of an autumn scene with tree with gold flakes, so when you shake it, the golden flakes, which are the leaves, fall. Beautiful! Frank reminded me that it was reminiscent of how, when we first sat next to each other, our shoulders touched, and I didn't pull away, I had my "colors" done, showing that I am an "autumn."

December 22, 2013

Called Mom. Good talk with her. Finally, she's revealing some information about why Nicki has fallen out with her. Think Mom changed trust so that, if Nicki dies, house goes to kids, not to Tom. This because Tom has not been loyal to Nicki, and to protect her. We wondered if he were even threatening her—might he kill her to get the house?! Tom will need to rely on the goodness of his children to see that he is taken care of. She's talked to David, Jonathon, and Sarah, and they all are in agreement. Interesting. I made sure that it's different for Frank. She said that Frank has proven himself to be loving, responsible, loyal, and trustworthy.

December 26, 2013

Frank was irritable. I had little patience for his condescension and anger that was unfairly aimed at me. He needed to eat, so I avoided him as I settled in and put away dry cleaning he dropped on floor in hallway. Thought about how grateful I am for tender touch from Jonathan and how I would like to tenderly curl up in Frank's arms. But he's so distracted, focused on his work, writing, and preoccupations that I'm not in his sights. Thank goodness for Jonathan, who is generous and safe.

December 28, 2013

Potent dream about Charles Bates examining my "private parts" and determining, because of grey color instead of vital hue, that I need sex! Hmm! I don't dream much at all, so this is a clear statement from my subconscious. I know how sexless I felt during recuperation from foot surgery, and my sexuality resurfaced with massage.



December 29, 2013

I think that Jonathan shares the studio with his mother, because he introduced me once to Sweet Potato, the cat outside, and tonight he talked about the massage he gave his mother's cat. I asked the cat's name, and he said "Sweet Potato." He said he plans to go to Vietnam in July as a volunteer in project Buds to Blossoms that gives massage to children with Aids. What a good person he is! Asked him to work on neck stiffness with hope that it might clear my dizziness. Beautiful release like flying out of my skin accompanying a stretch there.

Dear Ilse, I went back to work in early November, having been at home mending since the first week of August following a freakish "fall" that resulted in breaking my right wrist...I was sobered by having to redefine myself as fragile and breakable, and further awakened to advancing age when I had my first colonoscopy that found on the tip of one of two polyps an "—oma," that was snipped off, thus averting what the surgeon described as a "bullet." My grandfather had colon cancer, and Ann also had a pre-cancerous tumor removed from her colon a few years ago. This was a warning to eat more fiber, return for another colonoscopy in two years, and be vigilant. I've thought of myself heretofore as having vibrant health and no reason to fear this next decade, but returning to work, I feel less sure-footed, more vulnerable, and more fatigued at the end of the week. We were convinced by visiting friends that I should purchase a walking stick, which I thought about doing for a while. Although I feel self-conscious when I use it, and I don't use it ever at work for fear of being thought in any way compromised or disabled, I am glad to have it when we go to the theatre or a concert when I've been sitting for hours and then rise to walk up the steps to the exit. On Christmas Day the gym is closed, so I went out for a walk, taking my beautiful stick with me, yet feeling conspicuous as I walked through the neighborhood. I stumbled once on the uneven sidewalk and was grateful for the stick, and by the time I turned back towards home, I realized that I was a bit shaky and glad for the reassurance the stick supplies. I'm 61 and in comparatively good shape, addicted to my workouts, careful about my diet, proud of the way I wear my clothes, but aware of advancing time, and hopeful for a healthy future for me and Frank. How did we go so quickly from our youth to later middle age? I still play my recorder or cornamuse every morning, and while I was home recovering from the wrist surgery, I learned a half dozen arias which I sing happily and wholeheartedly along with the CD recordings in our library. When Frank goes out for lunch, I greedily claim the time to play the piano, however clumsily. Never mind. It makes me happy. And on the suggestion of my massage therapist, I dance every morning to music that I have loved since I was a student at Earlham. I downloaded about 80 tunes to my ipod to find that 15 minutes dancing every morning before going to work is an excellent addition to my life.

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
























































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








































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














































































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
















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## 2014 Journal

January 4, 2014

Jonathan said he used massage gift certificate yesterday and thanked me again. This in response to me saying that, although I originally came to him because of not taking pain medication, I was thinking how, even if pain isn't an issue, I want massage. He said that, in his experience, some of best massages he's had have been when he has had no "issue," like going to see Ben yesterday. I told him I purchased the gift before he went to Ben the first time, and when he told me that they might do an exchange of service, I was second guessing having purchased the gift. He said that although exchanges are nice, sometimes it's better to just pay for service, so it's strictly service for money. I enthusiastically said "yes." Having our relationship as purely pay for service insures, for me, the permanency of the relationship, which is so important! Can't imagine the loss of massage now!

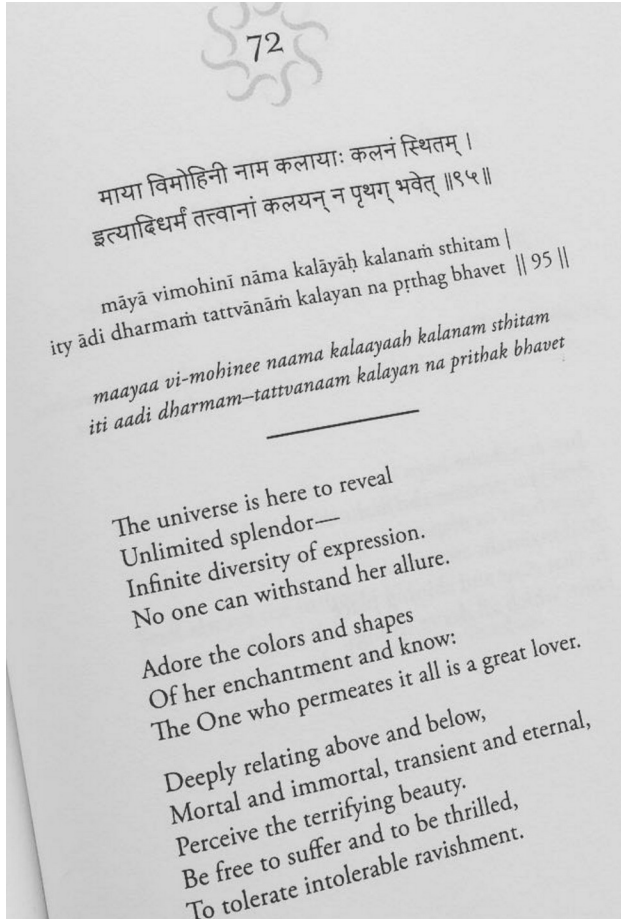
January 11, 2014

Decided this morning that I would buy an autoharp because I want another musical instrument challenge and added variety to my daily practice. Went online to research it and found recommended custom autoharp makers with one maker who has a lighter weight, smaller autoharp. Figured that that was the one I should get at \$840 with shipping, so I ordered it! Really glad I did. Should be fun! Needed to do something nice for myself...Fabulous concert, marred by idiot's cell phone and rude audience around us. Felt publicly humiliated again by Frank. He's got laryngitis and shouldn't talk, especially because of his Thursday \$1,000 gig at UCLA for Robert's class. But he was angry at me when I commented at end of concert on my perception of fabulous new principal flute being combination of flautist and drum major. He yelled at me because he's not supposed to talk, but I was making comment that didn't require him to answer. Feel like I must be constantly guarded and defended against his anger. I know he's worn out by health problems, but it's wearing me out. Couldn't say anything on the way home, although I wasn't angry. Just hurt and afraid he would lash out.

January 19, 2014

On the way to chamber music concert, Frank, who hadn't eaten, exploded at me for no good reason. I said that there is a flare up every day. After defending himself and badgering more, he regained composure, and while he waited in line for discount rush tickets, he realized he was wrong and apologized. Really appreciated that. Nearly cried. Jonathan greeted me

saying how impressed he was with my strength at yoga class. He's so used to me coming to him with pain and needing his help. Grateful for that! That's how I always felt about my yoga practice before the surgeries, and it gives me hope that I'll return to that level of self-confidence about my practice. Told him how much I appreciate his teaching and seeing that side of him that is so grounded and also spiritual. Related to him the connection I made when he encouraged me to spread my fingers in pose, giving me more stability. He stretches my palm, which feels so good and makes me feel like a more generous person than protected cupped palm. He said that lack of generosity wouldn't describe me in his experience. I told him how I withhold in life. He remarked that he can be impatient too. Made me laugh because I've thought about that and can't imagine him being impatient! When he mentioned going to Vietnam for Buds to Blossoms charity, I said I'd seen the donation page for sponsoring then program, but that I would like my contribution to support him going. He said he had intentionally kept me off his first email blast because of my generous Christmas gift. I said that I really wanted to help him go, and he said he would include me in next email blast. Good! "To tolerate intolerable ravishment," from sutra with which he ended the guided meditation at yoga class stuck with me for its beauty, and I asked him to send me context of the sutra.





January 26, 2014

Jonathan said he'd started second novel of his trilogy and, to my delight, he said that the main character had spinning sensations inspired by me! So pleasing to me! Told him afterwards that "this blessing carries me through week," saying how grateful I am and how lucky I feel. He responded, as he has in past, by returning the thanks. He feels lucky to have me. (Dreamt two days ago that a red stone had fallen out of my wedding ring. Always think of that stone representing me, so I read the dream as me sensing that I feel guilt about leaving marriage. I have no reason to feel that way, but my subconscious is picking up fear.)

February 8, 2014

Home just as Frank was frantically leaving for dance concert that I forgot he was going to. Thought at first that he was waiting for me, and I was panic stricken, but he misinterpreted my alarm and was defensive about the fact that I said I didn't want to go. He left nearly screaming at me, in spite of my assuring him that it was all right. Awful! Frank returned, and he was still angry with me. Asked why when all I could be blamed for was forgetting that he was going to concert. He was convinced that I was angry at him. Not until I was crying and protesting that I really wasn't that he realized that he had misunderstood and attributed bad motives which were untrue that he apologized. Really shattering. I'm sure he hadn't eaten, and he's feeling pressured because of health issues and work he needs to do.

February 9, 2014

Frank exploded because I put his rubber bands away. He needed to eat, but in defense, he was explaining why he left them out. I attempted to bypass his badgering instead of listening to his explanation. That infuriated him. Later, at concert when I was apologizing for adding to his stress, he said that it was a pattern that explaining each side wasn't addressing. He said he sensed hostility from me, and I said I feel no hostility. He feels I'm not happy with him, and if that is true, then he thinks we should not be married. It was awful! I struggled to even listen to the music. We were at Cal Tech for chamber music. Really rocked me to my foundation. Just trying to think straight. Tried to see what I could do to rectify my behavior by being more patient when Frank is stressed, providing him with no friction that might make him more agitated when he needs to eat, etc. Nearly started crying on way home. By then, he was more calm and said that, if I'm not dissatisfied with him, then there is no problem—just that we need to do what we can to avoid those bad scenes...Jonathan was great and urged me to think of Tree Pose—planted and supported as I reach or use step stool, or ask for help.

Nearly cried when he said that a woman my age, as he knows me, having worked with me for over a year, has no reason to feel unstable. Appreciated his guidance and vote of confidence. Really needed comfort and gentle care from him.

February 13, 2014

Called Ann to consult with her regarding Mom's heart condition and her upcoming visit. Asked her about Nicki. Ann is really angry with Nicki for putting Mom through this. They aren't speaking, and Nicki has pretty much disowned family.

February 15, 2014

Frank asked me to make reservation for Neon Boneyard Museum in Las Vegas during nephew's wedding weekend, which required credit card payment in advance. Asked rattled museum staff which time to take, relying on her guidance for how long it would take us to drive there. By time Frank had showered, dressed, retrieved car, and with horrible traffic, we were only a couple of blocks from our hotel when we realized we couldn't possibly make it. I called to cancel, but they said money was non-refundable. Frank was irritated about that and said I shouldn't have made reservation. But he asked me to! I was bummed out because the museum was specifically what we wanted to see. Realized that we probably won't be able to travel again, considering how out of shape and plagued by health issues Frank is. We walked by cheesy galleries around the City Center, and Frank apologized for being angry with me. That made me cry, and when Frank asked why I was crying, I told him it was because of my realization. He protested that he will be able to travel because he thinks he will regain health, stamina, and energy.

February 24, 2014

Finished The Hare with Amber Eyes and was delighted to read in de Waal's acknowledgements that, among the three people to whom he was most indebted for writing book was Christopher Benfey, who told him to "stop talking and start writing"! Wrote note to Chris to tell him how much I love the book.

[My email to Chris]: Dear Chris, I just finished reading Hare with Amber Eyes. I'm writing to thank you for telling de Waal to "stop talking and start writing." I have loved netsukes ever since first visiting the permanent exhibition at LACMA's Japanese Pavilion when Frank and I moved here in 1989. On a visit to San Diego years later, I bought my first reproduction netsuke cat at a museum gift shop in Balboa Park. I have six now--three were used by a jewelry maker who is in Frank's book club. (Whenever the group met at her home, she lured Frank into her studio, and I became the

recipient of another piece of jewelry.) I was thrilled by the book, not only for the netsuke jumping off point, but for the way, writing in present tense, de Waal brings the reader into history as an observer, most horribly in the Vienna setting during the Anschluss. He's a terrific writer, and the unspooling of the story is entrancing.

The description of Emmy, encased in the Palais vitrine, and the stunning revealing of the salvation of the collection in her dressing room and subsequently in Anna's mattress...Just now, as I was working at the Telephone Reference Desk, and therefore, fortunately, not within earshot of the patrons studying in the public area of the library, I read your name in the acknowledgments!...You keep showing up in my life in lovely ways. My best to you always,

[Chris' reply.] *What a sweet note! I think more people have seen my name in Edmund's acknowledgments than anywhere else. I told him, actually, that if he didn't write that story I would. Much love to you, Chris*

February 26, 2014

Told Frank about patron whom I helped finding a play. Neither of us could find it. I located copies at another library, for which she was grateful. While I was checking the play file for "Christofer," I found *Hedda Gabler*, very far from where it should have been. Then, when she was browsing the shelves, I realized I should have been looking for "Cristofer," and I found the play. When I took it to her, she said that, when she saw me, she was reminded of her best friend who died too young, and that *Hedda Gabler* was her friend's favorite play. Her friend had been her teacher, and she was now going back to acting. I said I could empathize, having lost my closest friend when she died too young. She thanked me for helping her, and she had tears in her eyes, although she was smiling, and she hugged me. I said that "it was a visitation!" Very sweet! Another patron, an elderly woman, said that, whenever she sees me, she remembers when she was unable to find a book she loved. I told her to "give me a minute," and I found it. She said how grateful she was, and I said how nice it was of her to tell me!

March 1, 2014

Dudamel characteristically refused to bow. But when the orchestra turned to our quarter of the house I "Bravo"-ed, clearly intending him, and he waved to me. I waved back! Thrilling!

March 2, 2014

Told Jonathan about Hare acknowledgement of Chris Benfey and subsequent emails. Shared with him my delight with Tchaikovsky Fest, and also the incident with patron who lost her best friend. That led me to sharing with

him about Linda. Glad to reveal meaningful history. Very close feeling during massage. Able to go deeper, I think, because I pulled my focus out of the place where he was working to my “third eye” chakra.



April 6, 2014

Told Jonathan how I want to give him a gift for the milestone of earning his master's degree this summer. I had the idea of purchasing a Philip Glass ticket to an upcoming event. Said it would make me happy, and that “I can.” He said how generous I am, and I said I'm very grateful to him. Gave him disk I burned of soundtrack to *The Fountain* that has a track of music I love, and he said that he too loves that soundtrack. Told him about having received a four-paragraph response about worms from Earthworm Society of Britain in research I was doing for library patron. In it I was encouraged to become a member. Jonathan said that was so interesting because, just this morning, he had become a member of the Hermit Crab Society, having just adopted five from a woman who couldn't care for them anymore. He was hypnotized a couple of weeks ago, and hermit crabs had come to him, so he researched them. So interesting!

April 21, 2014

Frank had terrific class at Emeritus, and Susie and Emily were there. Susie was astonished by his teaching and his students' remarks afterwards about how much they love Frank. Glad for him. He got mad at me when I asked him if he could unlock gate tomorrow for Orlando since he had the key, and I was already in bed. It's supposed to be kept on the key ring in kitchen, or I would take the responsibility myself. I was sobbing, I was so upset. I couldn't sleep. Took half an Ambien and read The New Yorker. Polly provided comfort.

April 22, 2014

Cheered by message from Jonathan. Also a lovely message from Susie about how much she loved going to Frank's class, and how perfect we are together. This helped soothe me after last night's sadness. Visited with Frank. Started

out fine, but soon became another case of my defending against Frank's criticism. He pointed out that, once again, we had a communication problem, not a marriage problem. He said he wasn't sure I love him or want to be around him. That shocks me, and perhaps it's intended to. He cited my reluctance to automatically accept his social planning events, and my not having done the GPS programming on Sunday. I said that I feel as if I'm always required to carefully manage his anger and stress, to negotiate past potential combustion. Said he's not tender with me. That jolted him, I think, and he said that he is tender with me. He said that he will try to be better. I felt shattered, of course... When I do, occasionally, check Jonathan's FB page I'm always impressed by how much he has going on in his life that I know nothing about. What strikes me is my impression of having his full attention during massage. It's just me and him, but his life is wide-ranging outside of those two hours, of course. At first, it made me feel rather sad, but he is involved in so much that I would not be interested in sharing personally. So finally, I feel reinforced that the relationship I have with him—professional and service—is absolutely right, precious, and lucky! Interesting.

April 27, 2014

Said I had a confession: that I had gone to Jonathan's Facebook page to read about his time at Esalen and Pacifica. Apparently, (I didn't know this) the only way I would be able to see it is if we were "friends," and we're not, although I had sent him a "friend" request to which he didn't respond. I apologized repeatedly and felt embarrassed. He said it was all right, and that, after all, it's out there on the internet. He would check his privacy settings. Felt like I gained clarity on boundaries of this relationship. I feel that I couldn't be part of his extensive private life and interests he has. Couldn't help feeling, at the same time, sadness at being excluded. I slowly got back the feeling that the limitation protects the longevity of the relationship I do have with him.

May 10, 2014

Dudamel conducted exceptional concert. Desenne was thrilled with performance of *Sinfonía Burocrática ed'Amazzònica*, running down the aisle at curtain call, clapping. Lang Lang was phenomenal. Carrie Dennis, the cellist we love, suppressed her laughter at his astonishing performance. Once again, I was able to strategically time my singular "Bravo" when Dudamel and orchestra turned to accept audience stage right ovation. He then knows it's for him, and he looks up to me and waves! Thrilling!

May 13, 2014

Frank said he buys me things because it makes him feel more vital and alive. Know it's true.

July 2, 2014

As I was heading to garage, I tripped on seam of sidewalk. Abrasion on both knees and upper hip. I caught myself, causing subsequent pain at my arm below elbow. Can't fall! Shook me up, but knew I could go home. Scared. Visited with Frank. Hated telling him because I'm so afraid that this means Sick Leave, no New York trip, possible surgery. He told me about his ordeal of taking Annette out to dinner. He had to feed her, and she can't converse, so he must talk the entire time. Exhausting for him. But still, I needed care and consolation, and when he was helpless and demanding about not having *Rachel Maddow* recorded in an earlier hour, I felt shattered and vulnerable. Sobbed as I settled in and managed to shower and get ready for bed.

June 8, 2014

Talked with Jonathan a lot about my fall, and how I've felt about it, including feeling fragile and vulnerable—not how I am accustomed to thinking about myself or want to think about myself. Told him how I sobbed Monday night, not wanting to start all over having to get muscles back, balance back, being prohibited from gym, yoga, and my instruments. But then I made list of things I could do. Told him about regaining my music, downloading to my ipod for dancing, and ordering sheet music for autoharp. Told him how there is always the left-over feeling from Mom that we create our illnesses and accidents, in a punitive way. Like, when I cracked my elbow on the day I was supposed to take my driver's test, and Mom thought it was because subconsciously I didn't want to drive or grow up. Was so grateful for his response to how I've been processing this. "I'm inspired by you." Really appreciated that stroke. I love being silent during massage and focusing on sensation, but sharing with him is also wonderful.

August 24, 2014

Asked Jonathan about how he is able, as sensitive as he is, to give of himself to those who are in great need or suffering, because in my experience, it's difficult to witness and give when you can't solve the problem. He remains open-hearted—not defended. He appreciated and understood my question. It was hard for him when he went to India in his early 20's, he said, but he's learned that he can do what he can.

September 23, 2014

Mom sent me *To Mary*, a poem she wrote long ago but never shared with anyone:

*I watch a little girl,  
Chubby cheeked, dressed in blue*



*Suck her thumb,  
And time goes not in orderly pace  
Toward tomorrow,  
As it's supposed to do,  
But goes back to yesterday  
When you were three and too were dressed in blue.  
You prized your thumb—and blanket, too—  
Above all else,  
And would not share the comfort they gave  
With those of us who teased with love.*

*Time adds the years like counting blocks,  
But takes away, among other things,  
The comfort of thumbs.*

Such a precious poem. Both Frank and I praised it, and Frank said forcefully she must write more and submit her poetry for publication. So dear!

October 4, 2014

I told Jonathan that I felt wounded by Frank's anger and irritation, despite awareness of his diabetes and not eating. Contextualized this by telling him how generous Frank is when people ask for his advice and counsel. He gives generously and then is depleted of energy to do work he must do. He's a genius who is very focused on his work and himself but doesn't take care of himself. Still, I am hurt when he reacts with anger. Jonathan said that it seems to him that Frank's generosity needs to also include me, and that my needs aren't being met. I said that I take care of myself, and Frank's self-absorption doesn't keep me from doing what I need to do to care for myself. I go to bed with Polly, and find comfort there. I meditate, do my postures, and eat well. It was a careful extension of my relationship with Jonathan that I felt I needed to take, and I appreciated that he met my disclosures professionally and as my teacher and therapist.

October 5, 2014

Looked at my left hand and realized I didn't have my wedding ring. I always take it off for massage, and the only place it could be was at the studio. Not the first time I've lost jewelry I've taken off there. I sent email to Jonathan asking if he had found it. Panicked. Realized only about 15 minutes later that I put it on my right hand. Hadn't noticed because it was hidden by Betty Lou's ring. So interesting that I did this!

October 12, 2014

We talked about my “lost” wedding ring, and how having placed it, by mistake, on my right hand had prompted deep reflection on seeing that my needs are met. Connected that to Jonathan’s prompt last week about how Frank is, in some ways, not filling my needs. Told Jonathan that, before last week, I never talked to anyone about Frank, aside from our story about how we met and got together. He was surprised. I noted how I never thought I would want to seek therapy or professional counseling, but that I can accept that my conversations with Jonathan are safe and secure and do not infringe or undermine my marriage or relationship with Frank. He talked about how, in depth psychology, which he studies, our left brain is strongly working, making logical and linear connections. Our right brain communicates through music, dance, and emotions. Unintentional actions, like putting my ring on my right hand, can be my right brain communicating to me. He was very glad to hear me own how happy I am coming to him and supported my seeing this as an essential need. Really good talk.

November 2, 2014

When Frank emailed me on Friday, he said he could get tickets for today’s concert, beginning at 3:00, so when he said he had to get ready, I said he had plenty of time. He said no, we would be leaving right away. I said he told me the concert was at 3:00. He then was angry with me, denying that he said that, and when he saw his message, and that he had, in fact, said 3:00, he was still angry with me because concerts are always at 2:00. I said that I was surprised too, but I didn’t second guess him. He was raging (he hadn’t eaten anything), and came back at me later, after his shower, asking what difference did it make anyway? I could do whatever it was I would have done with the time after the concert. I said it was lucky that I had gone to gym when I did so that I had time to shower and dress! Ridiculous that he was raging about it. Really unpleasant. Hate going to Disney Hall when he’s like that. Sang arias, although my heart was low. Nearly cried as my heart opened while singing.

November 23, 2014

Feel that Jonathan is giving my body guidance about opening up after having been inward and protective since surgeries. I love and appreciate Ben’s massage, but I learn from Jonathan’s. He is my teacher, as I recognized early on. Shared that with him as I was preparing to leave. Was emotional, and he knew that I was telling him something important to me. Lovely close moment.

November 27, 2014

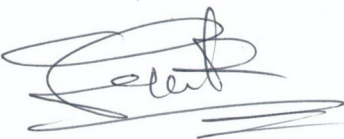
Frank proposed that, over the next year, as we approach our 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary, we make a list of 100 memorable things we've said since being together like, "Yes, but I don't think he has any bullets," referring to John's having a rifle. Or "Long Island, mmm, mmm, mmm!" as we were approaching Mary Ann's after leaving Rochester, or "In hindsight, it begins to look like foresight," which nearly brought me to my knees outside London's National Gallery after we watched a DVD about the proposed expansion of galleries that pointed out a "redundant" space that was going to come in handy in remodeling. As we drove home, I mentioned having had a really good massage from Ben. Frank asked whether Ben's massage was as good as Jonathan's. I told him, in detail, my thoughts as I've reflected on my emotional reaction to Jonathan's massage last week. Told Frank how, when I first went to Jonathan, the only reason was pain management. What I've received from him is massage therapy, and I'm not sure I would have found that with Ben because of Jonathan's intuition combined with the affinity of our natures. Talked about how I nearly cried when he suggested I might benefit by ecstatic dance or Zumba at gym, because I felt it was all I could do at the time to walk with a modicum of grace. Now, dance is something that is part of my daily life. I believe that Jonathan's guidance about "swaying and lurching" when I'm roaming at the library led to my realization that I need to wear regular glasses when I'm working on my feet. I connected that with my practice of not wearing glasses, desiring blurriness so as not to see the audience when I acted. Massage therapy has been useful and acceptable to me and given me insights while psychotherapy would have been unacceptable to me and probably non-productive. Frank was very interested in all this and said he was glad he asked me. He said that he wished, when we went to a nude beach, he had said something, or I had, that could go on our list. I made connection of massage therapy discussion to his comment. I think he was recognizing the importance and primacy of Jonathan over my body through massage and was claiming his primacy over my sexual "awakening" when he became my partner. Although we don't share sex anymore, he still claims that in my life and our history. Feel that he is not at all jealous about Jonathan but glad for how he fills this physical space that Frank can't provide now. So glad to have shared that with him!

December 14, 2014

Frank is so concerned about not recovering his health. He keeps talking about how we need to move to Oregon where one has the right to die. I said I think he should consider taking a leave of absence from teaching. He erupted again about the stupidity of the suggestion, saying he just needs time. Left him alone.

December 16, 2014

Shocking news that Martin Massman died of cancer. Knew he was recuperating from a serious illness when we connected around my birthday. Frank sent him a much-appreciated message saying he could come and read to him while he was regaining strength. Younger than Frank. Sobering. Depressing for Frank, as if he's not low already. When he talked about how he needs to get his health back, I took a chance to say that Jonathan is offering him four weeks of Wellness Coaching, and that I would send him his webpage. He dismissed what that could possibly offer him. I said that it's motivational coaching: setting goals and helping him to find ways to achieve them. Said that I wasn't going to push him because he's got to decide. Think he appreciated my concern. I said "I want you to be healthier." Dubious that he will see Jonathan. Spiritual part of his website will probably annoy him. Worth a try.

THIS is how Wise  
I Was  
24 Years Ago.  
Happy Anniversary  
Darling Girl  
Love of My Life  


December 23, 2014

Polly's pillow had torn. I inspected it and determined that I need to order a new one, but after searching for the product, I concluded that they are no longer made. Frank didn't trust me and was angry with me. He repeated what he's charged me with before about our not being able to have a conversation. Meanwhile, he was also irritated with me because he was shopping online for designer clothes offered at sale price for limited time. I said that it wasn't a good time for me to shop with him. I had to be at work by 8:00 tomorrow, so I needed to get to bed as soon as I could. He called me a bitch and told me to go away. He didn't want to talk to me. I said he needed to eat. I was very grateful for Polly's comfort. In bed and asleep around 9:30, after an awful evening.

December 24, 2014

Ordered Polly's pillow replacement, and let Frank know about that and about fixing the TV. Said "I love you." He wrote back a much-appreciated message saying we're good at loving each other but need to work at liking each other. He's right!

## **2015 Journal**

January 11, 2015

Mom was up by then and had asked Frank if we had plans for breakfast. He told me that, and I said that I wouldn't be going out for breakfast, but he and Mom could. "She's your mother." I said that he was trying to make me feel guilty for not giving up time for going out. Said that I don't say that he should call his father more often. He knows that I need to do my postures, have time to go to gym, and play music because I too have "narrow margin" and need these things to be at my best. I was in tears and upset for a while. When I went out to join them in living room, doing my postures while they talked, I worked out that I need to approach the subject with Mom in

different way. And maybe this was not something coming from her at all, but rather was Frank telling me what he felt my obligation should be while Mom is here. Mom said that, when she's home, she meditates and does her yoga, but that when she travels, she's not so good about it. People often see my practice as my discipline, as if it's a burden to which I submit to "be good." I try to explain that it isn't that at all! I require it. Told Mom that, when Frank and I got together, I had on my list of things he needed to know about me that I need this time every day. Talked about how, if I don't have time to do these things, I'm not happy, and I'm not at my best for other people. Mom asked what would happen if I didn't have a job where I'm forced to be social. Explained that I'm not like her and Frank who relish social interaction and discussion. I've always been "a loner." Mom has described me that way since I was child, although she said she didn't remember describing me with that phrase. Interesting. Very good conversation which I believe Frank heard from bedroom while he was getting dressed. Wanted him to hear. Mom asked about where I learned about computers and technology. Told her library and information science graduate school. She had had a glass of wine which may account for her confusion about which graduate degree came first and which one she and Daddy paid for. Explained that library school came first, and they paid for it. Said they didn't pay for my Museum Studies degree because they thought I needed to get a job. She asked if I resented their not subsidizing the second degree, and I said that, to the contrary, I felt extraordinarily lucky that my undergraduate and graduate degree left me with no loans to pay, while I see students today finishing school saddled with debts of \$50,000! She was very grateful to hear this. [I honestly forgot about the help that I received from them while in the Museum Studies program.]...Amazing sensation of a bright light over my left shoulder when I turned onto my back during my massage. Jonathan had turned on no light! Remarkable session with him. Believe he felt that way too, although he responded in a very grounded, safe way, which I love!

January 13, 2015

Mom told Frank that she couldn't have a better son-in-law. Frank had told her that he wished she lived here. He's so good with her and really enjoys her too. So lucky!

January 15, 2015

Frank got angry with me when I attempted to give him information that he didn't already know and decided he didn't need to know before dismissing the subject with his decree that we need to call a plumber. I wasn't arguing his point, but I objected to his anger at me for wanting to share information with him. Said he shouldn't be married to me if he is unable to allow me to tell him something I think he should know.



March 1, 2015

Asked Jonathan whether our just starting in past few weeks this profound neck and head work resulted from my having discovered something enabling me to relax my neck. He said the body is connected to the mind so, yes, partly my being prepared by what Jung coined “synchronicity of realizations.” So interesting. Profoundly important, this commitment to massage. I told Jonathan this when he said how good it is that I’m committed to investing attention to what my body needs. Food, water, massage, I answered. Had insight into his work on my arms, hands, legs, and feet being an evolution of turtle hiding appendages inside shell, like netsuke turtle with which I identify.

March 7, 2015

Very interesting conversation with Frank. He’s very stressed/depressed about students’ revelations concerning USC and about world—Isis destroying art in museums in Iran, etc. He was going on and on, and he said that maybe we should stop working and move outside NYC. He said I could get a job at some library there, and I said no one would hire a 62-year-old. I’m happy and am living right, although I think he should make changes like maybe giving up his book club and exercising so that he doesn’t develop a bad medical problem. But I responded to his feelings of depression/despair about world saying that I have to live my life to make myself happy and influence the people with whom I come in contact by being good and happy. I told him I understand his feeling helpless to change evil in world. I’m glad he does what he can, and I hope he doesn’t blame me. He said that I “save” him. Really good communication.

March 9, 2015

Lovely artist whom I hadn’t seen in years came in today to see me, I think. I used to happily help her find art books when she was a student. That was over five years ago. Since then, she’s published three books, has art hanging in permanent collections, and has had exhibitions all over the world. She will have a three-month residency in China, and art hanging in Dubai, Japan, and Thailand. Fabulous! So glad to see her and congratulate her. Very thrilling! She expressed her gratitude to me. Lovely!

March 10, 2015

Visited with Frank, who saw doctor in follow-up to blood lab. He was told that antibodies in his urine could be indication—slight chance—of bone cancer. So, of course, he is concerned. He’ll see my phlebotomist as soon as possible. Hoping that it’s an indication of something relatively benign and treat that. This adds to his stress and anxiety, poor man!

March 11, 2015

He's talking about how dying of cancer would allow him death in bed, as he prefers, instead of in an airplane, for instance! He's thinking about possible long illness allowing him time to focus on finishing what he needs to finish. I'm thinking: I'm not ready for this! I'm counting on years of good life together still! Need to not panic and take it as it comes. It occurred to me that he should be able to do what he needs to do without the threat of early death. I'll wait to have this conversation until after he sees doctor.

March 12, 2015

Visited with Frank, who had productive day. He's sobered by possibility of cancer and thoughts of death. Found myself talking about what I meant to bring up after he sees doctor—that this diagnosis shouldn't be necessary for him to decide he needs to focus on what is most important for him to do with his time and his life. If he's not sick, he still needs to do what he most wants to do with his time, like editing his poetry and translations. He said he'll need to continue making money because of medical expenses. I said that shouldn't be a consideration. Mom would help. He says he has so many enthusiasms. He wants to do everything, but he thinks that, at the end of this season's book club, he will be able to let that go. Good. He said that he didn't need me to scold him, and I said that I'm not ready for him to give in, and that I want to have years more together, so I think he knows that this was from love—not nagging.

March 13, 2015

Visited with Frank. Talked about how he believes that the doctor was reluctant to tell Frank all he believed from test. Frank really thinks that this is bone cancer because it explains his symptoms. He's talking about how he would approach dying—not as the worst way to go. He would have to figure out if he could still get to his classes during chemo treatments—could he drive or would he use Uber, for instance? I said that I feel loss about time we wouldn't have together and recalled how I realized last year in Las Vegas that we wouldn't be travelling to Europe again. He said that he regrets loss of our sex life since his diabetes took that. Good conversation. We also talked about how I believe I will never marry, although Frank attempted – again—to persuade me that I should.

March 15, 2015

So happy to deliver myself into hands of Jonathan. Confided in him about Frank's bone cancer fear. He is so sympathetic and supportive of me and agrees with me that it is premature to assume anything, but Frank is forcing

me to get into maelstrom of projected fear, stress, and anxiety. He thinks Frank's preoccupation with death needs investigating and asked if he would ever consider psychotherapy, believing that Jung could provide him with ways of coping with life decisions. I told him I have little hope he would ever consider it, but appreciated his suggestion of Jung book: Modern Man in Search of a Soul. Know Frank will scoff at idea of reading it, but I want to. Told him about how, even if he has cancer, that it could mean a period of intense life, as it was for Linda. Was weeping by end of this part of sharing with him. Tender response. He said that Frank may need to feel this intensity in order to deal with issues, which is a good point. He said that, not knowing Frank, he felt that it was inappropriate to offer his opinions while he's giving me massage, and he kind of chuckled as he was saying this. He recognizes irony in situation, but he also recognized the need to help and support me, and I appreciated that and his insight so much. Really wonderful massage and deeply consoling. Saw bright light over left shoulder again.

March 17, 2015

Read Modern Man. Came upon amazingly resonant quote in Chapter 3: "It is otherwise with the patient in the second half of life who no longer needs to educate his conscious will, but who, to understand the meaning of his individual life, must learn to experience his own inner being. Social usefulness is no longer an aim for him, although he does not question its desirability. Fully aware as he is of the social unimportance of his creative activity, he looks upon it as a way of working out his own development and thus benefiting himself. This activity likewise frees him progressively from a morbid dependence, and he thus wins an inner firmness and a new trust in himself. These last achievements in turn serve to further the patient in his social existence. For an inwardly sound and self-confident person will be more adequate to his social tasks than one who is not on good terms with his unconscious." Really describes my shift in life over the past few years!

March 20, 2015

Frank called to say that the doctor can't say much until results of blood work and urine samples over next 24 hours come back except chances are small that he has either multiple myeloma or bone cancer. Even if he does, and chemo-therapy is required, it is not debilitating. He asked if it doesn't mean he should be "getting his affairs in order?" "No." He needn't give up teaching in order to focus on things he needs to do before dying? "No." So, for now, it's good news, and he needn't talk about any of this to anyone. Good! Relief, except he's still left with no answers for why he's had no energy for seven years, plus other aches and pains she said would not be due to myeloma or cancer.

March 21, 2015

Told Jonathan about my realization regarding the Modern Man: that I believe I have become focused on my “self” and am able to let go of striving for “social” impact in life after *White Ashes* was accepted at Schlesinger Library with the Harriet Beecher Stowe papers, and after I built my website with the play and *A Visit with Harriet Beecher Stowe*. Then I was able to let it go. I found more satisfaction in my job, music, home, and “here,” meaning getting massage from him. Also told him my realizing that what he said about Frank perhaps needing this scare and drama in order to move forward is connected to how Frank requires deadlines in order to start writing or to finally work on tasks he’s avoided, like taxes or student journals.

March 27, 2015

He was talking about this “old person’s” condition and feeling depressed, and I wanted to help him find way(s) to eliminate some of the stresses which are plaguing him. He feels I’m blaming him for conditions he experiences, like bad health, when he is doing all he can with doctors, tests, and medication. I felt blindsided by the degree of hostility I could see in his eyes. He was expecting me to urge him to exercise or change diet. I wasn’t, but he doesn’t want to hear anything I might suggest. I tried to communicate that I want to help him and support him, but I feel that all I can do is just listen and be sympathetic. He talked about how he gave Nicholas a tennis ball when he was dying because he loved tennis, and it comforted him, and said he wished Jackie and Polly would play with a tennis ball so he could have that to remind him of Jackie and Polly when he’s dying. I looked in the basket with their toys to see if there was a tennis ball there. Frank asked what I was doing, and I told him. He got angry at me, saying that he’s not dying now and said I wasn’t listening to what he was saying. Not true! Started crying, and I left to go to bed. Couldn’t take it anymore. Later Frank came in and apologized. Very hard.

May 9, 2015

Frank apologized by commenting on my *Little Girl with a Broom*, Rembrandt school reproduction that I loved as a child and requested and received from Grandma. He said I am like that little girl, sweeping things up. He was sorry that he spins a mess out, but he wants order and appreciates my desire to tidy up our lives. Told him about Ann Soady asking me about my change in attitude at library from being advocate for retention of art history books and the Art Research Library to being “good soldier, whatever you say, sir,” cheerfully. Told her I thought it happened when I was out with surgeries, and that Frank had been part of my attitude change. Frank objected strenuously and doggedly argued me into silence about how the library is serving patrons, giving them what they want in purging Reference in favor of more

real estate for another Study Room, and more computers. He said that libraries need to aim for people like him who want books that they are now weeding. He was very aggressive, and I felt badly because, although I want that kind of library too, I can't work happily if I'm being hypocritical. I need to be undivided in my focus. During intermission he said he didn't know why he reacted like that, as if, as a man, he needed to be repressing me. I was grateful for that. I really need to avoid confrontations like that with him, and that means that I will remain private and submissive in my opinions when there is a chance that Frank will disagree.

May 14, 2015

As Frank was leaving the concert at the Alex, he slipped on wet pavement, coming down hard on his head. Poor man! He "saw stars" and had a big lump, although, mercifully, nothing broken or hurt, aside from his head. He doesn't know how he managed to get home. Worried about concussion. Did some internet searching, and he doesn't have symptoms. Put cold pack on bump and told him to rest.

May 21, 2015

I expressed my desire to convert our lawn to drought-resistant, using the rebate program. Frank vetoed it on the basis of, with his limited lifespan because of cancer, we should only do what he feels will enhance his life. What remains of it. I can't quarrel with that, but it was very disheartening. He thought I was being critical of how he's handling this, although I'm not, and I said and implied nothing that would have led him to feel that. Nonetheless, he was angry. Very unpleasant. Apologized for whatever I might have done to give him that impression. Sorry that he has to be the one to handle all this, but he does.

June 1, 2015

When Susie visited, I gave her my card for website. She sent me a message today that she finally had time to watch *White Ashes*. She said she was "*in awe of my talent...You and [Harriet Beecher Stowe] are astonishing.*" Frank responded to me about how wonderful Susie's message was and how proud of me he is. Had to fight back tears. Means so much to me!

June 5, 2015

Visited with Frank, and at first things were fine, until I asked about his bathroom not being finished today. I didn't understand Frank's message yesterday which was a copy of his "Done" file in which he said that the carpenter would come today to take measurements for the vanity which he would make. I thought that Mike was buying a ready-made cabinet at Home

Depot, but there wasn't one. At first Frank, in his anger, said he told me that Mike couldn't get it at Home Depot. He hadn't, and I didn't understand that his message was telling me that it had to be custom made. Frank hates it when I'm defensive and need more information when he feels he's told me clearly. He said he's dying, and he can't take these daily struggles with me. He said last night I behaved like Ann when I asked about the towel rack, blinds, and shelf. I felt totally annihilated and misunderstood. Frank should be the person who loves me most and who would not see a nagging wife motivation behind my actions. My intention was to make sure that what I thought would be Mike's last day working would not end without those elements being replaced. Frank interprets my actions as implying that he's "an idiot." I agreed that we've been incompatible lately. It may be the worst passage in our marriage. I felt really wounded. Frank said he thought he had said too much and said that we wouldn't talk about it more tonight. I promised that I would try harder to be careful to not defensively dig in when I'm "wrong."

June 6, 2015

On the way I asked Frank if he feels himself to be "dying" with "months left to live." He said, not because of his conditions but because getting so angry with me he thinks will make him have a heart attack or stroke. I'll be the cause! Shattered me. He said he spent a lot of time thinking about how he could manage situations, thinking my brain just works in a way that prevents me from understanding his clear communication. I said it might be helpful, if he loves me more than anyone, then he should believe that my motivations are not in any way similar to Ann's or Daddy's, as he has accused me in past. He shouldn't feel such anger towards me if he keeps in mind that I act out of love for him. He said he was wondering if my feelings for him had changed. He said something about being more tender to each other in future. I said that there has been no tenderness or sweetness. By this time, we were in driveway, and I was sobbing. Really awful! After a while Frank came in to see if I was all right. So glad, and I burst into tears as he rubbed me under the comforter a bit to reassure me. Hope worst is over!

June 7, 2015

Left for two-hour massage at 10:25. Decided that I needed to not fall apart and that, if I talked at all about Frank and me, I would. When Jonathan asked if I had had a good week, I said the last two days had been really rocky. "Yes, I know," he said. He knew I was having problems already. He's just that intuitive and tuned into me. He understood completely that I couldn't talk about it or I "would crumble." Said I really needed to be able to focus on massage. Asked, after about half hour of silence, if amount of pressure I take varies from week to week. He said, when he asks if pressure is OK, it's because, like today, I'm wound up and muscles are more resistant, so he



applies more pressure against resistance. Interesting. I take much greater pressure now than when I started. When I was leaving, he said, although we hadn't talked about my troubles, he hoped things were better this week. Said that I thought we had gotten through the worst and things would be better.

June 14, 2015

Home and visited with Frank. Told him that I wondered if some anxiety and stress would be eased knowing that, although I don't believe his lifespan will be shortened by myeloma, that I will love him tenderly, care for him, and keep him engaged and comfortable to his end. He later expressed his appreciation and love for my having told him that.

June 22, 2015

Fortunately, Mark let us in and took nearly all our bags up several flights of stairs. Frank couldn't have made it. So grateful for Mark's strength and graciousness. I hadn't unloaded my autoharp, music, and stand, so I was carrying that upstairs with my cane, and because the last staircase is twisty, I left the autoharp and cane on landing to come back for it. Frank was spent at our level, which is actually the third floor—not just two flights up, as revealed only after booking. I wouldn't have put him through this had I known. He felt humiliated because, in a tearful voice, he said he wasn't able to take my autoharp up the stairs, which I never expected him to do, and I said, "Well, there's nothing to cry about." He thought I was humiliating him. Then he said that he felt that I was feeling that I would be happier if he weren't around! Never have done anything to make him feel that way. Really unfair and undeserved. Horrid way to begin this time on our vacation. He feels that, like "making him angry" is shortening his life, my having booked this place is shortening his life. He can't believe that I couldn't have known the layout before booking or coming here. I didn't know the steps would be hazardous, or that it was the third floor. He asked how could I think of being able to play autoharp here. Told him I asked Mark about making noise when he and Rimma live on floor below. He said no amount of sound would bother them. Then Frank said, did I think it wouldn't wake him? Sound from the kitchen is separated from the bedroom with a sound machine, his sleep apnea machine, and the living room. Said I wouldn't wake him, but if there were any possibility I might want to play while he was awake and getting ready, now there was nothing that would get me to play. Like in *Uncle Vania*, he's become Serebryakov to my Yelena. Scene where Sonya says to Yelena, "We mustn't," about playing piano.

July 3, 2015

He was ready to take a break from computer and listening to music. I hadn't wanted to interrupt that. He hates to interrupt the music, of course. Hated to tell him about the paint peeling, but it didn't occur to me not to tell him, figuring he needs to know, even though I had no expectation that this would be something that needed to be addressed for the near future. Wasn't implying, in any way, that I have an agenda about it. I don't! Frank exploded vehemently at me for telling him. He said I did have an agenda and that telling him was adding to his stress. I couldn't believe it! Took me totally by surprise. Attempted to defend myself, but he would have nothing of it. His anger was extreme. We couldn't be in same room together. Really awful!

July 5, 2015

Asked Jonathan if I could ask about specific move he makes. It's when I'm on my back, and he brings my bent arm to hover over my mouth for moment. I love that, and I wanted to know why he does it. He said that the embryo's first movement in uterus is to bring the arm up toward the mouth as if approaching thumb-sucking, although it's too early in embryo's development for completion of that action. He said, when he first experienced it in massage, it had an indescribable and profound effect on him, so he does it with his massage. So glad I asked him. Thought about how I had been "thumb sucker," and how movement touches me tenderly in Jonathan's massage. Asked Jonathan to tell me if I am taking advantage of him in talking to him. Told him that I write in my journal, and that can suffice if I weren't to disclose to him, but he said he is happy to listen to me tell about my life. So I did. Told him about how my observation about peeling paint led to Frank's eruption and how we had to spend next 4 ½ hours in separate rooms because he was so angry with me, despite my protestation that I had no agenda behind my statement of fact, and how Frank had come into bedroom to make peace but then still blamed me for causing his stress-induced eruption. Said I told him I understood how he felt stressed, but that I'm not responsible for having caused that response--he can respond to it as simply my sharing information, but I will try really hard to govern what I say to him to help reduce added stress. Shared it all. Jonathan said that I said nothing that should have provoked Frank's anger, and he asked if it's possible, no matter how much I govern what I say, how careful I am, if Frank would still be angry? Good question. He said that he knew that I have said that Frank would never have therapy, but would he read a book? And he recommended Non-Violent Communication, by Marshall Rosenberg, which I will order. Experienced bright, like noonday light, although there was no source for it, and my eyes were shut, when Jonathan removed my eye mask, as he does before he starts to work on my neck. Amazing! Told Jonathan about this after massage. Also told him that, although I write in journal daily and find that therapeutic and comforting, I appreciate so much being

validated by him when I disclose to him. Nearly weeping. “Take good care of yourself this week,” he said. Blessed by him.

July 9, 2015

Was anxious all day about Frank’s appointment with oncologist. He doesn’t have cancer, or multiple myeloma. He has MGUS—monoclonal gammopathy of undetermined significance which may never turn into multiple myeloma. She never said it was multiple myeloma. That was what Frank self-diagnosed before he went to her. He had himself believing that was his condition, and he wasn’t deterred by information he learned from her at that appointment. Really interesting! So, very good news. New lease on life, although she will probably want to continue seeing him and monitoring him.

July 10, 2015

Found my journal with the account of Frank’s appointment with oncologist and weeks heading up to that. Wanted to remember how “multiple myeloma” came up. It was all Frank’s self-diagnosis. He was sure that “bone cancer” was what he had before he saw doctor. He believed he was dying. So interesting.

July 26, 2015

Felt unfocussed and off-balance all morning, but while I was dancing, I realized how I rely on weekly massage appointment not only for way to recalibrate physically, but also for how it does the same for me emotionally. Know that, when I am rocked by Frank’s anger, knowledge that I will have massage gives me steadying comfort that I depend upon and so appreciate.

August 8, 2015

Massage appointment at The Springs with Sean Bartholomew. Beautiful place with juice and regular bar, little craft gift shop, restaurant area, and social area where they were setting up live music event for evening. Really vibrant area of downtown LA. Was very impressed with Sean, who took his time talking to me about his patented system which uses heated stones. Stones are placed on body. He has them in his hands, so that heat is distributed in lovely waves. He also uses lots of heated pads filled with tiny seeds or pebbles. He talked about his happy family life in Lake Arrowhead. He asked his beautiful wife to marry him three days after they met. Clear that he didn’t want to take me from Jonathan, but in fact wants to go to Jonathan. Think Jonathan will want to visit him too. It was a more “athletic” approach, and his moves were quicker and less subtle and intuitive than Jonathan’s. But it was excellent massage. *The Water Is Wide* played, and I told him I loved the tune, and I had just sung it this morning. It’s on

soundtrack of his favorite John Wayne movie, *The Quiet Man*. Synchronicity. Told him about Frank's suggestion, "Why don't you learn a new instrument?" and how I manage mornings when I play and meditate before library opens. At end he said that he could go another four hours on me, and when I came out to reception area, he said again that he was "honored" to work with me. Big hug. As he air-kissed me good-bye (!) I went, glowing. Really great experience in every way. Home. Visited with Frank, who was titillated by every detail, especially no-underwear that was recommended. He says he would be happier if massage ended by bringing me to orgasm. I protested that that would make it too difficult to feel safe going back.

August 17, 2015

Took time to write a note to Jonathan for our third anniversary. I'm giving him a dolphin fetish. I explained that the dolphin in Zuni culture is symbol for friendship, loyalty, and trust. Alunite crystal is something that heightens creativity and balances emotional and environmental energies. "You have guided, healed, inspired, and consoled me for three years now. Thank you from the bottom of my heart, from the soles (souls) of my feet, and from the inner spaces your touch releases each week..."

August 21, 2015

Christie and husband, John, announced last weekend that they would be here for Christie's brother's birthday, and we knew we would be seeing them. Our first choice, dinner on Friday, wasn't good for Christie, and the party is Saturday, so Frank wanted to have them over on Sunday and then go out to dinner. But, with two appointments at 10 and 12, I was not willing to give up that much time. I suggested that I would see if Jonathan could book me on Saturday, they meet us at restaurant at 6:00, and then come back to house afterward. Frank said it was good plan and thanked me in his reply. When I asked if he had talked to Christie, he said yes, but he hadn't suggested the plan. He expected to have them come to house before we go out to eat. I had to read message trail to him before he would accept my memory of our plan. He was irritated with me again for wanting time at home until dinner. I need that time. He finally understood the extent of stress I'm working under, controlling my gut at work while training all day. I was in tears, feeling unfairly treated.

September 6, 2015

I was nearly at the door of Jonathan's studio when I saw below the path a young deer still and looking at me. I stopped and was still, watching it. Jonathan must have heard my approach and opened the door. I indicated the deer, and we both watched until it walked away. Lovely start to massage. During massage, the deer came right up to window. Jonathan said

that had never happened before. Said I believed that the deer understood our communication with it and therefore felt safe coming to the window to watch. Jonathan said he thought the deer liked me. Nice. Talked about importance of bodywork in my life and how it affects, I believe, the way patrons view me, the way I move through space, and just my wellbeing since I've been coming to Jonathan. Said that weekly bodywork--touch--is so important in my life. Jonathan said he was honored for whatever he has done to contribute to that. I said it is "perfect."

September 7, 2015

Unpleasantness with Frank when I suggested that, if Debbie's next estimate is still beyond our reach, we could still hire Eric to remove turf and put in drip irrigation, lay groundwork, and get some other landscaper to put in plants, etc. Frank declared that only Debbie was going to do work for us. Asked him, why then did he not stop me from my task of going up and down streets this morning, looking for alternate landscapers? He began to "go off," and I said I was fine with his decision making. When he continued aggressively, I said I'd already conceded to him. Not good feeling. Felt further distanced from him as he lavished Jack with loving words and strokes. I do feel a lack of his affectionate words and touch, and it is because of that that I, even more, require massage. Really fills a need.

September 22, 2015

Lovely encounter with an 80-year-old woman who was coming to library for first time in a while. She said, when I told her in that case she needed to go look in Children's to see the beautiful little reading room, named for their Enchanted Woods collection. She had had her hair done and was at library to wait until Access Services would arrive to take her to Valley where her husband is cared for at Jewish Home. We shared about how I knew about Access, having applied to them when I had foot surgeries. She wondered if I could recommend surgeon, and I told her about Dr. Jung at Kerlan Jobe. She said she was told, because of her athletic history, the problem she had with her feet and ankles couldn't be fixed entirely, and that she would never be able to travel. She needs bunion surgery but, for now, she's not able to think about that because of the situation with her husband. (Alzheimer's?) I told her about crutches she needs if she does have surgery and suggested Clementine's, a nice sandwich/salad, bakery very close to library. At first, I couldn't remember name, so while I was finding out, she went to settle somewhere and read. Finally found her, having copied down information about Clemntine's and crutches, in the Enchanted Woods room. She was impressed that I had found her, with information in hand and told me how the ducks above her shoulder were special for her because she had ducks as little girl, and her cell phone quacks! The illustration on the opposite wall reminded her of a favorite book her mother read to her and her sister (15

months older, who never forgave her for taking spotlight by being born). I told her my story about how I had been looking all my life for book of altered Aesop's fables of ant and grasshopper with moral, instead of being like industrious ant, someone needs to provide music, like the grasshopper who played his fiddle. She told me how, when her husband went to Jewish Home, she downloaded 2,000 photos of their travels. He was movie producer. When she goes to see him every day (she said today was only the second day she had missed because of her hair appointment) she and he look at photos. He doesn't have social life there, she said, because he doesn't want it. She said, when someone commented about her going to see him every day, "Well, of course! Why wouldn't I want to!?" She said how lucky it was that she came to library and ran into me after I told her about how I thought I wouldn't be able to face surgeries, and how Frank said I should learn new instrument. When I told Frank all this later, I could see tears in his eyes. Touched me. The entire encounter with this woman touched me and her.

September 25, 2015

Sean described lymphatic detox method he uses and made it clear that it involves massage under, around, and over mammary glands. He said I could have a modified approach, but I assured him that I was fine with his complete approach. I wanted it! It wasn't erotic to have his hands all over my breasts, and at end, when they were covered, actually squeezing them! He said several times that he loves me for posting a review for him on Yelp. I told him about how his reaching under me, supporting me on each side of my spine, arching my spine, was the first time since before my spinal surgery that I had done that. Before surgery, I had done bridge yoga posture.

October 7, 2015

Realized that essential Desk Ref item, Guide des Experts, had been selected by Susan for weeding. Sent her message, cc'ing Alice, that this annotated listing of catalogues raisonnés in print, or being prepared, which Jeri purchased in Paris because it is otherwise unavailable, is needed to find catalogues that we don't have which patrons need in order to verify their art as being by an artist. Susan was ready to put it back on shelf, but Alice sent detailed list of questions to answer to justify my request for retention. The questions showed that she didn't understand that the French language has no bearing on its usability, and that it is never used as a selection tool for purchasing more catalogues raisonnés. Feel like I must make my case, but that if I'm overruled, I can't take it beyond this point. It will just be another sign that I have no authority as an art librarian, and my opinion on art books is no more important than Susan's or Monica's. I believe this is, in fact, true.



But my desire for amiability and good will at work is more important. Bitter pill I must take.

October 11, 2015

Jonathan asked how much longer I want to work. Was weeping as I explained that it's good for me to be in public and professional. I need a home space (as he described it), away from the unsettled atmosphere at home, and to provide me with self-worth and the financial ability to contribute to concerts, and massage. Talked about how I need a peaceful place when Frank is stressed and irritable.

October 24, 2015

About to leave for Disney Hall when Frank exploded because I put out a plastic bag that I remember having found in the broom closet, folded behind the broom where Frank and I both put plastic bags that I use for waste or for emptying the cat pan. I believe I noticed it outside Frank's bathroom, but I don't remember taking it and appropriating it for waste. Perhaps Rosa put it in the broom closet. Frank often leaves empty envelopes and plastic bags from the mail lying on floor because, I guess, it's hard for him to bend over. But he has gotten angry at me several times in past when I've thrown them away because he isn't finished with them. There may be a need to get return addresses or something, so I've learned not to take them! At any rate, he took this bag that I had prepared for use as a trash bag and put it in hall. Later, I was looking for it, needing it for trash, and found it in the hall. Couldn't understand why it would be there, but didn't ask Frank because he was in such an angry mood. Really thought he might have placed it there in abstracted moment. Sometimes I find he's put something in an unexpected drawer, and he once said "Expect more of that!" So, I'm wondering if he's "slipping," or he's afraid he's slipping. He was angry at me for having put a box for recyclables back in broom closet for second time after it had been left in the center of kitchen because he had been going through one of his stacks of mail. He became unhinged, yelling at me and shaking the bag at me because he said I had taken it from him four times already, (not true) and he wanted to try it as a trash receptacle in his car because the bag he's been using is too big. He was out of control. I retrieved the bag for him and emptied the contents to take out to his car, but he was enraged and accused me of having deliberately determined that he couldn't have the bag and complained I had robbed him of his weekend and made his blood pressure rise so he'll have to take blood pressure medication. Very ugly. Not easy to regain any equanimity for concert. Andras Schiff was conducting and performing Mozart's Piano Concerto and Haydn's Mass in C Major. He's very good, but perhaps because I felt shattered, the concert was not transporting. However, for first time, a bonus concert was offered afterwards with some soloists singing Schubert lieder backed by smaller Master Chorale ensemble.

That was exceptionally good and really made entire evening worthwhile. Also helped to repair damage of battle with Frank that left me stunned.

October 25, 2015

Had epiphany when Jonathan was working on my neck, and for first time, I was allowing myself to just let him be doing that instead of wanting so much to “let go,” so I could feel loose, wonderful, trippy rolling around in his hands I adore. When I was telling him about this at end, after I was dressed, I was overcome with emotion –weeping. Possibly residual sadness about Frank and me. Home. Visited with Frank. He said he’s depressed. Having hard time recovering from yesterday. Well, yes.

October 26, 2015

Frank said he was feeling better today. He thanked me for having written Mom, asking her to wait until we are together at leisure in Spain to ask Frank his opinion that Ferrante is best living writer. She told me on phone that she wanted to ask Frank about that and also about his opinion of how Hillary had done at Benghazi hearing. Told her that there are few things he loves more than talking and debating with her, and that I was so glad that they love each other so much, but that he’s now taking blood pressure daily to see if he can keep it low enough so he won’t have to start taking blood pressure medication and diabetes drugs. Said he is incapable of responding briefly to questions like hers or accept lunch or dinner invitations from students and friends, without anxiety about time it takes away from his poetry, grading student journals, and getting our house and garage in order. He feared that she might be offended, but I said that she needs to be aware of the cost to him. I said there is cost to me when he then complains about having lost another day. He said for me not to be combative with him. And I wasn’t! When I said goodnight he said that we need to be careful not to be rancorous towards each other, and I said I feel no rancor towards him. He was subdued, and he said he needed to be more careful about being defensive automatically with me—taking responsibility himself, I think. Which he should!

October 29, 2015

Went to appointment with Dr. Drange. Very interesting results of bone scan. No change in left hip, but significant change in right hip. No longer “osteoporosis.” It’s now “osteopenia.” Dr. Drange has never had that unequal result. But that’s the bone graft hip that Jonathan has been working on, breaking up scar tissue! So maybe the drug has gone to that more needy area! At any rate, we decided I should continue one more year with Prolia. Then I need to take a two-year break because my bones need to

recover before Prolia begins to work again. If I stop for the break now, I'll be more at risk with left hip. It may be that my arm achiness is due to Prolia.

October 31, 2015

Sean said that he worked on Jonathan yesterday. Thrilled! Responded "I love to facilitate the connection between two people I love." What doubles the thrill for me is that, if Jonathan mentions the appointment to me, I will be able to say same thing to him, and I will thereby reveal to him that I love him in way that is acceptable and won't jeopardize our relationship. Really happy about this! I mentioned to Frank that Jonathan has published articles in two journals about his time in Cambodia with elephants, and Frank said he didn't know Jonathan had been in Cambodia or that he had worked with elephants there. He knew I was shocked when I asked if he noticed having forgotten other things like that while allowing that he would have been preoccupied and not paying attention when I told him. He knew that I was wondering if this might be early sign of Alzheimer's, and I worried about what I will do if this is the case, and next ten plus years are consumed with care for Alzheimer's spouse. Really an alarming thought.

November 1, 2015

Jonathan was very interested and happy to hear about the effect he has apparently had on bone density of right hip. Happy to tell him that. Now he is going to increase work on left hip. Good. We agreed that, given my belief that left arm achiness is due to Prolia, he will let up on deep tissue work there and instead do more soothing massage there. When he told me he had gone to see Sean and that his technique had helped him, I said that "I love to facilitate a connection between two people I love." He had no comment on that. Talked about my emotional reaction at end of last week's session and said I thought it had to do with the meaningful touch that allowed me to be in moment rather than striving for something else. "Zen" experience, Jonathan called it and compared it to therapeutic experience where therapy leads patient to an awareness that he/she would be unable to make alone. Yes. Told him about Frank's not remembering my having told him about Jonathan's work with elephants in Cambodia, and our mentioning Alzheimer's. Also told him about recent eruptions of anger. Said it was sad. Then had to resist crying. Took effort to try to relax with massage, and at end was feeling very vulnerable. Know Jonathan could see I was having difficulty as we said good-bye, but remained cheerful and silently encouraging. Think my feelings of vulnerability are because I'm feeling disappointment at the loss of tender touch from Frank and loss of the sweetness of our soul mate youth. Don't want to have a future of illness and bitterness.

November 6, 2015

Shared with Frank how Jonathan was listening to Christen Lien non-stop while he wrote his novel. Frank doesn't like Philip Glass whereas Jonathan does very much, so I knew it was risky to show him her music on Ted Talks, but he did like her music, although he observed that the music took him to a dreamy place rather than the intellectual acuteness he feels when listening to Beethoven. I said that it would probably be a good thing for him to go to that dreamy space too—that a balance between two states was good thing. And he took my point. So that may be an achievement!

November 8, 2015

Told Jonathan about sharing Christen Lien with Frank and his response. And told him about Frank's admitting that he has an addiction to sugar and salt. Then told him how vulnerable I felt last Sunday. When he asked "why," I said it had to do with my feelings of sadness, loss, and disappointment in change in marriage and life as we're aging and dealing with "medical issues," and Frank's anger. But said that I was confronting those emotions by taking care of myself with massage and therapy aspects of massage that I hadn't anticipated ever using or needing, and at the same time improving and watching Frank improving our marriage. Like when I asked Mom not to ask Frank questions that would elicit response robbing him of time for his poetry and work. Jonathan was supportive and encouraging. Bless him!

November 9, 2015

Received Ask-a-Librarian question that came in over weekend that I couldn't answer, and I sent it on to Alice. She replied that she had information from Karen, so I was able to respond. All messages were undeliverable for some reason, so I couldn't reply to his message in email trail. Explained to Alice that I had to create fresh message and why. She said that I hadn't understood her information correctly and mildly described my having been careless. I told her that I was unable to cut and paste her email into new platform because it's not possible, and she asked me to show her on my computer. I had shut my computer down at the end of my dinner break in order to save electricity and because I was going from workstation to workstation for the remainder of day and had no need for my cubicle computer. She said I should keep my computer on, saying that this had happened before. I felt blindsided by both criticisms and said I would keep my computer on henceforward, but still not understanding the "carelessness" charge. Really think it was a case of her having been unable to see that she hadn't been clear in her original message and then not being gracious enough to back off. Injustice angered me. Too bad.

November 14, 2015

Disney Hall concert included a highly anticipated *Become Ocean* by John Luther Adams. I read review of it a year and a half ago in The New Yorker and was so struck by it that I sent review to Jonathan. An immersion in sound that lasts 42 minutes, although Frank said it felt to him like 15 minutes. I said that it was a meditation in light of Paris bombings, but although he also loved piece, he jerked because, in relaxation invoked by music, he felt he was falling over a precipice. Like his experience of Christen Lien! Pleased that he recognized this as well.

November 15, 2015

Was irritated when Mom commented on my Facebook picture--one of Linnea Linkus'-- saying it wasn't a very good picture of me. She has said this about my *White Ashes* picture, my picture of Frank and me at Mermaid Tavern, and now this. Told her I don't appreciate her comment. I never tell her if I see a photo of her that I don't think it is good, and that other people say that the photo is good, pointing out that I don't remember her ever saying a photo is good. She was chastened. Good! Told her about going to Norton Simon sculpture garden and remembering being there with Daddy and how he had loved it. He loved the sculptures especially, although he was already fairly advanced in his Alzheimer's. Mom was weeping remembering.

November 28, 2015

When Frank was ready to go out the door, and he asked if I was ready, I still needed to go to bathroom. We wanted to arrive when Theo and Susan opened their door, in order to get two good chairs, instead of having to sit in folding chairs for their jazz soiree. Frank was angry at me for attempting to defend myself—my immediate reaction when he is angry with me. Only makes him more angry, of course, and then it's too late. Barely calmed by time we arrived at their home, but although doors had been open already for 15 minutes, I secured two good seats. Frank had, by that time, expressed how he needs to be able to control his rage, never mind my defensiveness, and during evening, he was tender to me, stroking my neck. So glad for his touch. Jazz evening helped, although it took a while for me to relax. Shoulder and arm ache badly, and I massaged muscle all evening.

November 29, 2015

Collapsed on massage table. Jonathan was supportive and sympathetic. He was working out all the knots in my body—material manifestation of my stress—while he expressed his own anger at Frank's anger. He believes he should seek Cognitive Behavioral therapy, working on his anger from a strictly brain programming angle: anger related to blood sugar spiking, for instance. He thinks I should refuse to engage in the arguments. Tell him I'm

leaving, and I'll be willing to talk when he's eaten and has calmed down. Told him how much I appreciated his support. He is so important in my life.

December 4, 2015

Frank said tonight "I don't ever want to argue (or get angry) with you again." Thanked him. He had had very good class.

December 17, 2015—our 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary

Frank woke up shortly before I had to leave for work. We had enough time for me to give him anniversary card and the gift of plaque for yard with his quote about mocking birds. ["New research indicates female mockingbirds prefer a more subtle approach."] He was crying/laughing at it, loving it, and delighted that I had it made. He also was amused, yet also touched with card's reference to caring for him tenderly forever, saying that would be increasingly important for him, in a sort of funny way. He reprinted, beautifully, the poem, "Song for Mary," which he wrote early in our marriage.



So lovely of him. I'd like to frame it or make a plaque of it.





December 24, 2015

Jonathan sent me a lovely card with a turtle walking along a flower-bordered path. He wrote: *Dear Mary, My deepest Appreciation and Gratitude for your kind presence and generosity this year. To say you have been a terrific client would be an understatement. I'm so happy the bodywork has brought such benefit to your life. It is an honor and a privilege to be of service to you. Wishing you and Frank a Blessed Christmas and a Bright 2016 ahead. --- Jonathan. Means so much to me.*



December 27, 2015

Had great massage. Afterwards, when he came back in, he sat down on couch and said that we need to talk about my having given him the session with Tamryn and the \$100 in light of my generosity during year (iPad) and my generous tipping. (I give him \$200 each week, which is more than he charges (\$145), but equivalent to rate range of Tamryn and Sean. He knows they charge more, and I wanted to let him know that I pay him as I pay them.) He said that he wanted me to know that the service he gives me has nothing to do with my generosity in tips and gifts. He doesn't want me to feel that, if I didn't give him any tips or gifts, I would still get the same quality massage. I said that I know that's true, and that I give because I'm grateful for what he gives me. I gave him money, in addition to massage, because I want to give something, not just money. I want him to have money to use as he wants. I was emotional, and he was lovely and understood that I understood. Very sweet of him. I appreciated the moments.

## 2016 Journal

January 3, 2016

He got angry with me, after he asked twice if I had called Mom. Told him I always do, but when he asked again, after I had been in bedroom tuning big autoharp, I assumed he was nagging me about it, and responded with defensiveness. Made him mad. I apologized but he didn't accept it. Spoiled my afternoon. Felt depressed while he continued working at his computer. Frank apologized for his anger. He said he reacted because he felt I didn't love him. Sad.

January 11, 2016

Frank wrote this haiku Saturday evening at Disney Hall, he thinks, during the beautiful *Symphonic Variations*:

*Long, naked play—and  
You, wet and slippery as  
An eel. Often. Gone.*

So beautiful. Sad and lovely. We had such a wonderful sex life.

January 13, 2016

Frank became very angry, after we were talking over how his day had gone. He said that lithotripsy procedure wouldn't happen till February. I asked why he hadn't answered my email about the scheduling. He didn't think it was necessary. How could I have thought it might be tomorrow?! We had talked about how it couldn't happen until all kinds of tests were done. He thought it would be "highly unlikely" to happen this week. He was completely enraged that I cared so little about this procedure that I didn't know all those details. That's when I became defensive. "I can't know what I don't know!" Attempted to make Frank feel better by showing him animal videos I posted. He said he was so depressed because "I didn't care." Went to bed with Polly and Jack around 9:30. Frank came in to apologize.

February 21, 2016

Anticipating all day, even more than usual, the massage with Sean, because I was in pain. So glad for end of work day, but then faced Friday rush hour drive, with no time to spare, to Springs. Affectionate welcome hug. He shared with me so generously and confidentially, and I'm honored by that, although it reduced my time on massage table. Wonderful, deep massage which he sealed with kiss on my forehead. He said that he was so happy that my massage was the last of day for him because he would be thinking about me for rest of evening. That was a thrill! We both said how much we

love each other. So grateful for his love, his support, and friendship. Sailed home. Frank had bad news through Susie about Betsy. He had just been wondering aloud to me about her yesterday, concerned about how she's doing since she hasn't sold houses she was hoping to sell when she last reported to be in financial straits. Now she is desperate, with only enough to pay next month's rent. Siblings will chip in to help Betsy. She must think of contingency plan: getting cheaper apartment, living with someone, food stamps, stop drinking, and lose weight. Really grim, and Frank was very stressed about it, as well as his upcoming surgery, and other less difficult, but nagging things he needs to do like getting his phone fixed. He talked about our not having catastrophic health insurance and said to Susie and Mary Ann that he would have to go into state subsidized facility if he had a stroke, for instance. I said I would take care of him at home if that happened. He said I wouldn't be able to. I said, for the record, if that happens to me, I'm not going into a facility. I will end my life. He said I wouldn't be able to, and we started discussing what we need to do to prepare for that, so that I can end my life if I want to. He's joined a website with information about steps to take to prepare, and I asked him to give me the password so I can get necessary information assembled. He doesn't know where, in all his piles, that password is, and my asking for it again set him off in anger because he has too much he needs to do without time to do it. However, I believe he has priorities that he can rearrange to take care of issues that may be less pleasant to address than others. We need to do this, especially when he's going in for procedure next week! Evening ended badly.

March 6, 2016

We got to our seats at Disney Hall for Mahler's 3<sup>rd</sup>, which is Frank's favorite, and the one he would want for his memorial service, if there were one. Frank "deleted" his email account by mistake! He was worried about that too! Nevertheless, the concert was glorious. Stunning! Had to put my hands over my mouth to keep from crying out, and I was weeping at end. Astonishing! Frank was really crazed as we drove home, because all he had to eat, up to then, was a Kind bar that I brought for him. He said he was worried about couch, which he said we probably shouldn't have had done yet, because of his procedure. Now he thinks that he may not be happy with the new upholstery because it's "too busy." We discussed it, and he didn't voice any concern. That makes me worry that he won't like it after we've spent so much time and money on it. Set up Yankees game and Clinton/Sanders Town Hall to tape for him. He said he didn't want either one. I checked his IPAD to see that he was getting his emails, and he was. When I told him, he said he already knew that. He had fixed it in the driveway. Felt like, no matter what I attempted for him, it was unwelcome. Glad to leave for my massage, and as soon as I got in car, I felt weepy and fragile. I didn't want to talk to Jonathan, because I wanted to pay attention to massage.

Jonathan, of course, understood and was sympathetic and supportive. He worked a long time on my back and shoulders, and there was a lot of relief and popping. He also worked long time on neck, head, and feet. So helpful.

March 13, 2016

Jonathan asked about Frank and expressed his concern about my condition last week, and his feeling of an inability to get rid of all the tightness that I'm holding in my back. He says this is not a structural issue. It's emotional and psychologically based. He thinks Frank and I need couple's therapy. I said Frank will never agree to therapy. He asked what would it take? He said he wonders if he's enabling my condition. Maybe. I told him that I think I need to talk to Frank. I was very upset and crying and attempted through rest of massage to focus on bodywork. Jonathan just did his work. After massage I said he had given me a lot to think about. Felt afraid that he might say he could do no more for me, but I don't think that is what he was saying. Believe it's more like he feels it is his responsibility to refer me towards professional help that massage cannot solve for me. I think that I've turned to massage to fill emotional gaps in my life. While this is a good way of taking care of myself, it doesn't solve the issue of my being unable to deal with Frank's anger. Resolved to be more loving to Frank. I need to cultivate tenderness by being more tender.

March 18, 2016

At end of Sean's massage, when he was resting my head on his fingertips, I could feel his forehead, I think, resting against top of my head. Very deep connection--unguarded and lovely. He closed the session by saying that my body has responded in beautiful ways in the year I've been working with him. He gave credit, not just to his "method" but to all the other bodywork I do. Felt such appreciation for this assessment, especially after Jonathan expressed his concern over tightness he feels in my back that he can't dissolve. Told Sean how much I appreciated hearing that. He said that I was one of the people in the world he most values and cares for. I said I feel the same for him. Really treasure him and treasure his words.

March 19, 2016

Wonderful music with Da Camera at Doheny Mansion very well played. Stayed for reception and visited with Michael, Carol, and Sherry, with Frank entertaining us in fine form with theatre stories. Laughed a lot. Pleased when Steve, one of Da Camera team who admires me, (I believe he's gay), insisted that I take flower arrangement. Lovely of him. As we were leaving, I made detour to praise Peter Stumpf, the cellist. His friend commented how he enjoyed watching me as Peter played. Frank commented lightheartedly



how he takes me for granted. Sometimes he's surprised by how people are attracted to me!

April 17, 2016

Really felt broken by end of ordeal fixing technological problem with our devices and subscriptions. Danced to regain equilibrium, but Frank attempted to interrupt me. With earplugs, I couldn't hear him. Saw door opening to the bathroom and said, "Give me a little time." Only few minutes, but Frank was really angry with me. "What if I needed to go to the hospital?" He thought I was ignoring his knocking. Protested that I hadn't heard him, but he was beyond reason. That really shattered me. It was worse when he called me crazy, told me to grow up, and act like an adult. Bad scene.

April 18, 2016

Sat down to visit a bit with Frank, but he was irritable and referred to "crap he went through yesterday." I figured I would leave him alone. Got dressed while Frank spewed anger at me. Protested that he's so angry with me. Why? So glad to see Jonathan. When he asked how my week had been, I said that the weekend had been rocky. I wanted to respond to him saying that he was afraid of "enabling" the trouble I have with Frank's anger. I was shaken by that comment. At first, I was afraid that he might feel he couldn't continue giving massage if he felt he was "enabling." I realized that, in a way, he is "enabling" me with massage to weather stresses and troubles, finding support, comfort, and strength to enter the next week. He said that, if massage "enabled" the problem to continue by providing me escape from the issue instead of dealing with it, then he would feel the need to do something. I told him that I don't feel that is the case. Good to talk about that.

April 22, 2016

Earlier this week, Frank left out packing material in bedroom. I assumed, because he said he was going to get a new hose for his sleep apnea machine, that he had gotten it and had not thrown away the plastic. I had already gone to bed when he got home, and he was livid. He said nothing about it. I asked tonight if he had a place where he wanted to put it, and he re-ignited. Probably low blood sugar. He was furious all over again just remembering his anger! He said that I don't care about him. He wouldn't believe or accept my explanation. I told him I was happy to talk to him, but not while he was angry.

May 5, 2016



Left for Huntington around 12:30. Surprised that parking lot was nearly full already. Kept driving around and around because Frank doesn't feel up to walking much. He was getting more and more frustrated. Not a good start. Frank had to rest several times before we got to Garden exhibition. Think he's really apprehensive about our trip and how he'll manage. I'm sympathetic, but his complaining is tiresome. We talked about how he needs to cut back on teaching so he'll be able to read and write more. But he's nervous about income reduction. Told him I'd much rather he stopped teaching. We can go to fewer concerts. He doesn't appreciate my input much and will have to come to his own conclusions.

May 15, 2016

Happy to see Jonathan and glad, when he inquired as to whether I had gone to Tamryn last week, to tell him how lucky I am to have three massage therapists, all of whom I LOVE, and all of whom are outstanding. He said "Yes." So now he knows that I just factually do love him. I would hate it if he didn't hear me express that. Told him about my realization concerning being grounded, helping my balance and stability, and how I connected that realization with the sense that Linda was "un-grounded" in her last year. I felt it when I had my arm around her while walking beside her. So good to have this dear, wise man in my life!

May 21, 2016

Was dancing and didn't hear when Frank knocked and then shoved door open to hand me phone. He was angry and shouting at me because I hadn't heard his knock. Reminded him that I told him last time I was dancing that I can't hear because of earbuds, but that just made him more angry.

May 29, 2016

Stopped singing arias to get more kibble for Polly's feeding and observed with Frank how Jack tried to eat Polly's food. I went back to sing some more when I thought Polly had finished her food. I was singing, and Frank was screaming at Jack and then came in and yelled at me and wouldn't stop. Couldn't sing anymore until I calmed down. I told him I made a mistake thinking Polly had finished, but he was there, so I didn't think it was necessary for me to stay and watch with him. Really unpleasant.

June 4, 2016

Frank and I had bad scene on way to concert when he told me good news about drug to treat pancreatic cancer. I asked how that affects his condition, and he replied in an impatient and condescending way that pancreatic cancer is a possible side effect from drug he takes. I wanted to know if the

risk is high, and that irritated him. I wasn't allowed to explain why the question was a legitimate one to ask. He wouldn't let me talk and blamed me for making the argument happen. Nothing to be done about the accusation. But when we got home, he apologized and acknowledged that he was unreasonable and wrong to expect me to process information identically to the way he processes information. Thanked him for apology.

June 6, 2016

Visited with Frank until he accused me of having moved the charger cords he uses in kitchen, which I would never do. I reacted defensively instead of understanding that he just needed the cord that he moved, along with the back-up battery from his car that he put out on cabinet to recharge. Having recharged it, I put it and cords he used with it back in his car. He shouted at me, and I apologized for reacting defensively. After he calmed down, he apologized and said he was really trying to "not act like an asshole" and said we are really doing fine as a couple. I felt very glum and wondered if we are becoming incompatible. His apology and admission of needing to not act like an asshole helped.

June 7, 2016

Frank sent me a message about getting into the lottery for tickets to a show in London with a link I was to go to, but I saw that this was only for each current week's tickets and therefore it wasn't useful until we arrive. He thought I was carelessly misreading his message, and he reacted snarkily to me. I was anxious about him being impatient and condescending to me, and afraid that I might be misunderstanding him. Best described as "being gaslighted." All day I was unbalanced, because, after I pointed out how Frank was wrong about the lottery, (but only giving him information—not "throwing it in his face"), he didn't acknowledge his mistake or apologize or communicate with me at all for rest of the day! Hard on me.

June 19, 2016, (Granada to Barcelona)

Mom scrolled through photos on her phone, showing them to us until our lack of instant attention to them discouraged her. She didn't read. Wonder if she can't concentrate or lacks interest. They didn't post our gate, and the boarding time was delayed. By time we could line up for boarding, before gate was posted, all agents had left the Iberia counter. It was only then that I realized, to my horror, that we hadn't checked our suitcases. Agent said we were five minutes late, and the only alternative was to take the next flight in the morning. Unbelievable stupidity that none of the three of us had thought to check luggage, but I felt all responsibility. I was devastated and shattered. Horrid evening.

June 20, 2016 (Barcelona)

*La Boheme* was fantastic. Best production I've seen, I think, including first with Freni and Pavarotti. Mimi and Rodolfo, Tatiana Monogarova and Matthew Polenzani were exceptional, but all singing and acting was excellent. Truthful and moving. Wept several times. So glad Mom saw it and that she knew that her impression of excellence was confirmed by us. Very special.

June 21, 2016 (Amsterdam)

Mom crashed around in kitchen looking for food. Frank's credit card was denied, but he convinced them to deliver food for cash. Frank said he can't do Airbnb. I explained that I chose this instead of a hotel so that we could be together, and we don't have to do it ever again. Showered and got ready for bed. Ate very good food, but everyone was in pretty bad mood.

June 24, 2016

Found canal boat trip to take at 12:15 for an hour tour around central city. This was exactly what I wanted to do: to see the buildings along canal that I saw in paintings. So great! Everyone loved it. Then we walked through tiny alleys and streets for longer than Frank or Mom might have thought they could. But that was great too. Same feeling I've had in London--that I want to explore each street. Made our way easily and happily to restaurant Ilse found, the Pancake Bakery. Delicious pancakes--crepes really. So glad Ilse shared this with us! Sat on porch and wrote in journal. Talked with Ilse on front porch for quite a while about our lives, our health, and marriages. Shared that I can't change Frank's lack of attention to his health and exercise nor she Rüdiger's drinking too much and smoking. Love her very much.



June 25, 2016

We were told Mom was booked on the 7:10 PM flight. Ours was originally scheduled at 7:10 AM, and although I stipulated that Mom would be accompanying us on all flights from JFK through Heathrow, Pilar had apparently mistakenly booked her on the wrong flight. Disaster averted only by purchasing another ticket for over 400 pounds! It was too early to attempt reaching Pilar, and we knew we needed to act fast in order to get her one of the remaining seats. Another one of those "I want to go home" moments.

June 26, 2016

Went by tube to National Portrait Gallery to see *Russia and the Arts: The Age of Tolstoy and Tchaikovsky*. Graham met us there. Touched when I saw him tottering up the stairs, showing effects of his Parkinson's. We embraced, and I led him, taking little baby steps, to Frank. Then we went to Greek restaurant up Charing Cross. Had very good meal with small, varied dishes. Graham shared his professional history, which is so interesting and impressive. We talked about horrid state of American politics, and Frank and Graham's history of friendship. Lovely few hours together. High point, along with Ilse, of our trip. Took very pleasant bus ride on double decker back to our rooms so we could enjoy London neighborhoods.

June 27, 2016 (Glyndebourne)

Most of voices were excellent, especially Hans Sachs and Eva. But music was extraordinarily beautiful, and story of opera was clearer to me. Terrific! In second interval we ate our sandwiches, and we were hungry! So glad to be there! Train service was cancelled, so we had to take train to Brighton and then back to Victoria. Comedy in which we raced for available seats from one train to another. (Frank said "you can have either a train or a driver" after we had settled in a train for Gatwick as an alternative and then were told we had no driver. Then he said, in a deep, growly voice, "When we're done with Europe, it will all be better," referring to the Brexit vote. English man laughed and said, "That's cutting close to the bone." Very funny!) Frank was angry with me because, although we agreed that Mom would stay by Frank while I rushed ahead to secure our place on the train when it finally was posted which platform we should go to, she separated from him. He caught up with me, waiting for the car door to open, and then went on to catch Mom. I assumed they would come back through the train to me, and when they didn't, I found them in the next car. He vented his stress and worry, until I stopped him with "That's enough, Frank." Embarrassed by being reprimanded in front of Mom and others on train.



June 28, 2016

Yesterday, as we left the opera house, I suggested that Frank say goodbye to Glyndebourne. He waved me off impatiently. I was feeling sad and isolated from him—sorry that he has no room for me in this holiday. He's so involved with his medical problems and concern about Mom being happy, he can't share with me. I am the target for his anger, irritation, and discouragement about his diminished energy.

June 30, 2016

Frank asked Charlotte about best tube stop for Wallace Collection. He seemed to lose his balance, but said he was fine. However, when we got out front door, he was dizzy and collapsed, sitting on stoop. Think he would have fallen had Mom and I not been there. I tried to convince him that he needed to go back inside and lie down. He resisted, saying he only needed more coffee and some protein. I suggested that we go back inside, and he could have coffee and yogurt. But he was determined for us to go on to the Wallace. He said he just needed to walk. When he got to the corner, he didn't know that he needed to turn left. He was talking sensibly but not appropriately to the situation or contextually to situation. We would say something about his weakness, and he would say something like "Ask me anything about Bernie Sanders and Hillary." He insisted that he could walk, but he seemed unsteady and only gave up carrying his shoulder bag when I insisted. He said again he just needed coffee and some protein, so we went to a breakfast place on the block. I got him coffee and yogurt while Mom went back to the B&B to get an ambulance to go to emergency room. He said that he was going to write a part for me. So touching! Really thought I might be facing his last days. Thoughts racing through my mind about contacting Mary Ann and Susie, and arranging for our flight. Went to emergency room where Frank was admitted. All kinds of tests and re-

testing. EKG was fine, blood tests OK, blood pressure was high when standing. The doctor said that it could have been slight stroke. It was sometime after 3:00 when the doctor said we could go, but Frank needs to go back in the morning to see doctor at 9:00. Felt pretty discouraged. Mom was tired, and Frank was depressed because he felt he had ruined our London trip. Left at 6:30 for National Theatre because Frank insisted on going. If he was going, then I was going. Had to get taxi, and that took quite a while. Frank had to sit and rest once he walked a block to the entrance. Really scared for him getting into his seat. He slept solidly through to the interval. At that point, I was able to convince him that we should leave.

July 1, 2016

The doctor concluded that he had not had a stroke. He showed none of the symptoms. Rather, he concluded that Frank's episode was result of exhaustion and blood sugar. Great relief! Frank attempted to manage rest of day, not happy that I wanted to go along to Wallace Collection with him and Mom after getting something to eat. Don't know if he was irritated with me because he needed to eat, or because he wanted to send me off without him to Wallace or what. He seemed, once again, generally displeased with me. I wanted to be with him here doing one of things we love about London together. Turned out not to be. It was too late to go to Wallace. I returned to B&B to crash for a while, sleeping about an hour, while he and Mom went to National to try to buy return tickets for *Deep Blue Sea*. Got message that Frank had secured ticket for me for *Deep Blue Sea*, so I left right away and took tube to Embankment. Lovely to walk across bridge. Would have been too much for Frank and Mom, but I love walking across Thames and along South Bank, which has become very nice with many restaurants and a bookstore. Frank met me, happy, attentive, and appreciating my presence. Needed that.

July 4, 2016

Frank exploded at me about having been short with B&B host when I felt he was being intrusive. Frank called my behavior rude and called me a bitch. Screaming with back door open. Hate that! Dressed to go out. Frank apologized, saying he has no margin. I said "I know," but I have no margin for his explosions. Went to two-hour massage with Jonathan. So glad to be there. Told him about difficulties and highlights of trip. Cried and laughed. Told him that knowing I would be seeing him today got me through crises while we were gone.

July 22, 2016

Talked with Frank about decision made with Dr. Drange about discontinuing Prolia injections due to persistent pain now in both arms. She agrees that



Prolia must be the reason. Worried about danger in not having medication, but feel enormous relief that I may be freed of this burden of pain. Glad that Frank also agrees with decision and feels optimistic about result.

July 26, 2016

Played autoharp and sang '60's protest songs, which lifted my spirits through my tears. First time since we bought our house that cactus has bloomed. Took photo and shared it on Facebook, saying that I was feeling disheartened and discouraged, hurt by Jonathon Medeiros' shared post that described Bernie supporters as "privileged." Really disappointed in him. I said that cactus flower and my singing had helped me and that I am "moving forward." Sarah said she was sorry I felt that way, and Jonathon "liked" her comment. Couldn't let it go by without letting him know I felt hurt. Visited with Frank. He had been dealing with issues surrounding Betsy's attempt to use money loaned to her by family for her business to finance Ryan's going back to acting school at Ithaca, even though siblings had explicitly stated that that was not how money should be used. Susie drafted letter, agreed upon by Mary and Frank, and Betsy accepted it. She said she had a breakdown of sorts, but Ryan accepted ramifications and will try to get into a community college for now. Good.

July 27, 2016

Visited with Frank. Asked for his advice and response to my feeling that I couldn't live with myself if I vote for Clinton, but I can't talk with others about voting for the Green Party instead because I feel so emotional about my decision, and I don't want to have to defend it. Frank encouraged me to just say "I can't talk about this. My heart is too full. I'm too emotional." That's fine. And he knows that, while I admire his being able to "testify" so wisely and articulately, I can't do that. Good talk.

July 30, 2016

Frank's complaining was hard to take. Dressed and left to go to massage. Desperate to see Jonathan because of pain and feeling so low, dealing with heat, Frank, and DNC. Talked about Hillary. Jonathan said he and his father both cried watching her speech. He believes she's good at heart and would be a good President, and he consoled me hearing how disappointed and emotional I feel after Bernie's loss. Really glad to be with him. The summers are unpleasant for him, and he's again talking about how he may move to Santa Barbara. My heart sank, and I told him how I hate to hear that. He said "That's sweet." He reassured me that it's not something that would

happen for a while and may not happen. Can't worry about it. I'll be devastated, but at least I have Tamryn and Sean!

August 5, 2016

Frank asked me about what happened when he nearly collapsed in London. He doesn't remember much of anything, and he was unaware how he lacked common sense. Unmanageable and uncompromising about how physically incapable he was. Impressed upon him that I was worried sick that he would fall because of the way he was plunging on.

August 11, 2016

Sent emails back and forth to Imaging lab all day. Infuriating! Such a feeling of helplessness. Glad to go home. Frank "greeted" me at door, saying that there was call from Imaging saying they needed a signature. He hadn't read entire chain of messages that I forwarded to him so he would know what had happened because he was tired. I was irritated by that. I've nearly stopped sending him messages at work, expecting any response from him. Makes me feel like low priority. He was defensive, and I had already reached my limit of patience with the entire thing. I was weeping and apologizing for being impatient with him. We were both sorry for having upset each other.

August 12, 2016

Listened to NPR as I drove to Pasadena, arriving at Gold Line station about 5 minutes after Carol arrived there. Seemed comically funny to just swing into station and pick her up on way home. She is like Ilse for me. We are immediately close and comfortable.



Carol Neubauer Friedman and I.

September 3, 2016

At Getty we started with the Rousseau landscape paintings exhibit. Really beautiful. Interesting because he was rejected for prize that would have taken him on different, traditional direction. Instead, he pursued landscape painting, which is what he loved most. In fact, he loved trees so much that, when he learned that trees that he knew intimately from having painted them were being cut down, he became really upset and painted *Massacre of the Innocents*. Finished with exhibit of Contemporary London painters. Didn't care much for those, but loved the photograph of Francis Bacon's studio which, although looking like a dump, featured his "tools" for his art knee deep in piles. Posted photo of that with comment that Frank made, "*Please, can you just think of our house as my studio?*" Perfect!

September 4, 2016

I said in my message to Jonathan, that I looked forward to seeing him "and wildlife". As I was walking on path, I remembered the message, looked down in the ravine, and saw two young bears! Jonathan came out and saw them too. Thrilling! So glad to see him. He had really intense time at Ojai and told me that he used money I gave him for massage with sound where therapist uses tuning forks. When she placed one along his spine it "knocked him out." Amazing! He couldn't explain why, but he said she sometimes comes here, and when she does, he'll let me know. Talked about terrific article in New Yorker about Yuja Wang and her provocative concert attire, which impacts how she plays and feels. Jonathan said it made him feel jealous because men don't get to make those kinds of clothing choices. Sweet. He was glad to hear about my arms getting better and, I think, glad to hear that I'm done with Prolia. Bought two glass hearts at Getty yesterday: yellow for Jonathan and pink for Sean. Was a little afraid that he

might feel it was too much, but he seemed very pleased with it and held it to his heart. Perfect!

September 26, 2016

Brought in cookies for Reference office and Circulation. I think I do this as an adult because Mom didn't allow us to observe our birthdays by taking treats to school. She thought it was asking for recognition or something. This year I revealed my birthday to Facebook, so I received greetings all day. Lovely, especially the one from Tamryn: *Happy birthday to you, beautiful Mary. Thank you for all you do to uplift the vibration and spirit of this world. It is such a pleasure to have met you!* So sweet of her! I was disappointed all day not to have heard a greeting from Sean, only to find his message at home. Frank emailed me that I had a wonderful message waiting for me. Sean sang *Happy Birthday*, ("you are beautiful to me") and said he loves me. So great of him! Will treasure that! So cheered and excited by Sean's message. Frank observed that Sean really loves me and should be able to see me completely naked. Think he has when he had to check me over when he thought my rib might have been broken!

[Birthday card from Mary Ann and Susie.] *Dear Mary, We love you so much! Thank you for everything. Your happiness and joy is just contagious and we love being with you. And we especially love that Frank is with you. He is so lucky! Happy Birthday, Mary and Susie*

October 2, 2016

Visited with Frank who had been working on his poetry. He read me a poem about Bill. He said he cried and cried, although he hadn't cried when his mother died. He said this was a hard day for him. I asked him why it was that the day was hard, meaning that one element of the day shouldn't make the whole day a difficult one. He thought I was being unsupportive or insensitive or that I was criticizing him. I apologized and tried to explain what I meant, attempting to help him find a way to salvage the day, but he hadn't eaten all day, and he was angry at me. Plunged me into regret and sadness too, although he did finally let go of his anger, after I begged him to forgive me. Fell apart, weeping, telling Jonathan about what happened with Frank. He wondered if I could use a support group, knowing Frank would not do couple counseling. He explained that, because this is an ongoing problem with Frank and me, he can't do more than be supportive and comforting, telling me that he believes that Frank doesn't want to be helped or help himself. He feels that he is sort of enabling the problem by making me able to continue, giving the help I feel from massage. He would like the issue to be solved instead. He stressed that he cares for me and wants me to feel free to be confiding and vulnerable with him. He is so kind. Really don't know how I would manage without him and massage.

October 19, 2016

Delighted when I received a text message from Sean who noticed that I booked massages for my days off for Martin Luther King's birthday, President's Day, and Memorial Day. He said I made his day. *"I love you!!!"* Thrilled me, and I answered. "Mission accomplished!" with a sticker of a dog giving a cat a massage and hearts. He sent another message later that said *"Mary, you make my heart big. Now I can withstand tonight's puppet show,"* referring to Clinton/Trump debate. I sent him another sweet love sticker. It really warms me and feeds me to have such sweetness from him. I feel loved, cared for, and special. So nice!

October 21, 2016

Frank was in very agitated state, and needed to look for something that might have been thrown out with trash. I went out to look for him to try to save him from that chore, but he ended up exploding at me. Felt humiliated because his screaming at me could be heard from garage by neighbors. I felt wounded. Meditated to recover. Frank apologized on the way to Disney Hall, but I felt depleted until we met Tamara at restaurant.

October 24, 2016

Really wonderful Facebook experience when I watched a 20-minute video Sean shared, sent to him by a friend who supposedly dissected Trumps "Access Hollywood video in which he talked about being unable to stop himself from kissing women and grabbing them by the "pussy." She maintained that it proved that Trump was not guilty of the behaviors. I commented to Sean that this was supposed to be unbiased journalism? "Wake up!" The friend said I was rude, and I answered with a sticker, "Please wake up." Christen Lien came in like a ninja warrior, strong and intelligently articulate, yet respectful, saying, in no uncertain terms, that Trump is vile, and the woman misguided. Then Sean came in, like a hero to defend me as "one of the nicest people on the planet," telling his friend, in an extended trail, that she is absolutely wrong about Trump and that he's indefensible. I messaged him privately that he is my hero, and I love him, which he returned to me, saying that his friend is actually very nice but hates Hillary. He wondered how all this would be playing out if Bernie were in it instead of Hillary, and I said "In a better world." So loving. Felt nurtured by exchange with him.

November 3, 2016

Spent a lot of time researching Reclast for osteoporosis and reading reviews from users. Really scary. Given that people are more likely to post negative drug reviews than positive, they were still horrifying. Don't want to take it. After hearing Dr. Drange's message giving me corrected stats for my hip, (2.4% and the guideline for treatment is 3%) along with her advice that we should still do it, I decided that, no matter what Frank says, I won't take it. My stats were derived from data gathered after my bone density test in October and before my last Prolia injection in February, so it's likely that my hip continued to improve over last nine months. Felt anxious about Frank's response. So relieved, when I talked to Frank, and he agreed with me! Good!

November 5, 2016

Left for Disney Hall. I took a note I wrote to Joan Baez, thanking her for her career and telling her about seeing her in Chicago in '71 and giving her Spirits Rebellious by Kahlil Gibran. Luckily, Leah, usher whom we got to know when I used their ADA services following foot surgeries, was standing nearby, with other ushers and her supervisor. When I asked Leah if she could take my note backstage, she gave it to her supervisor, who said she would. How could she not when she heard me say how much I love Joan Baez and how grateful I am to their ADA services? I even wrote a letter of gratitude to administration! Concert was fantastic! She sang with her son, another really outstanding musician playing a variety of instruments really beautifully, and her "assistant," who sang beautifully too on a few songs. Songs were new and old, and she spoke about current political involvements, including Innocence Project for exoneration of prisoners who are innocent, Native Americans protesting pipeline, as well as protest movements in past. Wept when she sang *With God on our Side*, which I played and sang this morning, and which connected me emotionally with my youth, when I sang it for AFSer's on boat trip. She finished with final encore *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, in same manner in which she sang it at Woodstock. Really wonderful. Frank loved it too and was very appreciative of me and my enjoyment of event.

November 8, 2016

Ominously quiet day. Election returns began coming in during my last hour, and although projections and polls indicated Hillary would easily win, it became clear that Trump was winning. I saw live updates as I worked at Fitness Center on elliptical machine for 20 minutes. Thought I was just confusing state returns. Then, as I was driving home, had to face fact, as pundits were doing the same, that Trump was going to win! Unfathomable disaster! Difficult to concentrate on driving. Just wanted to get home to Frank and cats. Stunned and shattered. Burst into tears. Frank was not



surprised. He's not going to watch news anymore, he says. He's just going to focus on our family.

November 9, 2016

Frank said he would wake me if Hillary won. When I woke up at 1:15 and realized that he had gone to bed, I knew. So horrible. Lay in bed trying to see my way to face day. "This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine." Lay in bed till 2:10. Gave up. Looked at news to find my dread confirmed. Looked at Facebook posts of shared sadness, depression, and resolve. Talked with Carson and Children's librarians, none of whom had been able to sleep. All of us are feeling like we've been punched in the gut. Good feeling consoling kindred spirits.

November 12, 2016

We made our way to Disney Hall for concert of Dvorak's Cello Concerto and Sibelius Symphony #1 in E minor, Op. 39, conducted by Santtu-Matias Rouvali. Dvorak Concerto in B minor, Op. 104 with Johannes Moser was exquisite. He came back for Bach encore, and after retuning his cello, he said, "It's been a really hard week." I burst into tears, and audience exploded in applause. "It made me think of two things: one, how lucky we are to have music in our lives," and audience exploded in applause again, "And two, Dvorak was an immigrant." Such a wonderful moment!

November 15, 2016

Saw Christen, who recognized me immediately and called me by name. Gave her gift book. She said to wait few minutes and then let Jonathan know that he could come, so I did! Meanwhile I set myself up front and center in the front yard. No seating, but I had my seat stick, attracting much envy! Christen's partner, Michael, came up to me, knowing who I was and talked with me, amused by having witnessed my passion for Christen in my FB postings. Very nice man. (Carson said, when I told him about event, that it would probably be the "hippest event I would go to all year," (or in 10 years!). Jonathan arrived, and we visited. Glad to see him, especially because he's said he doesn't socialize with his clients as a rule. Really thrilled to be able to share this with him, especially because he loves Christen's music too. She performed for about an hour. Some new music, but most were familiar to me. Heaven! More moving and beautiful than I anticipated, and her words (and words of the host) concerning election and response to it: hope vs. action, all so important, powerful, and beautifully expressed. Glad that Jonathan was there to share experience, and he felt the same way. Jonathan walked me to my car, although I encouraged him to stay and visit. I had touched his arm at the event. First time we've had

contact outside of massage. He held his arms wide to hug me as we said goodbye. Lovely. What an evening!

November 18, 2016

Saw live orchestration at Disney Hall of Bernstein's *On the Waterfront* while watching the film. Beautiful introduction by Eva Marie Saint, whose voice has not changed a bit. She was lovely, and the film, which I had only seen once long ago, was astonishing. Brando is a miracle. Wanted to study every scene. No weak links. Powerful, important, relevant story. Staggering. Glad we went!

November 19, 2016

Frank was consumed and stressed all day because, again, Betsy is out of funds and is asking her "investors" for more money. All this time, money has been coming out of Jim's inheritance, which means we all owe Jimmy if Betsy pays us back. Susie says there is no money left, so we would need to borrow money to give to Betsy. Now it will begin to jeopardize our future. Frank, Susie, and Mary Ann messaged back and forth all day. Frank says Betsy needs to make transition to "Plan B": smaller apartment, temp job? Is she destitute now? We have to stop throwing good money after bad, don't we? Nightmare! Upbeat Live talk with Christopher Russell, who is always very good. That was good preparation for spectacular concert with Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Simon Rattle. Mahler's 7<sup>th</sup> is one of Frank's favorites, and they played it brilliantly. Wildly sensational ending. Lucky to have been there. Susie finally told Frank not to worry about the situation with Betsy. She understands that we are not able to continue supporting her by taking out a loan to pay her bills. She must get a job and move someplace cheaper. Susie will draft message to her tomorrow. Good.

November 24, 2016

Sent Thanksgiving greetings to Facebook friends and a message to Jonathan, expressing my gratitude to him for his presence in my life. Said I wished that, for every time I thought of him every day, he would feel a wave of love.

November 27, 2016

Was under misapprehension that my massage appointment was at 5:30. It was at 5:00! Such a shame to lose ½ hour with Jonathan! So unlike me, and so ironic since those are my most loved hours of week, as I told him. After massage, when he came back into room, he told me that he's moving to Portland in January. Devastating to me, even though he's been preparing me for a year now about leaving LA, although he anticipated that to happen after he finished writing his thesis. He wants to be someplace less hot and

dry. I burst into tears, and he said that I was at top of list of reasons against moving. Couldn't say much more than I think Portland is great place, and that he'll probably be happy there. He said he was going to try it for a year, and that he would be returning periodically, so that we could still "work together," which he knew is so important to me. Appreciated the hug that he requested as I left with heavy heart. Stunned as I drove home and gathered myself to be balanced and calm with Frank at home. He knows this is a big loss for me, even with Tamryn and Sean to fill in. Kept waking in night, remembering that I'm losing Jonathan.

November 28, 2016

Started writing letter to Jonathan, expressing how much he means to me. Found this to be source of consolation. At least it all won't be left unsaid. I'm writing disclosing my full heart. Sent him message. Felt better able to work and focus having given expression to my sadness and gratitude.

Dear Jonathan, My heart is full. Life without two hours of you every week fills me with sadness. Please let me attempt to express how you have enriched my life. Although Tamryn and Sean go far to give me the bodywork that I have discovered through you is essential for my physical wholeness and pain management, I will miss profoundly what you give me as a teacher and a dear friend. I recognized, almost from the beginning four and a half years ago, that you are a spiritual teacher for me. I found in you a friend who belongs among the most precious creatures in my life, Frank, Jack, and Polly. Talismans comfort me. I wear a ring that belonged to my mother when she was young that is engraved with a "J" that now stands for "Jonathan" as well as "June." I have a little locket with a very tiny photo of you in a yoga posture that I wear on a rudraksha bead bracelet, and green frog earrings I purchased at the Metropolitan Museum of Art because of your love of frogs. I told you once about a frog netsuke that I hold in my hand when I dance each morning. There are a few hermit crab netsukes that I keep at my work computer. At the risk of portraying myself as obsessive, I share this with you so that you know that thinking of you comforts me and focuses my thoughts to a center of peace and kindness that enhances my day and influences, I believe, my interactions with others. My journal, meditation, yoga, my music, the nurture of home, and the love of my little family have supported my self-sufficiency in the past. You gave me dance--a delightful addition to my daily practice. Thank you for that, Jonathan. I cannot begin to express my gratitude to you for reconnecting me to caring touch. I had nearly lost the sense of how crucial it is for my happiness. It is impossible for me to say how much I will miss you. Mary Stark

November 30, 2016

Trying to remember things I want to say to Jonathan before he moves. I want him to find Portland a place where he can thrive. I want him to know that he has changed my life, and that I will, I hope, carry that change through my future, even in his absence. The focus on kindness and centeredness. I haven't experienced this depth of personal loss except when I left Ilse and Helmstedt and when I left Earlham. I keep replaying in my mind the gut-personal impact of his telling me he's moving. I am unable to share the huge sadness I feel with anyone. He was the one person I could talk to. I can't tell Frank, because he doesn't know how much Jonathan means to me. Not sure that he would not feel threatened. Thought about how there is really no one to whom I can share how deep my feeling of loss is over Jonathan moving because no one knows how close I feel to him.

December 4, 2016

Dressed for Disney Hall. On Monday I sent Frank a message about 5:00 massage appointment, saying I could drive separately, or he could drop me off after concert and have dinner somewhere, or I could reschedule. He said he would drop me off. But yesterday, we talked about it and agreed it would be best to drive two cars. Right before we were going to leave, he stated he would drive us. But when I said no because I didn't want to be late and might have to leave concert early, he blew up. He hadn't eaten. I said it wasn't fair. He could have decided otherwise earlier. I sent message asking him for his preference in order to avoid unpleasantness like this. Really awful! So glad to see Jonathan! He brought up message I sent him and said he sat down to respond several times, but decided to wait. Told him all week I would wake up and, within seconds, I would remember that he's moving. That same thing happened all day: I would be doing something and then remember that he's moving with the finality of that not changing. Said I thought about how there is no one I can talk to about it, because no one knows the importance of the relationship, and how I confide in him. Told him how comparable events were leaving Helmstedt and leaving Earlham. He was very understanding and validating of my feelings and said that we could continue with life coaching via Skype while he's gone, if I want. That is so good of him to offer! He said I need to think analytically of what Jonathan does for me in every way and then find how I can satisfy those elements individually, perhaps with more than one person. I will think about that. He was consoling. Felt so cared for and appreciated!

December 9, 2016

Realized that, in response to Jonathan's suggestion for finding ways I will miss him and then finding ways I can get those needs met by other means, what I will miss deeply is tenderness and the affectionate touch and expressed love I feel from him. I can communicate that with Frank to explain

my feelings of great loss. Not that I demand that from Frank, but I have had it from him, and I realize I need it to thrive. That may provoke changes in his behavior, or not. Could be a very good thing.

December 10, 2016

Glad to watch good movie, *You Can Count on Me*. Jack was on me whole time. Lovely. He put his paw inside my hand and then settled his face on top of my hand. Frank said he does this intentionally, and that's what it seemed like to me too.

December 18, 2016

Left for my two-hour massage with Jonathan at studio nearby. Very conscious of perhaps last time walking down sidewalk. Knew I would be confiding more with him. Glad to give him Stark bars to begin with lighthearted gift. He said that the fact that the very painful area has moved from back side to around toward front is, according to back doctor, a sign of emotional blockage at root of pain. That makes perfect sense. It started the day after I last saw him. He asked how I felt about that observation. I said I had been thinking a lot about what he said regarding assessing how I can substitute for way Jonathan has been satisfying my needs. I said Tamryn will be substitute for his care and loving touch but that I've known, since first day I met him, that I love him and that, given the safe boundaries of therapeutic massage, my feeling for him was safe for as long as I had him as my massage therapist. He has been as influential in my life as my family growing up, my German family, and my present family. While I started massage thinking it was for pain only, it was revealed to me that it was the tender touch, the loving care of his touch, the tenderness which I didn't realize I needed. Talked about ("full disclosure" because I figured that losing him should have this advantage) Frank's diabetes and how, when we met, I was married but that it was not a fulfilling marriage--that sex was very new and an important part of Frank and my marriage. Jonathan said that this was the first I had ever mentioned this aspect of my work and relationship with him. I told him how I told Frank that I missed tenderness, but that his lack of good health and energy had impacted our relationship. Said I had never seriously considered drinking or drugs since I stopped doing both until now when I thought how good it would be to have a joint when I leave Jonathan for last time to make going home easier to breeze by Frank. I thought that, if he notices my sadness, (and he may not) I think I can tell him why Jonathan's tenderness, care, and support have been so necessary in my life. Not to make him feel that I am asking him to supply me with all of that, but just to be able to share my loss and grief with him. Jonathan said that he knows how Frank may respond. He asked if I am prepared for that (although he acknowledged that this could be a very positive thing to do that might have a good outcome). I said that I'm able to be happy again in my solitude, and I

can weather whatever immediate response Frank may have. He just quietly listened and was comforting and supportive. He asked about whether Sean was helpful. I said that Sean loves me, and Frank knows this and loves that he does, but that I don't feel the love in his touch. Jonathan said that Sean's is a typical approach, although not apparently with him and Tamryn who are Esalen trained. So happy to be with him!

December 19, 2016

Thought about how I'm not going to find it easy to call Jonathan for an hour coaching. I would be so anxious about not having enough to say. There is such freedom to be silent during massage. Also, I'm afraid I'll be concentrating on problems I want to share when I'm going to talk to him, when what I value as well is to share my joys with him. Essentially, I want connection with him, and the knowledge that he is a constant in my life, even if I don't see him often, in the same way that Ilse has been constant over years. Want to tell him that he has "enabled me" in my relationship with Frank. Seeing Jonathan has made my marriage better because he has been able to fill in gaps that exist and aren't filled by Frank.

December 25, 2016

Chatted briefly with Jonathan before I started in on my list of things I knew I needed to bring up. Said I'd been thinking a lot about his offer of coaching via Skype, and told him how I would need to get used to seeing his face while I'm talking to him. Also, that I was concerned about how, with massage as frame, the talk comes and goes. Much of our time is silence. He acknowledged the difference but didn't address it as something to be "solved." Told him how I never talk on phone, and about that history that dates back to Helmstedt. I continued that I didn't want to only communicate when I have a problem; I may just want to share with him. He said that I set the agenda, and if I want to sometimes just email him to tell him something, I can do that too. Glad to know I'm not limited to communicating with him within Life Coach context. Told him about how Frank wants, he thinks, to retire from USC, and that has led to his going back to his poetry. He's found that his muse hasn't left him. After I dressed, I gave him the mini mala bracelet, and he said that he loved it. So glad. Nearly started crying when I realized that this was the last time I would be coming to him at his apartment. He was completely professional and yet comfortable with my emotions all the while.

December 26, 2016

I told Sean about Jonathan leaving. Sean was, of course, very surprised and very understanding and supportive. He knows the magnitude of loss and



validated my feelings. Told him he is the first person, besides Jonathan, I had spoken to about it. Told him Frank has no idea how significant this loss is, and he said, "He doesn't have to know." Which I appreciated! Really important that I discovered how I can talk with him.

## **2017 Journal**

January 1, 2017

Lovely time with Jonathan. Happy sharing about his having moved out of apartment, simplifying his possessions as necessary because it needs to fit in his car or go into storage. He noted that I have Nicki and Sarah in Portland, and said I should visit! Told him I already have plans, and he chuckled. Glad to hear him invite me!

January 7, 2017

Ann started drinking wine before we arrived, and she was yelling already. Her behavior was aggressively bullying, disguised as being hostess of family dinner. Think she felt guilty about dinner last night providing no vegetarian alternatives, so she made three casseroles, two of which were vegetarian, plus a vegetarian appetizer. We visited for a while before dinner, but already it was impossible to have conversation that wasn't dominated by Ann. Worst point was when she said that she couldn't reach me by phone, although she enjoys talking to Frank. Told her that I'm never at home, and Frank is, so he answers phone. I never have my phone on. I can't have it on at work. "What if I have to reach you in emergency?" "Email me." "When do you see text messages?" "Only at breakfast." I check emails throughout day at my computer, and I can text you back." This took forever to get across. She

kept interrupting, and no one was listening. Felt that their respect for families and children is almost excluding respect for my choices in life. Ann is having hard time adjusting to retirement. She doesn't know what to do with herself. She only wants to travel, and Gary hasn't retired yet. She started crying when talking about Daddy, saying that he was always only gentle and sweet. In my experience, that just isn't true, but Nicki and Mom agree with Ann, I think, or at least they want to think of him that way. Incredible to me. Really unpleasant evening for me, although I praised Ann and thanked her profusely.



January 8, 2017

Nicki told Ann about having talked with Mom about Tom not being left out of trust provisions after all. Clear that Ann doesn't approve. She said it's Mom's decision. When I said I thought it was right decision, she didn't weigh in. She did say that she hasn't wanted to be the executor, and she said that she doesn't want any trouble from either of us! Not that blunt, but that's what it sounded like to me. She asked if we'd thought about how we would handle situation if we couldn't take care of our house. Said we've hired people to do work for us. Then she asked what if we couldn't take care of each other if there were a medical condition. I said that I didn't plan on living in a nursing home, which led to talk about nursing home care versus paying for health care at home. I had feeling that she was warning us that we couldn't expect trust to bail us out of disaster medical bills, even though trust does provide for us in that eventuality.

January 11, 2017

Wrote card to give Jonathan saying that I trust that changes he's effected in my life which others recognize will stay with me. Told him he knows my body better than anyone, and he knows me otherwise as well as anyone.

Said I love him and that I was comforted by permission I gave myself to leave nothing unsaid when he told me he was moving. Good to write it all.

January 14, 2017

Jonathan thanked me for my gift and my card and said what an honor it is for someone who does bodywork to know he's changed my life. He asked if I plan to visit, and I said "Yes." Talked about how Sarah hasn't set date for wedding yet, but he said to let him know. Told him that I wouldn't be going unless I would be seeing him there. Much of the time we were quiet. I wanted to focus on his touch. Beautiful way to say good-bye, I told him after I dressed. He said he was leaving right away. I was his last massage. Meant a lot to me, as did him repeating that I was on list of pros and cons for staying in LA. Told him I replayed that in my mind again and again after he told me he was moving. Told him again how much I appreciate him and am grateful to him, and when he opened his arms to hug me, I told him I love him. He said he loves me too. Both of us were emotional. It was very sweet and lovely. No regrets.

January 16, 2017

Told Mom I am concerned about Ann, and she asked what I had seen to cause concern. Told her how we had a good talk when she picked me up and that we communicate well when Mom isn't around, as I've told her before, but that she drinks a lot, and she's a bully. Told her about her threatening words in the car to Nicki and me about "hoping that we won't cause her trouble," and her questions concerning what we plan to do when we can't take care of our property, and our plans for when we can't take care of ourselves. Mom agreed that she was out of line. She said she wished that I had called Ann on her behavior. Acknowledged that I should have. She said she doesn't allow Ann to bully her. Asked Mom about Daddy being two weeks from going into managed care facility when he died, and told her that Nicki and Ann said I was wrong about this. Mom confirmed that I was correct, because she was no longer able to care for Daddy. Good talk, and she thanked me for telling her my thoughts.

January 21, 2017

At Glendale's Alex Theatre the LA Chamber Orchestra played *Song Suite for Violin and Orchestra* (US Premiere), and Bruce Adolphe's Violin Concerto, *I Will Not Remain Silent* as contribution to three week *Lift Every Voice* celebration of composers who championed civil rights. Timely on day of millions of women's movement rallies in seven countries. Moving when Kehane held up copy of Constitution as he spoke about our vision in country's future under this President. Then, in second half, Storm Large sang and acted Weill's *7 Deadly Sins*. She was incredible vocally and as

actress. Formidable, stunningly sexy performance. Every moment riveting. As encore she sang her own song, *Stand Up for Me*. She was asked to write love song, and felt they've all been written. She wrote this to support marriage equality. Beautiful song, and as she sang, individuals in audience stood up. I was sobbing, it was so moving, reminiscent of 1937 premiere of *The Cradle will Rock*. Really profound theatrical moment.

January 23, 2017

Frank keeps saying that he believes I'm "on the spectrum" for autism. Curious to see how accurate his observation is, so I took test from autism website. 50 questions, and if 32 or above is score, statistics show that 80% of those responding are diagnosed, in further testing, as having autism. Took test twice scoring 38 the first time, and then, when I answered more conservatively, I scored 35. Interesting, although I emphatically do not show other common symptoms of autistic people. Still, it is an insight.

February 6, 2017

Delighted to hear from Jonathan, thanking me for my birthday greetings. He wondered how I was doing. Thrilled to be invited to share with him and told him I had not wanted to intrude, (although I had briefly responded). Told him about Frank's description of me being "on the spectrum" and test I took and how, if I am "on the spectrum," it offers ways of understanding my indulgence in alcohol and drugs to ease my pain in social situations, and my need of isolation in the morning until I've done my practice. He said he never would have thought of me being "on the spectrum" and recommended highly two books about being introverted and about "highly sensitive people," which I will definitely read with interest! Went to Fitness Center, feeling very warmed by his message. (For the first time he signed "Love, Jonathan.")

February 7, 2017

Started reading The Highly Sensitive Person by Elaine N. Aron. Very enlightening. I do recognize myself as this type and find it much more accurate in describing me than as being "on the spectrum."

February 9, 2017

Wrote valentines to Mom and to Jonathan, in which I said "You will always reside near to my heart. Love to you, as always." Full disclosure. Frank was feeling really good after day with excellent energy. He looked more upright and younger and said he even flirted a bit with an attractive woman who sat next to him. Good!

February 10, 2017

Very interesting reading about issue of transference in therapy, including massage, in HSP. She talks about necessity of extreme caution mixing massage and talk therapy unless therapist is experienced, which, of course, Jonathan is. What I didn't understand is concept of transference as necessary in successful therapy. Necessary to explore emotional attachment, but absolutely out of bounds to allow the attachment to be without professional boundaries. Really surprised to find that Jonathan's FB page identifies him as "Jonathan Hermes White Otter!" Wonder if he's identifying himself differently now that he's relocated. Hermes is Greek god who is emissary between gods and mortals. Interesting!

February 12, 2017

I spent a long time reading Jonathan's posts, most of which are about his studies. Very heady, articulate, and beyond my knowledge base. One of his friends commented on a post in which Jonathan asked for reactions to him perhaps going beyond neutrality of therapist when a client revealed that she was conservative Christian who did not approve of gay people. Jonathan's friend referred to Jonathan as straight. I was never sure but thought perhaps he was gay or bisexual, and celibate. Very intriguing!

February 14, 2017

Gave Frank Valentine's Day card which he loved and signed copy of book by Iris Murdoch which he hadn't read yet. She's one of his favorite authors. It was good gift. He gave me jewelry from Metropolitan Museum of Art catalogue: great owl pin from Etruscan Spain. Also a really beautiful rose and grey silk blouse from Peruvian Connections. Lovely of him. He'd had a good day with lunch with Susan. He finally wrote Elizabeth a firm and loving message that he can't see her for a while because she caused him so much stress, asking him again to read her play. She was devastated and very sorry, so it was extremely important that he said "no." He really is trying to make changes in his life that will reduce his stress, resulting anxiety, and depression. Great!

February 18, 2017

Relaxed in green chair to watch last two episodes of *The Bridge*. Really terrific. Such exceptional writing and acting. Kept herbal heat on me and was happy in my chair, but whole body is responding in weird aching way. Don't know why.

February 19, 2017

By this time, having been in green chair under heated herbal wrap for few hours, my body was feeling better, but I was so glad to deliver myself to Tamryn's care. Feel loved by her, as I do with Jonathan's massage.

February 20, 2017

Talked to Mom. She suggested that we get together once a year to meet with Guy since it's tax deductible. I said if trust is changed, or Guy thinks it's necessary, OK, but she saw how hard the trip was for me. I was in acute pain and had heat packs on me all weekend. Didn't mention again how unpleasant it was to be around Ann and how I don't want to spend my vacation time without Frank. Said we need to get together, the way we used to, at a city in between. She backed off immediately, thank goodness.

February 22, 2017

Finished reading Quiet Power: The Secret Strengths of Introverts by Erica Moroz, Gregory Mone, and Susan Cain. Good book. Well written with much that reflects my nature. Identify strongly and feel some validation and comfort in it not being willful personality preferences, but a condition of my character. Found out, late in day, that Army, 98 years old and weighing 86 pounds, passed away. Poor dear man. Glad he's gone and that Mary Ann was with him. Susie and Joe couldn't get there till after he was gone. Favorite caretaker was with him, and she knew that he was dying when she came to her shift. Joe was with him last night. So glad it's over! No funeral, thank goodness. His ashes will be buried in tree-growing urn in Susie and Carl's Connecticut yard. Nice.

March 9, 2017

Frank finally submitted the obituary, and now is facing new family crisis with Betsy, who has not found job and is throwing herself to siblings to take her in. None of us can. What to do! Susie sent her message saying firmly and lovingly that she needs to get survival job to have some income and look for work specifically for people over 60, asking for leads from friends. Took pressure off Frank's tender response to her despair—his desire to save and protect her, when he can't!

March 12, 2017

Jonathan doesn't know whether cause of daily intense pain is structural in origin or emotionally based, but he gave me book, Healing Back Pain: the Mind-Body Connection by John E. Sarno to read. Good of him. Loved being in his hands. He asked if he could hug me as I left. I said "I love you," and he said "I love you too." Sweet and easy. Now it's a wait till June before I see him again. "Take good care of yourself. Keep in touch." Bless him.



March 14, 2017

This book says that often migrating pain like mine has no structural cause, but is result of brain repressing anxiety or anger. Sounds right. The pain began the day after Jonathan told me he was moving. I have said and felt that, so long as I had my massage with Jonathan to look forward to, I could manage being upset with Frank, letting his anger or complaints go by. I was suddenly grappling with reality that I wouldn't have Jonathan, when anger I was repressing presented as pain that I couldn't ignore.

March 17, 2017

Wrote message to Jonathan about my response and understanding resulting from reading Healing Back Pain, including how it's helpful to keep in mind what he says of not being afraid of pain, knowing that it isn't structurally based. Therefore, he encourages patients to continue exercises, as Jonathan encouraged me to continue yoga and working out, but to be mindful always. Glad to have sent that to him and hope he responds.

March 22, 2017

Dressed and met Mom, Jonathon, Erin, Evora, and Violet at the Huntington. I brought my seat stick for Mom, and she was glad to have it. We walked through Tropical Garden with plans to hear Chinese music performance and see art exhibitions, but Mom was having trouble with balance. She seems to not be walking right, with heel not touching the ground sometimes. She said she was fine, possibly dehydrated, but she did want to eat. By time we made it to café, she had nearly fallen and had cut her hand when she stubbed her foot on seam in sidewalk. She was fine after eating, but still not wanting to walk slower to be more careful. Worried. Home. Visited with Frank and told him about observations of Mom. He thinks that physical problems are part of early signs associated with dementia. Frank went out to eat, and he lost his wallet with four cards. He came home in highly agitated condition, screamed at telephone robots as he tried to cancel cards, was angry, and swearing at me--really making bad situation toxic. Very ugly. I got dressed and ready to go to Emily's event. We picked up Mom, who required a stop at pharmacy for pharmacist's recommendation on how to treat her cut because it wouldn't stop bleeding. I had to detach from situation to regain calm. Was dismayed, arriving at Soho House venue because it was packed, people standing shoulder to shoulder, drinking. Couldn't sit by Mom on couch because it wasn't comfortable. But also, I didn't want to shepherd her through event. Let Frank do that. Frank was still agitated and not tracking well going home, blaming stress. When he got home around 12:00, he discovered he'd lost his key to front door. I was blamed for not keeping extra keys on hand. I did have five extra keys, but

Frank had a new deadbolt installed. He berated me obsessively about not having that key hanging on peg with other keys. He was really over-the-top, and I felt badly treated. Went to bed with Polly around 12:30, feeling grateful for her devotion and tenderness.

March 26, 2017

We all converged, Erin having walked from their house (4 ½ miles!), at Mint Leaf for lunch. Delicious food and lovely time with all of them. Evora and Violet are both charming, and in this short space of time, both Frank and I made real, loving impression on them. Grateful for that. Told Evora, when Violet was away from table, that she will get Mom's signet ring because she's named after Mom. She seemed delighted. Said our good-byes. Mom was fighting tears, and later she said that this may be the last time she sees them. I said, not wanting to get into death discussion with her, that it could be last time I see them. Got ready for bed, feeling like I needed another day of weekend, yet knowing that it would be calmer at library than it's been at home!



April 1, 2017

Was really needing to do exercises when Ann called and asked me to call her back. Told Frank I would call her after I did exercises. She called again from Gary's line and said to "give her a call,"—not sounding like it was necessary to call back immediately, but Frank made an issue of it and said, angrily, that he would call her. I capitulated instantly, but he said I was disgraceful. Told him I wouldn't tolerate him talking to me that way, and he said we should

divorce then. Ugly scene, and my body seized up. Difficult to move at all. Called Ann. She said Mom needed a wheelchair to get off plane and was only able to get into her condo with a walker. Ann grilled me about Mom's balance while she was here. Told her that it was an issue from the beginning, although it didn't get progressively worse. Told her about our discussions about physical therapy, tai chi, potential inner ear problem, shoes that support her feet, no heels, etc. Ann claimed she had no balance problems before she left. I said I noticed no balance issues in January, and had talked with Mom about that observation, with which she agreed. Ann was defensive because, although we offered Mom more food to take on plane, she said she hadn't eaten anything on the flight. It was midnight when she arrived, but Ann didn't get her dinner, and there was no food in her condo. At first Ann said someone was staying there taking care of cats, so why wouldn't there be food in refrigerator or pantry, but I corrected her that no one was staying there. Food would be spoiled after two weeks. Joe was supposed to come for breakfast yesterday morning, but Mom told him not to come because she thought she was catching a cold. She had nothing to eat from Thursday morning till Friday afternoon! She claimed she had to walk to a different terminal at LAX because the driver took her to wrong terminal. Impossible. The driver knew to take her to Delta, and Mom couldn't have walked to different terminal. Her flight's gate was changed. That was long walk, and Mom wouldn't request a people-mover or wheelchair. She hadn't taken her cane with her. She didn't answer nine calls (or my email), saying she didn't hear her phone ring. All of this is alarming and indicates that she can't travel alone. She may not be reliable about taking care of her own needs. (Why not order food delivered? Why not keep her phone by her?) Very unpleasant call. I could hardly move after call. Talked with Frank, who agreed about Ann's defensiveness and my alarm about Mom's not having eaten or taken care of herself. We agreed I need to talk to Mom, but she didn't answer. Left a message saying how concerned we are and asking her to call back. Received no messages or calls from her, however Ann said that Joe reported Mom was much better by late afternoon. Frank apologized, for which I was grateful. Enormous stress, and he snapped. Da Camera at Central Library with Orlando Consort singing was salve for soul.

April 2, 2017

Called Mom. She provided, more or less, the same information Ann gave but added she had fallen twice once she got home, nearly incurring eye injury in one fall. She maintained that she didn't ask or order out for food because she wasn't hungry. Told her that that worried me. No wonder she fell, especially if she hadn't eaten! Asked her if she hadn't returned messages because she was angry, and she said no. She waited because she knew we would be talking today. Told her she knew by my message how concerned we were, and she should have contacted us. She confused talking to her doctor about inner ear related to balance with tinnitus. She needs to talk to

him about referral for occupational therapist about her balance and her gait. She blew off not having her heel touching the ground when she's going up a slope. Said it was because of her foot surgery. I said I can sympathize with her experiencing stiffness, but that I do Epsom salt foot baths and work with tennis ball every week in order to regain flexibility. She can't capitulate to aging. She promised to let me know what doctor says.

April 3, 2017

Mom's doctor said she had pneumonia. She had chest x-ray and brain x-ray and was given prescription for antibiotics in hope that her balance will improve. Ann said she wore shoes with no heel support! Sent her links for shoes to purchase online like the ones of mine she likes. No referral for occupational therapist. I reiterated her need of help with balance and gait now before she falls again. Ann blathered about shoes being good idea, but Mom will do what she wants, and we need to count on medical solution first. Ugh!

April 5, 2017

Hi, Jonathan. I miss you and look forward to June and seeing you. I'm writing you as a way of gathering and ordering my thoughts about recent events manifesting in the ongoing migrating pain process I'm experiencing. My mother was visiting for two weeks, during which time we hosted her at our house at the beginning and end of her visit. She also stayed with my nephew and his young family (two delightful little girls I had never met) in a Pasadena Airbnb. Frank squired her around as much as he could, enjoying her company and the conversation that she provides him. I am endlessly grateful for this because of my work schedule and my natural reticence and need for privacy. Mom loves Frank and appreciates his attention and ministrations. I had been in Florida, staying with Mom, and visiting with my sisters in January, during which time I noticed none of the balance issues she exhibited from the time she arrived here. When we visited Huntington Gardens, she toppled over, catching herself on a bench, but sustaining a lump on her hand and significant bruising. She often staggered when she stood up, and I noticed that, if she was walking up even a gradual slope, her right heel didn't touch the floor. (She was in an accident some years ago, sustaining a bad break in her ankle.) Since then, she says that her heel doesn't connect with the ground when she walks up an incline. I urged her to work with Epsom salt foot soaking followed by rolling around on a tennis ball, saying that I understand the lack of flexibility she experiences, and that this therapy has been beneficial in restoring the flexibility I lost in my feet following my foot surgeries. She wore shoes without heel support until I asked her to wear her athletic shoes instead because of her balance problems. She refused the bag of food we gave her for her non-stop flight back to Florida, selecting only the power bar and a little baggie of trail mix.

By the time my sister picked her up late Thursday evening, she had had nothing more than that since breakfast. According to my sister, there was no food in her condo, but for some reason, Ann didn't insist on getting her dinner that night. She had nothing to eat until Friday afternoon, by which time she had fallen twice, narrowly missing an injury to her eye. She said she wasn't hungry, but all the time she was here, she was eating three meals a day with appetite. I emailed her Friday morning to see how her flight had gone and to check in with her, but she didn't respond to my message. On Saturday afternoon, my sister called just after I returned home from taking the car to be serviced, the gym, grocery shopping, and errands, and I wasn't going to return her call until after I had done my postures. I was physically spent, and I needed to recharge before dealing with Ann. She only asked me to call her back, without indicating that anything was wrong. She's difficult, bullying, overbearing, and aggressive. I wanted to prepare myself for talking with her, but Frank insisted that I call her back. When I said I would after I did my postures, he said that I was a disgrace. It was a meltdown situation. I told him not to talk to me like that, and he said then we should get a divorce. It was that rapid an escalation. I called Ann back right away and found out about what had transpired with Mom and let her know what I observed about Mom's balance while she was visiting. Later that evening, Frank apologized for his outbreak. He'd been very stressed by the visit; although he loves Mom, it was taxing and wore him out. He was remorseful. When he said that I was a disgrace, I felt my body seize instantly, as if in a vise. My knees buckled under me. After talking to Ann, it was worse. I did my postures with difficulty, and could barely stand up from the floor exercises. I couldn't have gone to our evening concert without taking hydrocodone. (The concert of four acapella voices singing Renaissance music in the Central Library rotunda was like salve to the soul for both of us. Deeply consoling and enveloping.) Tamryn worked a lot on my hip and my abdominals, which have been really tight. I must consciously breathe through my diaphragm, which seems to untether my hips to the vulnerability of pain. It was deeply soothing while she worked, but I've been finding it difficult to sustain myself through the working day. The elliptical machine before the drive home from work helps a great deal. I've had to resort to Tylenol to manage. All of this is by way of getting to my questioning why I was impacted so powerfully and so physically by Frank's meltdown and by the news about Mom. (Her doctor thinks she has pneumonia and prescribed antibiotics. He hopes that this will help her balance issues. They took a brain scan too, the results of which have not yet been communicated.) I urged strongly for a referral to an occupational therapist to work on her balance and gait issues and sent her links for shoes like a pair of mine she likes. Ann said that she thinks that we should rely on the doctor's evaluation and prescription. Ann is the wife of a doctor. Frank talks a lot about his physical problems, aging, and death. I don't like to complain or dwell on my pain issues, preferring to deal with them through my postures, work-outs, and meditation. Perhaps, as a result of my



reticence, my body was responding to his anger in order to impress upon him the impact of his words and emotion. (It sounds silly to mention this, but he took out the trash this week for the first time that I can remember. He's very concerned about my condition--solicitous and kind). I don't think he feels responsible for the onset or severity of my pain. I recognize the possibility that the degree of pain may be heightened in order to get my attention. I think it's also possible that I feel guilty about not having been more attentive, affectionate, and generous with Mom while she was here and am punishing myself. It is helpful to write about this, Jonathan. Thank you for listening and allowing me to share with you. I hope that there are many signs of Spring by now in Portland, and that you continue to thrive and work productively and with satisfaction on your thesis. I am looking forward to receiving your article when you have the time to send it. Be well, dear friend. With love and gratitude, as always...

April 7, 2017

[Jonathan's response.] *Hi Mary, Thank you for trusting me with this. I'm glad you were able to take this time to sort out and articulate what has been happening, and share it with me. It sounds like a challenging moment. I will offer my opinion that Frank was way out of line calling you a disgrace, and I'm happy to hear that you took a stand for yourself. It sounds like you are really clear that what you needed in that moment was to recharge through self-care before getting on the phone with your sister, and I want to honor your self-knowledge in that regard. I don't want to say much more than that now because you did not actually ask for a response or feedback about what you shared. If there is a way that I could further respond that would be helpful to you, please let me know. Keep taking great care of yourself!*  
*Jonathan*

Met Frank as we both were walking to Ahmanson to see *Into the Woods* with Fiasco Theatre Company. So glad whenever we have an opportunity to see their work. This was the best production of the musical either of us has seen. Never really got the importance of it: the combination of all the fairy tales and life lessons. Amazing lyrics, impeccable performances, and direction. In last scene, lyrics made me think of the beautiful message I received from Jonathan today. Profoundly touched by production.

Good morning, Jonathan. We saw the most remarkable production of Sondheim's *Into the Woods* last night by, in my opinion, the finest theatre company in the country, Fiasco. These words in the final scene were so timely in describing how I felt about receiving your message yesterday.

*Sometimes people leave you  
Halfway through the wood.  
Do not let it grieve you,*



*No one leaves for good.  
You are not alone.  
No one is alone.*

Love,  
April 12, 2017

Discovered possible ways of dealing with Jack's anxiety about not getting fed in middle of night—waking us both up and not letting up until his feeder goes off. May have to set up another litter box in garage or Frank's bathroom and sequester him outside of bedroom. Talked to him, reassuring him that he always gets fed, and asking him not to wake us. Think Frank's anger and frustration feed Jack's panic, so I attempted, carefully, to suggest that Frank adjust his reactions to Jack.

April 13, 2017

Talked to Jackie to reassure him about his food. Whether it was that, or Frank's angry response to him, or combination of both, he was good last night. I want to believe it's my gentle talking as an "Animal Communicator."

April 14, 2017

I was happy to walk, although not happy to see my reflection in windows as I walked, because I'm bent forward, and to my eyes, look like an old woman because of that posture. Think it's a ramification of hip problem, but I am resolved to work on it!

April 16, 2017

Nearly cried telling Tamryn about pain. She was very sympathetic and worked a lot on my hip, which felt so good. Entire massage was so comforting and gave me great relief. However, as soon as I sat in car, there was shooting pain, like last week. So grateful for her warmth, affection, and care. She kissed my cheek, hugged me, and told me to avoid sitting, to rotate my hips whenever possible when sitting, and she offered to give me massage at home so I don't have to drive home. Dear of her. But I prefer the privacy and peace of her home.

April 18, 2017

When Sean asked about Jonathan, I told him about Mom's visit, her falls, and the contretemps with Frank which initiated this pain, I think. He took over at that point—appalled by my feeling guilty about Mom, and Frank's meltdown. Defended and supported me, for which I am deeply grateful. Needed massage and his loving care so much.

April 23, 2017

Call with Mom. Let her know that she needs to answer my messages, (I sent her two on her birthday with no response) or we'll have to install cameras in her condo so we're sure she hasn't fallen. When she laughed, I told her I am serious. She was sure she had responded and said she must not have "sent" messages.

April 25, 2017

Hi, Jonathan. There are few other people who, if they ask, "How are you?" will get something besides a cheerful, "Good, thanks! And you?" I would be so happy to have two hours with you when, in addition to answering your real question, I would be able to share with you the glorious theatrical and musical events in the past weeks that are indelible memories. The jacarandas are just beginning to reveal their purple blossoms, so our Spring is here, although I'm sure it's much more dramatic in Portland than Pasadena. I'm still dealing with this hip pain that started after my mother's return to Florida. Tamryn is so wonderful, and Nelson has my heart, particularly when he kisses my dangling hand during massage. She has introduced me to the acupuncture school she attends, where I had my first treatment last week. I go back on Saturday. Sean worked on me following the acupuncture--his support and care providing as much comfort as his stones provide temporary relief. Tylenol is necessary every day, particularly when I wake up. The pain is often intense, but Tamryn suggested I sleep with a leg wedge, which I hadn't thought of. Now I don't have the searing pain when I first wake up, but as I move about, making coffee, and washing up, the pain returns. I use my herbal wraps with my postures, and after stretching and warming up the muscles in my lower back and hip, I get little cracks, after which the pain goes away. During the day, I manage. There are mornings when I think, "Just do the next thing," and I wonder how I'll be able to go to work. I try to remember Tamryn's suggestion that I rotate my hips when I'm sitting. This is remarkably effective. I have figured out how to do it without drawing attention to myself! She sees a connection between the immobilization of my spine with the rods to correct the scoliosis and the stress on my hip and lower back. The natural movement of the spine is curtailed, and the stress is expressed on the lowest unfused vertebrae of my spine. (I think of the spinning I loved as a child being thwarted.) From the beginning, Frank has wanted me to see an orthopedic surgeon. I can't face the prospect of something structurally wrong that needs surgery to fix, but Tamryn and I talked about how, if the pain increases, it would be a good idea to check in with an orthopedic doctor to make sure that nothing is structurally wrong, and also to guide her in approaches to the problem. You may be interested in a discovery I made while walking in Beverly Hills before I met Frank for the theatre. I noticed my

reflection in a store window and was rather shocked to see how much my posture reminds me of a turtle! I think that, since my foot surgeries and subsequent fear of falling and breaking, I have developed a habit of looking down for cracks in the sidewalk, or anything that might cause me to fall. My shoulders are slightly rounded, my neck juts out, and I look like an old lady. I pull myself upright in front of mirrors, stretching the muscles at the top of the front of my legs. There was a twinge of pain in the area of my hip that is causing problems. I am determined to bring myself back to upright, with my head over my shoulders, knowing that I can focus my gaze further in front of me and still be safe. I told Tamryn about this, and her response "Vigilance!" amused me. (I recognize the turtle in me that carries a shell into which it retreats when afraid or wanting to withdraw.) I hope you are having a beautiful Spring, Jonathan. I think of you every day with love and gratitude.

Frank sent an exquisite account of Polly and Jack getting the lizard that they spotted in the skylight few days ago. Laugh-out-loud funny. He is such a good writer!

[Frank's account.] *Trying to force myself to grade my penultimate journal, despite the clear presence of the lizard, fully out now, basking upside down on the skylight above me, very still, and Polly, very still, and poor fraught Jackie lumping about and moaning and looking up and then at me and then up again, and then at Polly, so clearly wishing he knew who to call, maybe the Fire Department? I concentrate. Then in a cartoon flurry Polly flies out of the basket, drops to the floor by the feeder, scrambles intensely with her back to me, and . . . she's got him! she trots away briskly with the smug little bastard in her mouth; I follow; so does poor bewildered Jackie ("what happened? why are we running?!"); she trots down to the armchair, then into the bedroom; Jackie follows, moaning (he may actually be attempting a growl, but he's off his game; it's more a moan but I suspect the intended effect is threat). I stop briefly to tape off the crime scene by the armchair; then Polly comes back, and Jackie, too; he's in great agitation, his head twitching back and forth, as he stands looking down at the pile of papers on the floor by the table; what's upsetting him -- and me too, I'll admit -- is the lizard's tail, all by itself on the top paper, still twitching back and forth; all by itself; (Jackie's head is twitching in regulation feline hawklike sync); so I pick up the stack of papers and carry it towards the front door, and the tail keeps twitching, even seems to be trying to jump, very much like a big cricket the other night on the same paper pile, trying to escape (the cricket did); I open the front door, juggling the tail, and lob the paper up softly, and the tail sails away; I slam the door, lean against it, breathe, and then track the perps; they're in the bedroom now; Jackie, who seems a little queasy (me too) is watching Polly suspiciously; she ("who, me?") is resting innocently under the duvet overhang; I move the duvet -- and the lizard runs out!, followed in a blaze by Polly, and then poor bewildered Jackie, who hoped it was over but knew it wasn't (me too); they cornered him again (fun!) under the living*

*room table; he's trapped; I try to wrench around with a wad of paper towels and grab him; Jackie stops me with an expressive moan (this is clearly more of a threat); then Jackie, of all people (his turn?) shoots past me with the rear half of the lizard protruding from his mouth (I suggest not kissing either one of them for a while), and heads for the bedroom; I follow, now clearly gasping, still brandishing my paper towels in the hope of being able to capture the poor bastard, in whatever condition, and take him to the front door so he can see where his tail ended up, if it hasn't twitched over to the Hartley's; I find the thug and her accomplice but no lizard; so he's either dead, dying, or growing a new tail somewhere in the bedroom; and this is how marriage works: your turn."*

April 27, 2017

Disappointed not to hear back from Jonathan, although not surprised. He would only be offering commiseration, unless I ask for help from him, which I didn't. Nearly cried as I drove home, and was led to some understanding. It's not as if I cause my body to have pain so much as my body having pain is speaking to me in a way that forces me into confronting issues that I otherwise attempt to ignore or withdraw from. I think I'm stiffening and slumping into a little old lady as a way of crystalizing the feeling I have of sensuality, attractiveness, and sexual desirability being no longer in my self-assessment. I think I feel cheated that, despite my yoga, gym training, and diet, my body is in pain, and I'm bent over. I need to be able to see that sensuality, desirability, and sexuality, are inside this body. I remember thoughts about "projection" with a therapist trivializing my feeling for Jonathan. When I told Jonathan this, he said that, on the contrary, some feel that projection is necessary for healing in therapy. In this case, I think it's true, because the love I feel for Jonathan is a way of being sensual in a chaste context. When he left, my body cried out in pain and began to lock against the loss of my sensuality directed toward him. Pain is expressed in the hip that he worked on specifically. Interesting insights.

April 28, 2017

Frank was called in for "merit raise" meeting at USC, but really, it was to tell him that, because the department is going in a different direction, offering "medical clowning" and "stand-up," they won't be offering Frank another contract. This is good news, and Frank knows it is, although he wishes that he had quit first. He told Bridel what he feels about the department and the direction in which it is going, and Bridel is sympathetic. Others are being terminated too. His students will be very disappointed. I'm so glad this has happened, although we'll need to economize now.

April 29, 2017

[Jonathan's message]: *Hi Mary, I am saddened and a bit shocked to hear how far this chronic pain issue has developed and how deeply it has been affecting you. I'm sorry to hear that things have been so hard. I agree that checking in with a doctor and perhaps having an MRI would be a good idea, just to be sure. But if the results are inconclusive, that might be an indication - to me - that there is a real psychological/emotional component going on here. Of course, I am very aware that this pain started for you in connection to my leaving. I know one of the things that made the separation so hard for you was that, in addition to the physical bodywork, you had come to rely on me for a kind of emotional care which included me acting at times as your trusted confidante. If a clear structural issue does not emerge, I would urge you again to seek out this kind of emotional care. That can be with me, through remote coaching, or it can be with finding a local counselor, perhaps someone who specializes in somatic (body-oriented) psychotherapy. I know you have always been very resistant to talk-therapy, but as someone who has been in talk therapy on and off for the last 8 years, and grown and healed tremendously from it - I really think this is something you might endeavor to have a more open mind about. I make this recommendation with love, and from a desire to see you happy and thriving as soon as possible. Let me know your thoughts. Jonathan*

May 6, 2017

Concert, conducted by Dudamel. Good, not great concert, but I enjoyed it and was so happy when Frank reached out to touch my leg during concert. It's been a long time since he's done that. Think it's just self-absorption.

May 18, 2017

[First Zoom call with Jonathan.] Got right into it, having expressed, at his request two days ago, that I wanted to deal with pain issue surrounding his move to Portland. Told him about my sadness on April 27<sup>th</sup> when I drove home from work, and how I processed that. Also told him about what I heard Andy say in Headspace Pain Management meditation about not resisting pain, but accepting it, and in thinking about aging and loss of pain-free body, and youth, that we not resist that loss but accept age and who we are now. Lesson there in accepting Frank and our marriage now rather than feeling sorrow at loss of what our marriage was or Frank's youthful self. Talked about how much it meant to me when Frank touched me during Disney concert. Jonathan asked if I could talk to Frank about wanting more touch. Told him I had, but it's sort of odd to ask for spontaneous loving touch. Yes, he agreed. Told him that he offers to massage painful areas, but I don't want his massage because it hurts. Jonathan suggested that I ask for gentle touch or holding the painful area instead. Good idea. He asked if I get from

Tamryn and Sean the touch I desire. Told him that I love Sean, and he loves me, and although I get other things from him, I don't get enough contact and love through touch. Yes, with Tamryn. But with Jonathan, I felt instant affinity and connection. He asked if Frank were not angry and explosive, would that be enough? At first, I thought "yes," but I had to confess that I do miss passion that we had before diabetes and the sexual/sensual identity that it gave me. Jonathan said that I could offer strokes for when he touches me, without any judgement—just letting Frank know how good that feels. Good ideas. It was scary and very challenging for me, but very good.

May 21, 2017

Played autoharp and sang for 30 minutes. Because Carson, Gwyneth, and Mom all asked for recording of me singing and playing, I managed to video record *Jessie* by Janis Ian and post it to FB with message that, although I acted and sang professionally for 20 years, I've always been shy about singing informally, but because several loved ones had requested it, I was "sharing." [*Jessie* video on YouTube: <https://studio.youtube.com/video/AUVRSQAFahs/edit>]. Frank challenged my self-assessment of being introverted yesterday because I was animated at dinner. Then today, after I was talking to Mom, he said he thought that I am guarded, not introverted. As we talked, he said that all of the Dwyer's (except Mary Ann presumably, according to Frank, because she's fat and feels defensive about that) love being touched and are nurturing, like Betty Lou. I said he didn't like being touched, and he was surprised by my saying this. I said, when I offered to massage him when he had an ache, he would decline. He says he declined because I don't know how. I said I meant to just massage the area that hurt. I said he'd always refused my suggestions for getting a massage, but he said that was because of the expense, and he was always too busy. Interesting. I again voiced my appreciation for his touch during the concert.





May 22, 2017

[Email to Jonathan]. Hi, Jonathan. I do want to check-in with you about a couple of things. I feel supported and affirmed by having talked with you. This aspect of the coaching is so valuable to me, I acknowledge with an ironic smile, having been so resistant to the idea of talk therapy as an option for me! Although I struggle with saying something confidential in the coaching that concerns Frank, I feel certain that, at least for now, this is something that I want to be private. I would be interested to know how you feel about a client's decision to be confidential with their partners when they are being coached. Is this something that is entirely subjective--neither to be recommended or eschewed? Is it advisable not to speak directly about what happens in a therapeutic session, but only to let what transpires be shown in actions or perhaps a resultant peace of mind, for instance? In the following days, whenever I thought about our talk, I felt warmed and validated. It was like a reality check to have someone whose wisdom is greater than mine, and who knows me so well, corroborate impressions, feelings, and responses that I feel are right. Instead of spinning around, repeating the same inner monologues and repeating the same responses in similarly understood situations, you provided me with other vantage points and methods of approaching issues. Perhaps I can credit even this first session with more affectionate touches received and acknowledged. It was very interesting to me yesterday when Frank commented on an observation he had on Saturday night. We had dinner with two friends before going to Disney Hall. I love these two people, and during dinner, I was animated and outgoing with them. Frank said later that I'm not at all introverted. (He has been describing me to people as "on the spectrum.") I feel, having read about autism, and about people who are diagnosed as introverted or HSP, that these more accurately describe my personality. After I talked to my mother on our way to a dance event in Beverly Hills, Frank described me as

"guarded," and he attributed this to my mother's parenting and her parenting. (My mother's parents were very poor. It was during the Depression, and they lived in a tiny town in Southern Illinois. There were no jobs, so her parents went to Springfield and worked in the state hospital. Mom was left to be raised by her mother's parents, who were not physically demonstrative.) Frank's mother, on the other hand, was very affectionate. Frank thinks that, as a result, all of her children are very nurturing and physically demonstrative with their children (and loved ones.) I wondered aloud about how he was different in that he doesn't like being touched or massaged, and he said that, to the contrary, he does! I referenced having offered to massage him when he ached or was sore and was rebuffed. He said that I'm not a masseuse, but I said that I offered to give massage to relieve pain to an area--not a professional massage. I pointed out that, when I suggested several times that he should go to you, Tamryn, or Sean, he declined. He said that the reason was the expense or that he didn't have the time. I apologized for having misunderstood him about not wanting me to touch him, and I will definitely keep trying now! Isn't that sad and amazing that I could have been so wrong for so long? So now I know, and now he knows how it was that I misunderstood him, and that I'm sorry about it. I think that the validation, reality check, support, and confirmation may be at least partially responsible for my having had a breakthrough in an arena that has been untrammelled by me heretofore. Although I have acted and sung professionally for 20 years, I've been shy about performing informally. I just acquired a new autoharp, having traded in my first "starter" autoharp and used my Sick Leave payout to pay for most of the cost of a harp like the other one I have already. (I want one at home and one at work.) The luthier made a mistake in my order, and instead of the \$1800 harp I ordered, he made me one that sells for \$2300, but because it was his mistake, he absorbed the difference in the cost! When the harp arrived, I posted a photo on Facebook. Several people asked for me to post a video of me singing and playing it, and yesterday I did! I received so many lovely responses that made my heart soar, including my mother saying how grateful she was to me and how proud she is, Tamryn saying that I sing like an angel, my sister, Nicki (not the one who bullies me!) saying that Daddy would have loved hearing it, and Frank's sister saying "Send more!" It really means the world to me. Such strokes of love! So, Jonathan, because you are closer to me than nearly everyone, I am sending you the video. I wish you beautiful days and love, as always, Jonathan.

May 23, 2017

Lovely notes from Sean and Ilse. Sean said my voice is stunning and wanted to keep it on his timeline. He asked for more. Love him. Made my day. Ilse said my singing is wonderful and thanked me. Means so much to me! Response from Jonathan to my video, "How beautiful" was lovely to receive. Scary to share like that!

May 27, 2017

Carson said he would be happy to take Jack and Polly if anything happens to us. Betsy had agreed to, but we can't trust her to keep them indoors. Really glad that Carson said (volunteered!) yes and tried to decline the \$10,000 each we have determined for their trust fund.

May 28, 2017

.Last night, Frank said he wanted a hug. He was feeling depressed about having been strongly reprimanding with Jack on Friday night when he wanted to be fed. I went to him to hug him, but he declined my advance. This is not someone who wants physical touch from me, even though he said he likes being touched last Sunday. Told Jonathan about that. I'll be interested to hear what he has to say.

[My email to Jonathan.] Good morning, Jonathan. I hope you're having a really lovely holiday weekend. I want to let you know that my hip is only a tolerable presence that does not drain me and preoccupy me the way it had. I trust that the pain will continue to fade away with time. The thing, physically, that I'm trying to understand is the bent posture that I see when I walk past a mirror. I know that my right shoulder blade protrudes due to the scoliosis, but it feels like I'm concave--more so at night, when I'm fatigued. The groin area is tight, and my abdomen is tight--the way one feels after doing sit-ups. I use the herbal wraps around the area, thinking that the warmth will relax the muscles, and I thought I would ask Tamryn about it this evening. Do you have some insight you can offer, knowing me and my history? Here's what I've been thinking: I crave affectionate touch, and lacking the spontaneous expression of love through touch, my body is tightening and folding inward. Perhaps, I'm also protectively folding in from having experienced quite a lot of pain over the past few months. I have a session with Sean tomorrow since it's a holiday from work. He is always good for my soul and generously shares his love and sweet affection. So that will be soaked up like a sponge. Frank has been plagued with kidney problems, and he'll be seeing his doctor on Wednesday to determine if he needs to have a splint installed. He is loath to go this route, but the dilation procedure that he needs from time to time didn't solve the problem of urgency which makes his life unpleasant and anxious. We talked about breathing exercises to help with his anxiety, but he has trouble remembering strategies for relieving stress, and his eating habits don't help. Last night, while we were watching an outstanding Danish/Swedish series *The Bridge*, which you MUST look up when you have more time in your life, he said he wanted a hug. He had been feeling guilty about having forcefully reprimanded our Jackie the night before when he was out-of-control, wanting his food before the automatic feeder was set. I went to Frank, lying on the couch, to comfort him and hug him. But he refused. I stayed awhile, we

talked, and I consoled him, but it was another instance, contrary to what he said last week about welcoming physical contact, of refusing it. Sooo...What are your thoughts? I look forward, with trepidation and anticipation to talking with you on Thursday, Jonathan. Be well, and know how grateful I am for you in my life.

[Jonathan's response]: *Hi Mary, Thank you for the update. I hope you had a great Memorial Day weekend! There were two places where you asked for a response, so I'll respond to them below: First of all, I'm glad that overall things continue to move in the right direction and that you are feeling better, if not fully resolved. I'm curious if Tamryn or Sean have offered you any new insights in the meantime? I don't know exactly what's happening, but I would encourage you to follow your instincts and continue to have a dialog with your body and the feelings you associate with the tightness. Two physical techniques also come to mind to mindfully work with this: 1. a restorative bhadokanasa: lying on the floor feet together, knees wide, with a pillow or two under your back to create a lift (gentle back bend) maybe also pillows or blocks under the knees to not over-strain the groin muscles. This would be passive pose that you relax into for five to ten minutes, inviting a gentle unwinding. I can show you on Sunday if you need more clarification. 2. Have you worked with dancing it out? In a very subtle way - not trying to mechanically fix it, but to sense into the place of tightness and discomfort and allow them to initiate some movement? It could be very low key - you might be surprised by what you find... I'm a little confused about the situation from the way you describe it. He actually asked you for a hug and then immediately said no? I am curious about exactly what was going on for him in that situation? Where did the request for a hug come from, and what specifically made him suddenly decide he did not want one? I know you don't have the answers to these questions, but I feel like those are the questions - to get into the specifics of what is happening in a given moment, rather than draw broad conclusions. I would encourage you to keep thinking about how you can gently communicate with him more effectively about this - both so that you can understand what is happening for him in the moment, and so you can express your wants and needs in a way that he can hear and understand. I know Frank can be a slave to his moods, and so I imagine timing is also very important with regards to when you initiate certain kinds of conversations. Also, I would encourage you to give this some time, don't expect a sudden resolution. You and Frank have had a long time to fall into these patterns with each other and it may take some time and sustained effort to get things unstuck. Those are my thoughts for now. If you feel like responding, please do. Maybe we can discuss all this more on Thursday? Thanks,*

May 29, 2017

So glad to see Sean. Visited a bit before massage. He met me with his usual bear hug, saying that he could listen to me sing all day and repeating again Tamryn's description that I "sing like an angel." Means so much to me!

June 1, 2017

Excited about appointment with Jonathan. Talked about Frank's "typical" behavior in not letting me know about his doctor's appointment yesterday. Jonathan suggested that I could, in non-confrontational way, tell Frank how worried I was. I will, but I think he'll still respond defensively. He also advised me to try asking him about why he rebuffed my attempting to hug him. When I asked about my request that coaching would remain confidential from Frank, and whether he thought that was all right, he wanted to know more about why that was important to me, saying that, of course it was fine with him. When I said that, if Frank knows about the appointments, he would want to know how they went, and if I withheld information, he would want to know why. Jonathan said that what happens in therapy must be private so that I feel free to talk about anything. He said that there are things about the way Frank behaves that he disagrees with, and he would feel strongly about Frank's intervening upon what happens in therapy. Really appreciated that. Told him I realized that "impeccable" describes him since I first met him. He was honored by that, although he assured me that he's not always impeccable.

June 4, 2017

Jack reverted to old behavior of trying to wake me. Frank told me that there is a problem with feeder. Polly had gotten her food, but Frank, seeing that feeder tray was empty, gave Jack canned food and put the still loaded feeder in guest room. Jack knew it was in there, and it was driving him crazy. His crying was intolerable to me, especially not having slept more than 4 ½ hours. I started to let him have the food left in feeder. Frank yelled at me, hitting Jack (not hard), and locked him in his bathroom. Horrid way to start day. Shattered. Sang aria which restored me to better emotional space--that and knowing I would be seeing Jonathan tonight. Frank said he didn't blame me for having made a mistake setting up Jack's feeder (I took blame immediately this morning). But I couldn't leave it at that because I couldn't understand why Frank didn't open the feeder when he saw it hadn't delivered the food. That really made Frank mad when I suggested, mildly, that if it ever happened again, he should open the feeder. He was very angry and said I should have a check list that I use every night so I don't make the mistake again. I was shattered again. Too much! Left, happily and with great anticipation, for 6:30 appointment with Jonathan. Glad to see him. No desire to talk at all about today's distresses. He said that it was better for him to keep things separate because massage uses a different part of him, and I said I also prefer to be able to focus on massage. I can't do that

when I'm talking, and certainly not when I'm relating something upsetting. He leaves with his father for Grand Canyon tomorrow. Wished him well and thanked him—heartfully—nearly cried as I did so. He moves me. Glad to be seeing him next week!

June 11, 2017

Sad to know it will be a long time before I see Jonathan again. Sadness is manageable because I have less fear of losing him or the relationship because it's something that I pay for. Surprising but true! Told him that. Talked a lot about Tortoise and the Hare by Elizabeth Jenkins conversation with Frank because Jonathan suspected that the severe pain I had might have been from something preceding. Told him how I expected to talk about Frank's discomfort reading the book, thinking that he felt guilt and identified with betrayal and also with Evelyn's overbearing and righteous role in marriage. Talked about Frank's feeling of equivalency in Evelyn's having a mistress and Imogen's having sexless, loving relationships with Hunter and Paul and my voicing my disagreement. He listened and asked questions, but didn't offer his opinion. I suspect we'll talk more about it Thursday. Very deep massage that I appreciated. Said emotional good-bye. He asked if he could have a hug, and he said that he loves me. Sad going home.

June 13, 2017

Had thoughts about what I lost when Jonathan moved: the combination of massage and emotional support in sharing with him and being supported by him. I've found substitutes for massage, and I can have his emotional support with his life coaching. I think I can, at some point, talk with Frank about how the pain problems I've been having since I learned that Jonathan was leaving may perhaps be alleviated with coaching, and to offset the expense, I can reduce massage appointments to 90 minutes when I'm doing coaching. We might then talk about how I don't want to increase his stress and anxiety, so I don't go to him for what I get from Jonathan. Not having Jonathan has impacted me and my body, and I need to take care of myself. Felt greatly relieved by possibility that I could do this, although I'll be scared. Frank may be able to hear me without getting defensive. I'll discuss idea with Jonathan.

June 14, 2017

Had message from Jonathan, asking if I had an update to share and time, to send them. So glad to hear from him. I organized my thoughts and sent him a description of what I've been thinking: "I'm always so happy to see your name in my Inbox, Jonathan. Yes, I'm looking forward to talking with you tomorrow at 10:30. I have been, of course, thinking a lot about continuing with what I mentioned to you on Sunday, despite my best intentions not to



bring into the message talk about Frank. There is more that I need to clarify about The Tortoise and the Hare and the discussion Frank and I had on Saturday about the understanding of what was allowed in their marriage, and how, in his opinion, Evelyn's affair was equivalent to Imogene's affectionate/loving but circumscribed relationships with her two male friends. Also, I have more thoughts to share and seek your guidance stemming from what I said about my sadness in your moving, finding a resolution in knowing that, in contrast to the loss of friends after graduating from college, or the end of my year in Germany as a foreign exchange student, my relationship with you is not out of my control, potentially fading away over time and distance. The nature of the relationship is different. When I need you, I make an appointment. That's an oversimplification, of course, but it describes the professional basis of our relationship and therefore the security it has always contained for me. This leads to my figuring out that perhaps there is a way of revealing to Frank that I need to work with you--that the emotional element that I derived from our weekly appointments is missed, and that the pain I've been dealing with since I heard that you were moving is the expression of that loss. This is connected to The Tortoise and the Hare paragraph. This is very troublesome to consider because I don't want him to feel angry, defensive, threatened, or unhappy. I need your advice and wisdom, Jonathan. I have more on my list that is related to the above, that fills you in on behaviors and patterns that inform my worry about sharing with Frank about working with you, but I'll wait till tomorrow. Love,"

June 18, 2017

When Frank woke up and joined me in the study, he seemed to have good energy and attitude, but after I said one too many things, he made a comment about how he hates to be faced with so much stress already. I said I shouldn't have asked him (whatever it was). He doesn't want me to talk to him until he's had coffee, and I said then he could have stayed out of the study until he was ready for me to talk. Really, it's like I'm supposed to speak only when spoken to, and sometimes not even then. Bad way to start the day with him. I was thinking yesterday that perhaps I would have nothing to talk to Jonathan about next week. The problem is that everything is potentially stress inducing for him, so I can rarely talk to him safely.

June 20, 2017

Polly had her stitches removed, and she's fine, Frank told me, in a very brief message early in day, for which I was grateful. He promised me more later, but he didn't send it till after my work day was over. Read very long, beautifully written, ready-for-publication message. He edited that later to send to a student, at least the part that described his disdain for *Julius Caesar* he walked out of Monday. I wish that he were able to spend his

talent and energy on his poetry instead. It seems a shame to me, although I would never say so. He loves writing, it makes him happy, and it's beautiful, so...

[Frank's message]: *Up at 8 after 8 hours. Antibiotics seem to have worked. Not time to feel good: immediate downer. My Hover (email) icon is spinning: no mail. I reboot, futz around; check iPad mail: no Hover; call Hover: their problem: "a system degradation": they're working on it. Pet Polly lying w/ her head on living room rocking chair rocker; later see her go into little cave in tower; very quietly sneak carrier from garage, put it on kitchen counter, unzip it; get ready, all but shirt: need long-sleeved sweatshirt for this capture; put her feeder in my bathroom in case we're not home in time; he doesn't need two lunches: Jackie may not be able to pull the whole rope all at once in a life-and-death tug of war, but whatever the part of the rope he can pull, once he moves his grip forward nothing is coming back; meanwhile, he's following me around, anticipating where I'm going to walk so he can successfully maintain a blocking and tripping strategy; too bad he's too short for the NBA; he's also crying and I shush him, but I don't yell at him; I don't want to alarm her, but also, as I don't realize till later, his cry is not the nutso food squeal: it is a little cry of surprise and concern: he's asking me something, or alerting me; I step over and around him to close the study, guest room, and bedroom doors; I move to the tower; she's not there, of course; that's what he was trying to tell me; she's on the run; it is almost 10, the appointment is 10:30; there are places she can go where I can't get her; and I've never lured her out of hiding with anything but kibble; I check the study first: I can get her easiest here; she knows that, she's not here; I go to the guest room: very hard, if she's under the bed, but not impossible; she could stay under the bedroom bed for days; I get on my hands and knees and move the dust ruffle: I don't see anything, but then her eyes in the darkness reflect back a little light: she's within reach; I reach; I grab what turns out to be her shoulder; I pull her towards me, as gently as I can; she hisses furiously, but I've got the scruff of her neck now; I comfort her, take her to the carrier: Jackie thinks we're playing the perennial feline favorite Maze, Trip, and Fallover game (gentle cats prefer it to Eye Put Out); Polly's in; I wash and put antiseptic cream on the insignificant little cuts on my wrist; I change the sweatshirt for my shirt; I lure Jackie into the bedroom and close the door (this is very smart: I need to leave a list of instructions as if for the washing machine); he's so agitated that if I don't shut him in there before I try to struggle through the front door with the carrier and my shoulder bag, I can't guarantee he won't get out; she cried a little in the car: I unzipped enough to pet her; she was fine at the vet's: Ralph and I managed to gentle her to get her weight, and she buried her head in my stomach as I held her lengthwise, as he got her temperature; Tesauo and I held her while Tesauo checked her surgery sites: the two on top were fine, the one on the bottom, the molar, was still a little pink, but she doesn't need to come back any more: she's fine; and there was no charge; Tesauo and I talked about*

*the weather: Phoenix too hot for planes to land; yes, she said, the tarmac melts; she and her husband are going to Phoenix next month, for a concert; what's the concert? Faith Hill & Tim McGraw; I said that would be terrific, and that we were seeing Storm Large next week; in Thousand Oaks, she said? I wonder if they still have tickets; maybe we'll go; did you see her last week at the Arboretum? She was fabulous; we subscribe to Pasadena Pops. I said we discovered her at LACO: she was perfect in the Kurt Weill; Tesauro is a little oddly formal, I thought she was cold; she's just off; maybe like Saga?; we parted friends. When I got home, Hover was back. I moved Polly's feeder back to your bathroom. Soon after, they went off. Jackie had his lunch, wiped his mouth with his little paw napkin, and hustled off to have Polly's. I was trying to lure her to your bathroom, but she was in an unherdable mood, so he trotted past us. I screamed at him. He listened gravely, with clear concern, but when I finished, he set off again in this new better weather to find the end of his now-daily rainbow. I screamed. I went after him, pushed him roughly aside, grabbed her feeder, took it to the living room, and set it down near her. I stood between the feeder and the little problem-solver who kept saying clearly, though not in so many words, "Leave it to me!" She finally, gingerly, moved over to nibble. He glared at me, rank injustice, then decided to go look in your bathroom again, to make sure this was that feeder, and that there wasn't still another now-open feeder back there. I followed him to the door, then shut him in. When she finished (1/2 or 2/3), I let him out. Later, she brushed against me till I took her to bed. He was lolled, recuperating, in the bedroom hall light patch. She needed comforting, but she jumped down, still wary and hurt, I suppose, about the earlier kidnapping and rectal violation. When I came out, he was lying spread-eagled on his back in the front hall: he needed comforting, too, about having been yelled at for trying to help all the whole fucking morning. I picked him up and kissed and petted him, meanwhile noticing that she was hiding under the living room table and now feeling even more unloved and abandoned. Then I ordered two Proust books from Amazon for a new student, an enchanted elderly woman who doesn't have a computer; I sent the Greek Lit syllabus to 5 new students because the Reprographics copy center Emeritus uses had not delivered the order I put in June 5 on my last day of class last semester; I called Reprographics, the troubleshooter went away and found the order, and they'll deliver it right away so I'll have the syllabi for next Monday; I sent you the Yankee link. (In the time I've been writing this email, Pineda has given up 3 runs -- he has no idea how to pitch today, just can't remember -- and the Yankees haven't hit yet; but of course, they've only batted once, it's the top of the 2nd.). Sometime in all that I remembered to take my Monday night Trulicity injection. Late. Maybe the most important thing I had to remember, but so many things. Hadn't eaten, haven't had time to get to grocery store. I had to leave, eat, go to Amazon foods, pick up my Rx. (And of course, with uncanny timing, while I was guarding the feeder, trying to keep Jackie from eating and get Polly to eat, Eliza was leaving a message: she's free tomorrow, can meet me in Glendale for lunch.*

*Sure. I'll just have to put it on my list to call her back later.) I sent you the Yankee link and left. Good onion bagel w salmon and cream cheese, at Einstein brothers, made up mostly for lukewarm coffee, the wrong kind of potato chips, and poor service. After, not enough will in the heat to go 25 yards to the grocery store. But I didn't feel usual desperate urgency, despite lukewarm coffee; those pills are working, too. Went to Walgreens and got my Ramipril, and got a box of alcohol swabs which will make Trulicity prep so much easier. When I got home and got ready to lie down, I suddenly remembered it was Tuesday. 3:00 already. Gate. Maybe too late, but I got dressed again and went out and opened it, just in case. Then paid the AmEx bills by phone. Then called Eric: your men took care of our drips, thanks; now I know I keep bothering you, but there's something else; you told me you could give me the name of a good aluminum board man to replace my terrace, and we need to move forward with that; and you said you could give me the name of a good painter, too; he said he was on a case, but as soon as he got back to the office, he'd call me. Last night: left at first intermission; mild interest in hearing Mark Antony's funeral oration, but the way-over-his-head director broke the momentum before Antony address his Roman countrymen, so I left. Antony wasn't great but he wasn't bad. He wasn't grindingly mediocre in every way, like this pitiful Brutus (neither intelligent nor impressive, and not capable of leading or being looked up to by even this shoddy gaggle of conspirators), and he wasn't aggressively awful like the rumbustious dimwitted Caesar. (Funnily enough, grindingly mediocre is harder to bear than aggressively awful, though I want to do all I can in the future not to have to choose again between such standard theater torments.) The default for these 3rd-raters was, of course, LOUD: Caesar always, Brutus in selected often idiotic spots: i. e., in the middle of the night when he suddenly screamed "BOY!!!! LUCIUS!!!! Shakespeare follows that summons with a few lovely quiet lines in which Brutus meditates about the boy being asleep, and the meaning of sleep and rest. Then Portia enters. Brutus's next line should have made me laugh loudly, in my heyday, and I think I could have given permission to the whole audience to laugh, thereby punishing the actor and director with lifelong humiliation; but I guess I'm too depressed about theater now to laugh. Here's what "the noblest Roman of them all" says when he sees his beloved wife after just having screamed BOY!!!! LUCIUS!!!! at the top of his lungs in the middle of the night: "Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?" Ha, ha, hee. Brutus had another strategy, rare, but I've seen it before. The actor knew he couldn't fill the part: Brutus is bigger than he is. But he could at least try to act bigger. I can't say exactly what this means, more than thrusting out the chest and thinking it adds height, and staring into the void, thinking it adds depth. I know it when I see it. It's worse than poor Anthony Sher trying to convey Cyrano's size by jumping a lot. Also, Brutus sought external aid to show he was going through an internal crisis (Kill him! Don't kill him!): he twitched and waggled and bobbled his head and rollicked his puny body, constantly. I prayed he wouldn't think of drooling, or losing control of his bowels and*

*bladder. Caesar had to be a big loud autocrat, of course: no problem. Right. This galumphing lummoX could never in the world have written a grocery list, much less Caesar's life; or read a poem, planned a battle, commanded men, made love to a homely intern, much less Cleopatra. He swaggered and barked. But they all wore togas and nobody tweeted, at least. The Casca was witty and intelligent, though the earnest no-talent director embarrassed him with fake business, glaring zombie-like with his sword extended at Antony as Antony made peace with the other assassins (this cheap bouga-bouga was rewarded with the deeply damning audience laugh the director had so hoped for with all his tiny craven heart). I wanted to like the intelligent Portia, and she might have been fine if God hadn't cursed her with entirely superfluous and unnecessary hands. She was on two journeys: the role and thinking of things to do with her hands. (My solutions, admittedly poor: pockets in her nightgown, or handcuffs behind her back.) That's it: a rave for an English Shakespeare production from an English critic now holds no more weight for me than an LA booster paper's rave for a waiver show. I'll need grounds more relative than that: an actor or two I trust, a playwright who has written well before, and without the curse of a director who has directed something I know to have been terrible. So, more music. Yes to kibble. 11:00 is a good idea for the feedings, but can't we leave her feeder in your bathroom? That will make it much easier for me to check and guide and referee. Pineda suddenly remembered, as usual. (And one of his runs was unearned, an error by the inimitable Carter.) And then Castro got the Yankee hit in the 3rd, and he scored (aided by a walk and two sacrifice flies). 3-1; Judge home run (24): 3-2; bottom of the 6th: Carter home run (3-3). So everybody here is fine, recovering from the vicissitudes of life (including the unaccountable and unpredictable behavior of their lord and master, and, he says, vice versa). Love your little wonderful fingers in the night: didn't want to wake you.*

June 25, 2017

Talked to Mom. Irritated when she asked me again if I would be interested in meeting again with Guy (with Nicki and Ann, like in January). I reiterated that, if there were some reason why we need to meet with Guy, I would come, but she said there isn't. I said, as I did when she brought this up before, that she saw how broken I was by making the trip, and said how hard it was on me. So selfish of her! I said we would be glad to meet her somewhere and spend time together, but she wants all her daughters together. Ugh!

June 26, 2017

I'm thinking that, if I can find a suitable B&B, and if Gwyneth and Jonathan are going to be there between 9/12 and 9/17, perhaps I should go to Sarah's wedding instead of going some other time. It may be easier to convince



Frank to go. I began researching B&B's and sent a message to Gwyneth, asking if she would be around.

June 27, 2017

Needed to book a B&B in Portland by 3:00, so I was anxious, waiting to hear from Gwyneth, who will change her day off in order to have time for me. Good. Sent email to Jonathan, telling him about my plan that we would be there, but that I wanted to be sure he would be around. Then sent Frank a message about plan, and that I wanted to go to the wedding after all, that I want to see Gwyneth, details about B&B, and reassuring him that my birthday check from Mom would help offset expenses. Said I understand if he doesn't want to go. He was surprised at my change of heart, but he was willing to let me go ahead with booking.

June 29, 2017

Talked with Jonathan a lot about not telling Frank about his coaching and how, if he finds out, I can explain that I wasn't sure he would understand. Sometimes I need to talk to someone, and he's not available, or I don't want to add stress to him. Was so good to have the benefit of his clarity and support. Really leaves me feeling in another place.

June 30, 2017

Visited with Frank, who is shaken by having fallen again. Last night at USC he was walking on an uneven sidewalk. He doesn't know whether that was to blame or shoes that don't fit snugly, or what. He fell forward and is sore, but nothing is broken, and he didn't hit his head. He talked about seeing doctor, perhaps neurologist. I urged him, now that he isn't feeling like he can't walk for fear of needing to go to bathroom, to start walking every day. No wonder he trips and doesn't feel confident walking because he sits all day at his computer. He really must start exercising. Just walk to the corner and back, I coaxed him. Feel helpless, but I don't have great patience for his complaining when he doesn't respond proactively. He needs to do more than look online for information and talk to his doctors. Talked about going to Portland. When I mentioned wanting to schedule a massage with Jonathan, he said, "Oh, is he in Portland?"!

July 1, 2017

Frank was up soon after me, not being able to sleep because of pain. I moved out of his way, and he protested that it wasn't necessary to avoid him until he had his coffee. "It's OK if I talk to you." No, I told him, it isn't necessarily. He needs to know that I can make boundaries to protect myself.



He got the message, was nice, respectful, and appreciative of me, I believe, as a result.

July 5, 2017

Jack has been so needy and annoying Frank about wanting food. Frank reacts loudly and aggressively to him. I told him that he is very docile with me and suggested that he try being gentle and docile with Jack. He did yesterday and today, and Jack was good. Very good outcome!

July 11, 2017

Frank sent an email requesting me to order air conditioner service from American Home Shield, which I did. He said he would be home all day to wait for their call to schedule. When I responded, saying I hoped he wasn't rescheduling his CAT scan, he shot me back a message saying he was "surprised and disappointed in me" that I would even think he should reschedule. I defended myself saying, "Give me a break. You wrote..." His appointment wasn't till after 6:00. So around 12:00 I started feeling pain in my jaw. By 2:30, I couldn't eat my food, at all. Told Alice that I needed to see Dr. Law to be sure there is no problem with abscess or reaction to Fosamax, knowing that there is a connection between the drug and jaw fractures. Message from Mom to kids and grandkids saying that she's asking trust for \$1500 per person to cover expenses because Sarah's wedding may be last best chance for all family to be together. Very nice! I feel that I was catalyst. If I hadn't made our plans, this wouldn't have happened. Great. I drove home. Frank started to tell me about CAT scan, which only took around 10 minutes and was unenlightening, as expected. I had to go to bathroom, and when I returned, I asked, "so the technician revealed nothing..." to which Frank erupted, saying that he was telling me what happened, and I had to ask questions. He said he just wouldn't tell me anything. I protested. "Frank, please, I'm desperate to know," but he pouted for a while. Then he sat down with me and finished his description of what happened. He asked how I was, and I told him about my jaw and my appointment with Dr. Law. This was alarming to him, and he softened and was nice.

July 12, 2017

Frank said he thinks my jaw is the result of stress from his message to me yesterday. He apologized. Thanked him for that. Think he's right. I remember the way I collapsed against counter when he said I was a disgrace because I didn't want to call Ann right away about Mom's fall when she returned to Florida. Went to see Dr. Law. He didn't even look at my mouth

or teeth. He said it's probably from clenching (stress) and advised range of motion exercises and heat and cold packs, alternating. Relief! So glad I was able to eat. Jaw was a little odd but only slight pain if I opened too far. It reminded me of Healing Back Pain information about migrating pain, when it is identified by a doctor as not being a structural problem, vanishing. So amazing! Clear to me that cause was stress from Frank's message. Told Jonathan about how my having made plan to go to Portland became catalyst for what may turn out to be major family event. Jonathan shared my pleasure and congratulated me for my initiative. Then told him about Frank's CAT scan, his message to me, for which he apologized, and my jaw pain experience. Jonathan was amazed that Frank took responsibility for having been the cause of my pain and noted his signs of growth and understanding in this incident and also in his taking my advice about dealing with Jack with less anger and the successful result of that. Told him about Frank's initial resistance to going to Roden Crater and his having said "my boyfriend" (Jonathan) might want to go with me (noted evenly by Jonathan!) or Sean, or Carson at library. Said I went ahead and made donation so I would be notified first about the opening, and then how Frank's mind changed, and he thought it would be good trip to make after all. Lots of laughter, and really a lovely 50 minutes of sharing with him. Felt buoyed by talk.

July 16, 2017

Loved being with Tamryn (and Nelson). Told her about jaw episode. Having told her about how I collapsed with hip problem when Frank told me I was a disgrace, that I didn't have a period for nine months when Ann was pregnant, and how I had matching warts with Mom when I was at Earlham, she called me an "empath." I guess I am. Interesting. Love her and am so grateful for her!

July 17, 2017

[Message to Jonathan]: Good morning, Jonathan. I saw the hip surgeon for the follow-up, and everything is fine. He just wanted to check in with me. Frank has heard nothing yet from his doctor concerning the CAT scan. So, I've been thinking about going forward with enhancing my life with the benefit of your coaching. I used to write New Year's Resolutions every year in the back of my journal until, after decades of virtually the same list of resolutions showing up in my list, year after year, I stopped. Beyond the more easily achieved resolutions concerning reading goals, time spent practicing my music, exercising, meditating, and determined loss of any weight gain, the resolutions that were harder for me to check off the list were the ongoing desires of being kinder to people, and achieving a more intimate connection with Frank. When Frank's diabetes progressed to the point where there was nerve damage, I missed his physical tenderness. I

communicated the desire I felt for tender touch, but I think that he may have felt badly that that was all he could give me, or perhaps he didn't miss my tender touch, and was able to let that fall away. He always wanted me to have nude photos taken, so I surprised him for an anniversary with a beautiful box of photos done by a fine art photographer I found who does nudes of pregnant women as well as couples. These are not boudoir photos; they are fine art photography. He was thrilled, and when I cut my hair, he said I needed to go back to do another session with Linnea Lenkus. I eventually said OK, so long as he was with me during the session, knowing how much pleasure it would give him. He puts some of the framed photos out, in addition to the ones which hang on the walls, when there are workmen in the house. I've agreed to this because it is erotically pleasing to him, I think. At least I can give him that. It's not sexual counselling that I want. The physical pleasure I get from the touch of massage is all that I require, but I'm afraid that our marriage may be hurt by a lack of intimacy. Frank seems satisfied, and I don't want to press him for fear that it will only make him feel sorry. I would like your opinion, please. As long as Frank doesn't want more than companionship, sharing, and devoted nurturing, and I am receiving what I need through bodywork, should I seek more in the interest of the vigor and dimension of our marriage? This isn't something which you need to respond to before we talk next time, but I thought it would be easier for me to express the question in writing than in person next week. I hope that you are well and that your progress with the dissertation continues apace, Jonathan. Thank you for your help, your wisdom, and your support. Love,

July 24, 2017

Researched online about emotional connections with tight psoas muscle. "Criticism from a friend, a close call in traffic, an ongoing disagreement with your partner, general anxiety—all of these elicit a contraction of the psoas muscle. This is felt as a tightening in the gut, a hunching of the shoulders, and a collapsing of the chest and heart. These feelings, if not expressed and thereby released, are held as a charge of energy by the nervous system inside the psoas muscle tissue." Passed this along to Jonathan, along with the observation about my shallow breathing. Told him no response was necessary, but he sent me a response right away, saying he had taken a workshop at Esalen about psoas. He said it didn't come up often in his practice, but he has a lot of respect for that muscle, and he encouraged me to follow my instincts. He recommended a book, and I immediately ordered it and started reading The Psoas Book by Liz Koch. Think my not masturbating, for fear that, if Frank walks in, he will feel bad, is another reason psoas is tight. Need to think of what is best for me.

[Jonathan's message]: *Hi Mary - I'm hesitant to evaluate your abdominal tightness via email. Although you've described it to me several times over*

*the last few months, it's not something I've worked with you on directly as a bodyworker. At the very least, I would need to have a more in-depth conversation with you about it and how it is showing up at this juncture to offer my opinion. That said, I think it's always important to keep psychological/emotional factors in mind. I have never encountered this particular problem with any other client. I think it's worth keeping an open mind in both directions. If it's a physical structural issue, well then, what is out of whack elsewhere that would be causing your abs to over-compensate? And if it is an emotional holding, what does your intuition tell you about the core personal issues involved? If you have further reflections, please send them along. Thanks, Jonathan*

July 28, 2017

Was worried about how it would go with Jonathan this evening, because I sent him my question about whether I was short-changing possibilities for intimacy in marriage by not forcing discussion with Frank instead of letting it go. I have said in past that I need tenderness from him, but since having massage every week, I have been satisfied to let that compensate for his touch. It has, except since reading about psoas, I'm wondering about lack of orgasms contributing to tightness. I'm asking myself if my settling for bodywork is not enough. Talked about all this with Jonathan. Said that, when I learned he was moving, I told myself that the only way I could deal with that was by allowing myself "full disclosure," which I told him last December. Said that I had stopped "giving myself pleasure" for fear that if Frank discovered me masturbating, he would feel badly. This was the issue Jonathan felt strongest about addressing, saying that I need to take care of Mary, and however that makes Frank feel is a separate issue. He said that Frank wasn't being responsible, (although his depression and lack of energy are partially to blame.) He said, maybe sometime in future, I will feel ready and wanting to have a discussion with Frank, but for now, he wants me to care for myself. Grateful for his support! Asked if it might be possible for us to meditate at end of our time, and he said yes. Happy that he agreed to this request.

July 31, 2017

Tamryn has idea that my legs twitching during massage and connection Koch cites in her book of that being a result of releasing psoas with Trauma Release Therapy. She wonders if one could go in reverse with shaking to unlock trauma, which connects to my idea of orgasm full body shaking that may release psoas.

August 1, 2017

Found a couple of certified Trauma Release therapists yesterday. Sent Jonathan a message asking his opinion about exploring that route. In investigating intimacy options with erectile dysfunction yesterday, I realized that I don't want sexual intimacy but rather non-sexual intimate sharing and interaction. I'm glad to know that before the potential discussion with Frank. Perhaps there is no reason for discussion. Perhaps I can just make it happen by my behavior. Feel like I'm emerging from a thicket! Was glad for his response saying he "definitely" thought I should investigate TRE, and he offered to look over the bios of the therapists I found. He said they both look great but that I might find Mary Shriver's background to be more in line with mine, for the sake of communication. So grateful for his input! Visited with Frank. I was on floor trying a psoas stretch Tamryn recommended. Frank asked about it, and that led to my telling him about TRE research, asking Jonathan's opinion and my plan to ask for bookings on Mondays I'm not working in September. He is totally in agreement. So glad! He's well aware of tightness issues, and I was glad to fill him in on details, although nothing related to my work with Jonathan surrounding those issues.

August 9, 2017

Visited with Frank. Started to tell him about posting videos of Barbara Cook singing. When I began to describe her singing *Losing My Mind*, I burst into tears, and he said that he wanted to remind me that Sondheim composed it, referring to a previous discussion we had when we saw *Into the Woods*. I told him that I like some Sondheim—he can write glorious melodies—but some of his music is unappealing to me. He heard me to say that I don't like Sondheim. I was hurt that he spoiled my attempt to share with him my emotional response to Barbara Cook's singing on the occasion of her death, and also needed to defend my opinion of the music. He hadn't heard me before, and he wasn't interested in hearing what was important about the Barbara Cook experience. I shut down, immediately. He tried to explain his interruption and misperception without really apologizing. Lack of tenderness and intimacy were what I missed.

August 11, 2017

Told Jonathan about the Barbara Cook deflating experience with Frank. Described how I "shut down" in response, and the next day had physical response of increased tightness and difficulty all day. Wondered if my investigations and focus was resulting in more and elevated symptoms instead of alleviation of pain and symptoms. He reframed what is occurring as my body guiding me to healing and understanding. That's right. Told him that I looked into erectile dysfunction as he suggested and, having read about other ways of finding sexual satisfaction, I discovered that I am not interested in that! I am interested in increasing intimacy emotionally, which is why the Barbara Cook incident hurt so much. All of this he took in. He

understood completely how Frank's response re Barbara Cook was wrong. He asked why I "shut down" instead of telling Frank that he hurt me in his insensitivity, and that he was wrong about my feeling about Sondheim. I told him I didn't want to face his anger. Jonathan believes Frank needs anger management therapy. He does. He said I need to make space for myself, to take care of myself in situations like this. If I can't take on verbal discussion, then I need to at least breathe and perhaps move out of the space to take care of myself. Think I can do that.

August 12, 2017

I posted my website address, Starkfamilyprograms.org, which I built compiling extensive genealogical and biographical histories, photos, and oral histories, on FB with message about Mom's poems (which I read yesterday, agreeing with Frank's assessment that Mom's a very good poet!). Some describe painful family events, including a heartbreaking poem about Rebecca's death [Ann's first baby died of spina bifida] and Mom's insights and understanding about her world. Glad to do that.

August 25, 2017

Told Jonathan my thought about how last six months have made clear to me that bodywork is like getting a liberal arts education in that it is teaching me how to learn about myself. Massage is helpful in dealing with pain and lovely overall, but the pain that has been migrating is leading me to insights about what I need to think about and change. Told him about Mom telling us that "it's too far from your heart to kill you," and how that is metaphor for separating my heart from pain and avoiding dealing with it.

August 27, 2017

Was surprised when Mom said that she didn't want us to acknowledge the anniversary of Daddy's death (which is this week) on Facebook. She said she didn't want us to say anything about her or Daddy on FB because it's private. She doesn't want anything about her on FB, although she likes seeing family postings of photos. I pushed back and said that this is something she needs to convey to rest of family and said that, when I share a memory of Daddy on his birthday and get responses from others in the family, that is nice. Said I thought that she shouldn't prohibit that sharing, and she conceded that she was probably being controlling. Irritated me.

August 28, 2017

Visited with Frank. Driving to and from Santa Monica was hard for him. He felt tired and wondered if he were on a decline to dying or if it is a reaction to new medication. Tried to reassure him that he's not dying, but maybe it isn't



worth it to teach his classes. Saw that he was resisting anger at my attempting to be helpful.

September 1, 2017

Frank saw the doctor for results of his exams which show he has diabetic neuropathy. This is the cause of his falling. It won't get worse, according to the doctor, who was surprised that Frank walks as well as he does. He won't need to use cane or walker, but he must be careful. Both of us were relieved to know cause. Not bad news although not without concern. This led to Frank talking about how Lillian didn't say anything in response to his lovely message to her. He expressed disappointment with other friends who don't respond when he sends haiku or poems, or who respond with too short messages. He admitted that he wants to be praised. He regrets not keeping close to Al Berr, Graham, Patrick, George, and Bob. I felt sorry for him because he needs friends in a way I don't. Asked him if he could devote a limited amount of time each day to connect with these people. After more talk, he came to resolution that what he most needs to do is publish his poems. He feels sure that, once that happens, he will get feedback he's hungry for. He seemed energized by coming to this understanding, and he thanked me for my help in getting him to that point. Good, because I felt pretty helpless. I'm not enough. He needs life coaching but he never would do it.

September 13, 2017

Jonathan seemed to like my view that I could live in Portland. (So could Frank.) And I was happy to hear him say, at conclusion of massage, instead of "Thank you Mary," "That's all for this evening, Mary." Nice feeling of continuation into future. Hugged and exchanged our expressions of love for each other. I called him by his new, legal name, Jonathan Erickson.



Portland gathering for Sarah and Jared's wedding.

September 14, 2017

On our way to Lincoln City around 11:00. Beautiful drive. Listened to Cecilia Bartoli and David Daniels recording of *Reynaldo*. Talked about how this was a pleasant kind of vacation for us. Different not to load up on activity that exhausts. But pleasant to do modified way of seeing places. We are comfortable together and are having a happy time. I had realization that it is possible to come here economically, staying at Elizabeth's while she is traveling. She offered it to us. No rental car necessary. So, I might be able to come back to see Gwyneth and Jonathan!

September 20, 2017

Shared with Jonathan the quotes from In an Unspoken Voice: How the Body Releases Trauma and Restores Goodness by Peter A. Levine, PhD. which resonated with me, including most appropriately "when they are without their therapist's calm, regulating presence, clients may feel raw and thrown back into the lion's den of chaotic sensations when exposed to the same triggers that overwhelmed them in the first place." Told him how important the trip to Portland was. How we discovered a new way Frank and I can travel—more slowly and with a relaxed schedule. Told him about Frank's neuropathy explanation for falling, his depression, and our talk about how he needs praise, leading to him focusing on publishing his poetry. Having gone through all I had on my list of things I wanted to share with him, he asked about my goals in life coaching with him. I could say that, although I want to continue working on my relationship with Frank, I feel that, especially now that I'm making progress with TRE and posture, I'm really very happy and satisfied with my life. What I want with him and our appointments is connection. Expressed how I can confide in him in a way that I don't with anyone else. That connection is something that fills me. Saw him consider whether this request was appropriate, and he said yes, that we could continue this way. He just wants me to ask if I need something from him.

September 26, 2017

All day I got birthday greetings because of Facebook. Nice! Nothing from Frank, so I still believed he had forgotten. Went to Disney Hall for celebration of 99<sup>th</sup> birthday of Los Angeles Philharmonic. Frank left my ticket at box office, and clerk asked if it was my birthday because Frank had written "Happy Birthday" on envelope. Sweet, although he didn't say "Happy Birthday" when he met me in our seats. Silly of me, but I was in pain and wanting to hear less about his pain, and aches. Concert was great. Encore brought gold confetti and little parachutes weighted with chocolates down from ceiling. Made me cry. Great way to celebrate 65. But I was really hurting by time I got home.



October 1, 2017

Frank said that he could still smell detergent with fragrance on his clothes and asked me to help him by hanging clothes outside on improvised clothesline tomorrow. When I responded “whatever you say,” he charged me with thinking he was crazy and asked me to smell the clothes. I don’t smell anything, and he got angry with me. I said I wasn’t going to participate in the confrontation and left room to finish chores I needed to do before leaving for the beautiful concert. Frank was doing fine, and on the way home, he was feeling great relief. He felt that kidney stone had passed. His mood was elevated substantially, and he expressed gratitude to me, acknowledging how difficult he’s been. I said that he couldn’t help it.

October 4, 2017

Frank informed me that my clothes in the hamper that were washed in Rosa’s detergent are making him sick, so they have to be hung outside too. He got crazed explaining it to me until he understood that I already understood. This is really stressful to both of us! So glad to be seeing Jonathan after work. Told him about doing TRE exercises and my observation that my abdomen is no longer as tight as before except when I’m stressed. Just noticing when it is tighter is a very good step. Reported on my satisfaction with my weighted blanket. Then told him about laundry fiasco and resulting pain in my side that was very bad. He was sympathetic and supportive and observed how, when I told Frank that I wasn’t going to participate in diatribe blow-up when he asked for my help in putting clothes on line and then exploded when he judged my “Whatever you want” concession to his wishes as my saying he was crazy, as really good. He encouraged me to use that strategy in future. When I do, I am creating space where this response will be more available to Frank (and me). Very good. So grateful to have his input and sympathy—to hear that Frank’s anger is not right. Validation and care. Love the five minutes at end when we meditate together. Really lovely. Visited with Frank. He went off again about laundry, even though I was readily acquiescing to whatever process he wants to get to a place where he’s comfortable with the state of our clothes and laundry. He said how difficult this has been, and I agreed that it has been very difficult, letting him know that it has been for me as well, although I appreciate that it’s been worse for him.

October 10, 2017

Greeted by Christen Lien with a hug at the launch of her new record. She showed me front row seats which she reserved for me. Expressed my delight to her and her partner, Michael, who also greeted me warmly by name. So lovely. I was thrilled to get direct exposure to Christen and her music. Enveloping, gorgeous sound, and she spoke from her heart about her

poetry. Wise, inspired woman. Special event. At end she asked for photo of crowd, and she came to stand by me, with our arms around each other for photo. I wanted a picture of us, but I knew I didn't have it in me to ask for "selfie." Perfect! Told her and Michael how much I love her music.



October 12, 2017

Talked to Frank after he was admitted to a room. Turns out he has a whole pile of stones! Time to get new doctor! When emergency doctor contacted Dr. Lee, he said he'd been trying to get Frank to go to hospital for a while. Not true. He's been confused about Frank's condition, Frank said. Anyway, I was glad to have talked with him.

October 15, 2017

Before he had coffee, he said that he got a t-shirt from his drawer, (one that had gone through regular load of detergent plus Zero Odor) and found that there was still an offending odor. I couldn't restrain emotion that would have led to tears, which Frank interpreted as "attitude." I said that I needed to know if he tried the load I had not yet put away that had been put through the Zero Odor only treatment, explaining what I had done in what I thought would surely obliterate the problem. He was irate almost immediately. I said I was leaving, and we could talk when he'd had coffee, eaten something, and calmed down. He motioned me to sit down, and I wouldn't which made him angrier. When I came back to sit down, he started from the beginning of the laundry debacle, letting me know that he still blames me for using Rosa's detergent and detailed each part of what we've gone through. I was shaking, crying, and trembling, holding my head in my hands while enduring the enumeration. I think he was trying to be calm, because I told him that

I'm dealing with eye twitch, ear flap, (not flutter like from water in ear) and loose bowel for five days. I said that he needs to take over with whatever treatment he finds works. Later, at the Clark Library concert, I was glad to be there with Frank and very glad when he reached out to hold my hand. Needed to know that we were OK again. My eye twitch stopped sometime during concert—after I knew we were reconciled, no doubt!

October 18, 2017

Told Jonathan the latest developments in the laundry saga and how I let myself tremble and breathe through Frank's punishing narrative history of the debacle, with the result, I think, of ear "flap" and eye twitch going away. I gained much comfort and support from him saying that he feels anger and frustration at Frank's displays of uncontrolled anger, but that he applauds and affirms my growth in learning how to deal with situations in a way that takes care of me and also seems to be having a positive effect on Frank. It was a dear, affectionate, warm conversation that concluded with our meditating for five minutes together. So lovely!

October 21, 2017

Talked very little during Jonathan's massage. Just enjoyed his touch and care. Beautiful massage that left me emotional at end, knowing it will be a while before the next one. Told him I miss him terribly. He hugged me, and I said "I love you, Jonathan." "I love you too," he answered, as if this is understood. Sweet sadness as I left.

October 25, 2017

Frank picked up clothes from dry cleaners, and indicated that he was finished with that route for fragrance problem. I asked if I could put stacks of the clothing he had brought home away. He said yes. I took the stuff that came back from dry cleaners, but when he saw that I had put them away, he lost it, yelling at me. I brought those clothes back, and when I was saying good-night, he couldn't resist taking opportunity to blame me for trying to make him miserable. I defended myself, pointing out that I asked him if I could put his clothes away. Left to go to bed. Not nice. Glad when he came in, after I was settled under my blanket with herbal heat, to apologize.

October 28, 2017

Home to irritated Frank at kitchen table. He was going through his piles in kitchen and greeted me with a question about a bill. I had to go to bathroom, and I was unhappy about being hit with irritability as I entered. I knew he hadn't eaten. I felt like his assistant after taking a too-lengthy lunch hour. Unloaded groceries and settled in. He asked what plans I had. I said I



needed to finish my postures, but I didn't have plans after that. He said that I needed to see if we could still get *Ariodante* on Medici TV. I said that he should be able to search their website to find out. He was tasking me, not only with that, but with setting up TV to access Medici TV. We've done this only a couple of times, and I had no idea how we did it. Then I remembered first doing it with a keypad. I couldn't find the keypad, and Frank said he'd never seen it, as if I had made up the memory! Then I went online to try to find out how to do it and spent a long time with our remote trying to find the correct path before I remembered that my smartphone app could "mirror" the website onto TV. That worked. I told Frank that I had gotten it. He suggested that I should write down how I did it, and I said he could do that too. That made him really mad. I did write it down in my password manager, but I said that, if he wrote it down too, then we'd be able to help each other the next time. By that time, he had huffed away into bedroom, telling me to shut door, and then getting angrier, after I shut the door because cats wouldn't be able to get in. Another shattering altercation. When I finished laundry, I let Frank know that I was finished and that we could watch something, but when I got the Medici TV going, there was no sound. Did all I could to figure it out, but couldn't.

October 29, 2017

Told Frank I solved Medici TV problem. He thanked me and then started laughing, suppressing laugh in his fist. I asked him what he was laughing at and jumped to the conclusion that he was delighted that he had managed to make me figure it out. I felt defensive still from last night. He asked why I was upset with him for laughing, and I said that I felt as if he thought of me as his assistant or secretary. He said that it was the most depressing thing he'd heard from me, and said that I was unhappy in our marriage. He didn't want to talk about it when I protested and said that I needed to explain what I meant. Told him it's not that I mind doing things, but it's the expectation that I should know how and am available to do what he wants done. He didn't want to talk about it, and I begged him to sit down quietly and talk, if not now, then later. He said all right, if he's feeling better. I said I was really sorry for having made him angry. I said I waited to say anything until I saw he had his coffee. Told him I had spent time, because I love him and care about making our marriage happier, finding out about his diet choices for sodium oxalate stones, planning for a trip to Willa Cather conference, and Medici TV. He said he knows I'm a good person, and he is too. I was shattered as I escaped, dreading to handle the meeting with him later in the most positive, constructive way. Took everything I had to pull myself together. Told Frank that marrying him was best decision I'd ever made and said how much I love him. Just hard for me to handle his anger and impatience with me. He conceded that he's been difficult lately. We were in good place when I left for my 6:00 appointment with Tamryn.

October 30, 2017

Jonathan and I talked about how “being unhappy in marriage” is huge, amorphous statement, but that there is truth that I am unhappy with elements of our marriage, and that’s OK. There is an imbalance, he said, in what I give to Frank and what he gives to me. When I said that Frank’s role in the marriage has changed, he wanted to know how. I said that I used to get touch from him, and now I don’t. Like “little tickles.” He asked me why I didn’t ask for “little tickles,” and I said because he didn’t want to give them to me, and I got tired of asking. Jonathan wants me to ask myself how can Frank give me more of what I want to be happier in our marriage. I said I didn’t know, but that it’s a good question.

November 4, 2017

Thought about my “homework assignment” from Jonathan. “How can I achieve balance in marriage?” I can look to what I do that I can reduce or eliminate. I need to do less of what is inessential for my welfare. I need to do more to make my life less stressful. I really can’t sustain the effect the anxiety is producing on my body. I can’t take it.

November 11, 2017

When feeder went off, I went into kitchen to supervise their eating to be sure that Jack wasn’t eating Polly’s food. Had a delivery at door, and I answered it. That brought Frank out, and when he saw Polly leaving kitchen, and heard me tell Jack to get away from her food, he shouted at Jack and was really angry at him. I told him that I could handle situation, but he went to Jack, who had not yet left food, and hit him twice. I disengaged because of Frank’s anger. Frank was so angry at Jack, and I wasn’t going to be part of that. When I went into study, Frank was still angry at me. I said that his anger is making me sick, and I have to, from now on, leave the room until his anger subsides. He said we are making each other sick. I asked what I am doing that is making him sick. He said I was making him feel stressed, like not handling the cats feeding situation when I said I was. I tried to explain that I was handling it until he exploded, and then I froze, and that my absenting myself when he’s angry should solve that. He started going on about his cracked toilet seat causing him distress, so I got a new one, and with some difficulty, managed to install it. Not easy for me, but impossible for Frank.

November 15, 2017

Told Jonathan about Frank’s anger making me sick. Jonathan supported my arrival at understanding some of what is required to achieve more balance in marriage. Most important is Frank taking responsibility for his health. If I’m

expected to care for him in sickness and in health, he needs to do his part to achieve health. If he can only talk about his bad health, I can and should say that I can't listen if all he does is talk.

November 16, 2017

Yesterday, Frank found a poem he wrote for his high school girlfriend and edited it to include in his book.

*A Marriage*

*"Close your eyes and open your mouth," he said,  
and she did, tamely, though she did not want  
the little cake he'd brought, the bit of candy.  
He loved surprising her. He led her, blind,  
to the best vantage in museum rooms,  
stood her facing the Renoirs or Rousseaus,  
and "Look!" he'd say, rejoicing, for he loved her.  
He met her after work. "Come on!" he said.  
"First, close your eyes! You'll see." She felt a fool.  
He led her, dark in daylight, tenderly.  
They passed indoors, then down a slope; they sat.  
"Okay!" he said. "Now look!" She did, in darkness.  
"My favorite film," he whispered. Then the light:  
"RULES OF THE GAME." He loved her loving it.  
When pressed to say what color those eyes were  
he so commanded, neither brown nor blue,  
"Hazel?" he guessed. Surprises never stopped.  
"Close your eyes!" he'd say. She did, his doe.  
He couldn't wait to show her everything,  
doling out joy by joy. She learned to keep  
her little lids as smooth as kid and see.*

I thought it was beautiful and told him so, but he said that the disruption of the marriage was awful because the man is so controlling. He described the way he presented tastes and movies, to his bride that were familiar to me. I was happy to be instructed and guided into his pleasures. I was surprised, but I see his point. I thought it gave insight into our marriage that I wanted to share with Jonathan for his thoughts and reactions.

November 17, 2017

Visited with Frank until he repeatedly insisted that I had been watching *Real Time*. I repeatedly denied his assertion, and was adamant about him telling me what I had been watching. It was only because it was on TV when he turned it on. (He also maintained that I was on the stepladder to replace a light bulb when I was only putting my work stuff away. Why would I lie?)

November 21, 2017

Frank wrote a response to Norm with which he's very pleased, and he insisted that I read his article. I said I didn't want to, but he was persistent. I said I would if he would read the piece I said was important to read about how eating at different times is bad for you—how your organs work as clocks. I sent it to him months ago, and he didn't read it "because he was sick". I reminded him about reading it again, and he still hadn't. This request from me made him mad. He was angry that I pushed him to an angry response. I felt it was a way of achieving "balance in marriage" as Jonathan advised me to seek. Visited with Frank who was feeling pretty miserable. Glad that he read and finally appreciated my article about the importance of eating with respect to body "clocks". In return, I read the article he wanted me to read about corporate capitalism and the result of elections, along with email trail he exchanged with Norm. So, balance achieved there.

December 5, 2017

All day, Frank and Susie exchanged long messages about politics. Frank's messages especially were really essays that Susie appreciated and valued a great deal. She told him he should send them to op ed page of The Times for publication, and he responded that, having blogged with expectation that he would find receptive audience wanting him to be on masthead of publications and being disappointed, he was now just getting great pleasure from writing and sharing with selected people like Susie and relying on her and me to take care of publishing his writing after he's gone. I immediately felt great stress about this. Just the idea sent me into cramping with significant pain. Could hardly walk. I can't take on more responsibilities, and I don't want to! Worried the rest of the day about how to handle the conversation with Frank. Visited with Frank. Told him how glad I was he had such a good day, writing and sharing with Susie. Said how great his writing is and how lovely that Susie appreciated it so much. When he asked me how I felt today, I told him I did well until I read about his expectation that I would take care of processing and getting his writing published after his death. Told him that I immediately felt painful cramping that made working really difficult. I acknowledged that, of course, I knew he didn't intend to cause me stress. He said that he realized that I can't do something like that until I retire. I can't do that job. (I didn't say that I don't want to do the job when I'm working or in retirement!) He was surprised that the suggestion caused me such stress, and said that I need a therapist. He said I need to talk to someone, and I said "I'm talking to you." He said, "I'm the problem." This is my opportunity to introduce Jonathan into our conversation. This will be a significant, good step! Good outcome! Told him how important I feel his writing is and how it needs to be preserved, but that I can't be responsible

for that. He then said names of people who could do the job. Wonder if he thinks any of those people would have time and desire to devote to such a job?

December 10, 2017

Feel like I've been in an adversarial relationship with my body because of my gut, and it was healing to be treating my body with loving massage. Tamryn offered to get me an herbal prescription from her instructor based on intake questions she sent later. Gratefully accepted

December 13, 2017

Told Jonathan how, in answer to his question about what I want in New Year, that I want tranquility. Told him how Frank came around to seeing that he needs to do what he can so that I don't have so much stress and anxiety, having heard about my cramping, incidents brought on by stress at library and from him, and how he said that he thinks I need therapy—someone else besides him to talk to because, as he said, "I'm the problem." Jonathan pointed out that, given that I believe there is emotional cause for my condition, I need to think about how I can deal with stress, anxiety, and emotions in a way that isn't shoving them down into my gut (my interpretation of gesture he used as he was talking.) I scan my body and attempt to not be in an adversarial relationship with my body when I have an episode. It's a way of moving through my life moment to moment in a more tranquil way. Tranquility isn't going to descend upon me. I need to achieve tranquility.

December 16, 2017

Frank said that our Midwest trip is going to cost a lot, but he feels we should probably go ahead with it because I want to do it. I said that he wants to go to Willa Cather conference, and that, if he feels we shouldn't, that's fine with me. Although we've booked our accommodations, we can get back nearly all of it. I wanted to do it because it was "marriage insurance" to travel together. He took this as me saying our marriage is in trouble, and I said no! Later he brought up subject again, saying I upset him with marriage insurance comment because people don't say that unless they feel marriage is in trouble. He wanted to know if I want a divorce! I protested emotionally, fighting tears. Stress!

December 17, 2017

Gave him a card for anniversary which said that I love you more now than when we fell in love. "The birds are back." Frank asked what that meant, and I showed him the mobile. I gave him new bird mobile, our previous parrot mobile having broken. He loves it, and he commented about the

card's sentiment about loving him more now, was something he was glad to hear, no doubt in light of yesterday's "misunderstanding."

December 21, 2017

Sent Tamryn recording of me and Linda singing duet [<https://www.icloud.com/iclouddrive/007yUsvdTTrZpmx-d88Tfku3g#mendel2>] because I told her about it on Sunday. Posted it on FB too. Her response was really lovely and meant so much to me, saying my "angelic voice" filled her head with "sounds of heaven." Moved me. Mom also said duet was beautiful and that she was so glad to have heard it. Lovely message from Nicki as well. Nice!

December 23, 2017

I told Frank about talking to Sean about therapy. He responded that it clearly is not right for him. Said I also talked to Tamryn, who went to Jonathan when she was trying to make a decision about following Henry to LA from Esalen. This was before Jonathan had finished his Life Coaching certification and his PhD. Said that I could talk to Jonathan and had when I went to him for massage, although it was not the right time for talk therapy because I wanted to focus on massage. (And he did too!) I said his approach is grounded and practical and worked for me. So it was, I think, a perfectly natural way to talk about subject. Frank just listened and seemed agreeable. Good! Such a relief to have gotten that started.

December 27, 2017

Told Jonathan about Frank's upset about my using phrase "marriage insurance." He commented that the way Frank waited and then approached me to say that he was upset by what I said is so much better than him exploding in anger on the spot. He sees it as positive step. Yes, I agree! Love talking with him. He asked what things I want to work on in upcoming year. I said I hoped for better health—ability to deal with stress and anxiety in ways that don't hurt my body. Also want to achieve tranquility in general—not as outside goal to reach for but as state of being. We'll work for that.

December 29, 2017

Visited with Frank. He's been so happy and lighthearted. Think it's largely due to his working on his poetry and writing poems, not just haiku. Boris, whom we met at LA Phil, who is editor of Los Angeles Review of Books, praising Frank's poems and extending invitation to him to write for book he's editing, has a lot to do with his rejuvenation. Boris has asked Frank to meet him for coffee. Great!



## 2018 Journal

January 3, 2018

[Email exchange with Chris Benfey]: I thought of you, Chris, when I saw Robert Mann's obituary just now. It was after the annual Juilliard Quartet concert that I spotted you, for the first time, exiting Goddard auditorium. It was love at first sight—the first of 2 occurrences in my life (so far!). I wish you and yours radiant health, joy, and love in a better world than the one we said goodbye to at the end of 2017. Always, Mary Stark

*What a sweet note, Mary! I'm very touched. Yes, I saw the obituary and felt a tug. Those Juilliard concerts stretched back, for me, to my earliest childhood, when I would tag along with my parents (who no doubt preferred not to pay a baby sitter) and inevitably slept through the second half of the program, after intermission. Much love to you for the New Year. As Martin Luther is said to have said, "Even if the world were to end tomorrow, I still would plant my little apple tree." Chris*

January 10, 2018

Told Jonathan all about meeting Boris and how that association has been so meaningful for Frank and really rejuvenated him. Jonathan was interested, of course, but he wanted to know how that affects me? Said that it's made Frank happier and energized and that, although he's depressed about not being able to eat foods he likes, he has finally committed to seeing a nutritionist. Then told him about connecting to Vasu and being so excited about sending him a message that I'd like to come for a consultation when he returns from India. Asked myself why was this so exciting to me, and realized that I want to be petted. I want his touch after seeing him pictured on his website giving acupressure treatment. Jonathan encouraged me to pursue appointment and request acupressure. Talked about how my

wanting touch was mixed with feeling of affinity with Vasu, similar to feeling of affinity I feel (and felt immediately) with Jonathan. How the lack of sex and touch with Frank is compensated by having my weekly massages with Jonathan. He suggested that, although I affirmed to him, before I started working with Tamryn, that it didn't matter to me whether my therapist was male or female, that perhaps it does make a difference to me. He urged me to allow for that possibility and encouraged me to seek touch and connection with Vasu. Told him that I don't see more touch coming from Frank because he doesn't have space for more in his life, and I don't want sex from him. This was really difficult to say aloud, but Jonathan was totally accepting. Such a comfort to talk with him! Told him how afraid I was of telling Frank that I wanted to set up appointments with Jonathan. What would I do if he objected? Jonathan said immediately, "You would lie to him and do it anyway!" And we laughed together. True. So glad that Frank was encouraging and accepting! It was deep and emotional, and so supporting and affirming. He cares for me and wants what is best for me. So lucky to have this connection! Talked with Jonathan a lot about not sleeping well. He wanted to know if I had this issue when I saw him here each week. Although I slept only 6 hours then, I don't think I had sleep issues. He led me to understand that his touch and my relationship with him relieved me of stress that is causing sleep issues now. Point made that I should think about how the touch of male who is dear to me is necessary for my wellness.

January 11, 2018

Frank saw that I was wearing the silver man pin that I nearly lost part of on a bus in Spain. He had just been thinking of that pin at Tuesday's concert and thought "That little man will take care of Mary." So dear of him and so amazing after my talk with Jonathan last night! Frank is relaxed and happy these days. So glad. He said yesterday in a joking, lighthearted way, that he wasn't going to argue with me, or be angry with me. Happy to hear that intention!

January 20, 2018

Frank read me the final edit to *Time, Gentlemen*, his poem about aardvark killed in London Zoo fire that he's been working over for three weeks. Devastatingly beautiful.

*Time, Gentlemen*

*An aardvark died today in the London Zoo,  
the only victim of the fire. I paused  
at the headline - I could see the burrow -  
and felt, to my surprise, the jolt of something  
a little like grief. Because he was an aardvark?*

*Because he died? In the London Zoo? Alone?*

*I see him leaning forward, his long ears cocked,  
listening for the fire. The fire will tell him  
which way to run. He's listening in the dark.  
Reuters says "early morning" - could be dark -  
but is that bad, when you have such long ears,  
and such a long, impressive nose? He's sniffing . . .*

*animal-still . . . too much for me. Run, run!  
But this is where he lives, his things are here,  
and where can he go, an aardvark in a zoo?  
Where can he go, how far, compared to fire?  
He runs in wily zigzags; so does fire.  
He and the fire will run along together.*

*Where is the girl who brings the ants, she likes him,  
where is the man who jostles him around,  
and says "Good boy!" and scratches him, his people.  
They'll be here soon - and yet his aardvark clock  
tells him they won't. It's not their time; it's his.  
He'll run when the sirens come. He'll dig, hide. Bleat.*

*Fire popped up at the café, feeding itself  
where the birds and people feed, then raised its heads,  
darting around to see "Where now? What next?",  
found itself drawn, as the children are, as all are,  
to the nearby petting zoo. Aardvarks are petted.  
His name was Misha. He was 9-years-old.*

*"Among the attraction's best-loved animals . . ."  
I'm sure that takes some doing if you're an aardvark.  
Did mothers always have to pet you first  
("How soft he is!") to show that you were safe.  
Some children were afraid at first. Were you?  
Didn't you want to hiss at them? Or nip them?*

*Their cats would nip, so petted. If you did,  
they'd cry, and you'd be transferred, reassigned.  
You never nipped: you were a draw, you drew them.  
"Let's go see the aardvark!" "Misha! Misha!"  
And did you draw fire too, to the petting zoo?  
"Go see Misha!" crackling on those tongues?*

*How old is 9 in aardvark years, in man years?  
Did you die young? Or were you near the end?  
And why do I think that knowing this would help?  
"Lived to be old, a good life, he was cared for,  
nothing to see here, turn the page, move on."  
Don't I know that an old one's life is precious?*

*"An aardvark who is tired of the London Zoo  
is tired of life," a man in a funny hat  
once said to you, as if he were telling you,  
but "said" and "told" are different, that's the thing.  
You heard him, certainly, but in what sense?  
What did you know? Who were you, little aardvark?*

*Who, or what? A "who" to me, although  
I'd never heard of you until today,  
the day of "fear no more," all petting ended.  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages, Misha,  
taken by fire this morning. Will this do?  
Is this enough? Is it? I'm all he's got.*

*He'd just gone down, I expect (he was nocturnal),  
when something - smell or sound, not right - crept in  
broke off his dream, brought him up out of his burrow,  
his home at the zoo, which he'd torn from the earth himself  
"faster than multiple men with shovels could dig."  
Dead in the fire in the London Zoo, alone.*

*And several meerkats are missing.*

January 23, 2018

Frank finally read the article I sent last week about why introverts need time to talk. (He gets impatient with me because I take time to get my ideas for speaking formed into speech...) Glad he read it and found it interesting.

January 24, 2018

Told Jonathan about feeling "treacherous" at first when he advised me to think about looking for bodywork from man. Told him how I kept remembering the excitement and guilt stimulated by his suggestion and then how I came to realization that there was no reason to feel like I was being treacherous. I pursued question of why did I think I was being

treacherous. Still working on that. Told him about loving feeling of being supported and encouraged by him and the echo in Frank's comment when he thought about my "little man" clown pin during concert and his feeling of relief that, if anything happens to him, my "little man" will care for me. This for me, the day after my last talk with Jonathan and sharing, refers to Jonathan and Vasu. Told him about asking for lymphatic drainage from Sean, not only because of armpit pain, but also because I wanted his touch. Asked for his advice if Frank asks what we talk about. He said I could say, if I feel I can, that I would like to keep confidential space regarding our talks. Sounds like I could do that. Hope so. So far, he doesn't seem to think about the fact that I have these appointments! Told him how Frank didn't get around to reading article about introverts, but when he did, he thought it was very interesting. Told him about how Frank screamed at me when I was attempting to give him eye drops, and Jonathan asked if I couldn't say something like "I'm happy to help you with the eyedrops when you apologize for screaming at me." In other words, why am I resigned to allowing behavior without objection? I need to take responsibility for taking relationship to better level. Told him about Frank's nutritionist appointment being so positive, but that he still ate half a bag of potato chips. He said that perhaps there will be a time when I could say that I am happy to support you and listen to your concerns about your health when you agree not to have potato chips in the house. Good idea! Hearing these suggestions gives me "scripts" that I can practice and draw upon. Told him how I wondered if I should tell him about booking Vasu, and that after Frank screamed at me while I was dancing, I thought "yes." It would be good for him to know, when he behaves badly toward me, I look to Jonathan, Tamryn, Vasu, and Sean for support, touch, and comfort. Told him about dream I had of Frank leaving mess in kitchen, and Michael was sitting watching me angrily cleaning up, and feeling chagrin when I awoke at my pettiness in having dream and being so angry about cleaning up a mess. Realized that, although dream was before incident where Frank screamed at me, it was predicting my anger (fear) of Frank, but presented another response besides shutting down. Loved spending time with dear, wise, loving Jonathan. Frank brought up again inviting Graham to join us on our vacation. Initially, months ago when he suggested idea, I said sure, but upon further thought, I realize that I don't want to have someone else with us whole time. I want Frank to myself and the possibility of not being sociable for entire vacation, when we're not with friends in Kansas City. Worried about that.

January 27, 2018

Frank was telling me a story, and I asked for clarification which really irritated him. He couldn't understand how I could not have understood him. Instead of rephrasing or expanding what he was saying to make it clearer, he just reiterated it several times, as if to make clear to me that I was being willfully resistant to understanding him. So unpleasant!

February 5, 2018

Frank had great classes and nice dinner with Tamara. She asked about me, and when he told her about my digestive issues, she asked if it was emotional. He told her he is at least partly the cause, and related his recognition of how he shouldn't expect me to understand him immediately because my brain works differently. "She's the smartest person I know," he said. (Not true!) But he said, "Who am I to assume she doesn't need to finish saying something because I know where she's going and can cut her off!?" He said he was getting better and intended to get better. Appreciated that a lot!

February 12, 2018

Vasu met me warmly, and we hugged. He has a lovely room with mats and pillows, and we spent the next two hours talking about his remarkable and emotional time in India. Told him all about my issues and gave him the document I compiled with details. He asked me a lot of specific questions about my diet and my schedule complexities. He will send me details of what he would like me to do, understanding that I don't have time to cook, that we have a microwave (which he hates) at the library. I'll get a small crock pot, because he teaches that food needs to be as fresh as possible. It's not good idea to buy foods already prepared because of preservatives. I need to eat everything, except yogurt, warm. I'm "air" in Ayurveda system, and my body is cold. I need warmth and moisture. (Sesame oil massage.) He's going to get more Chinese herbs for me. He's absolutely wonderful. Like him very much, and I know he's caring for me. He could see my desperation, and he remarked about my practice several times. So glad I went to him. Warm hugs good-bye. Beautiful experience!





February 15, 2018

Left the library for my acupressure/Marma appointment with Vasu. Glad to see him! Asked him specific questions regarding his recipes, ingredients, and recommendations. He gave me a remedy for diarrhea that I'll start taking. Session began with reflexology-type of work on my feet. Mostly I was silent, just focusing on his touch, my body, and breath. He stretched, deeply, my hips, holding stretch beyond comfort and guiding me to breathe. He had little suction gizmos that he situated over my naval, sucking out. Recentering point affecting digestion. After working on my front body, he continued on my back, eventually asking me to remove my turtleneck and bra. Happy to oblige! We had, by this time, reached a place of elevated trust, confidentiality, and intimacy. He asked some preliminary questions about my closeness with sisters, and I told him about extreme closeness in Frank's family and about the alcohol dependency. He asked if Frank likes massage, and I said "no," and he asked if Frank liked to "cuddle." I told him briefly about how things had changed a lot from the sexual high at beginning of our relationship compared to Frank's condition with diabetes. Told him how much he cares for me and said I was sure that this is connected to his not cuddling now, although he's very happy that I am cared for by bodyworkers. He understood. Glad to gain this comfort level with him. Feel so blessed to have connected with him! Beautiful oil and spice massage on back and deep tissue pressure around abdomen. Absolutely wonderful session with him which ended with beautiful, warm, affectionate hug.

February 21, 2018

Told Jonathan all about my appointments with Vasu, the success of the diet, and my excitement during acupressure, connecting it to fear of being treacherous, but sanctioned by its being paid service—safe and with professional confidentiality and boundaries. Jonathan seemed pleased and delighted, really. Also told him my thoughts connecting Daddy's anger and impatience to Frank's, and how I felt unprotected from him by Mom, recalling the incident on houseboat when Daddy was so angry, and Mom didn't defend me. Jonathan underscored the importance of me making this connection and talked about my recognition of how I may feel like that little girl when Frank gets angry and how that can allow me to be an adult with Frank, even protecting and caring for little girl in process. Told him about little sanctuary in closet I made for the "god-child" or "holy child" I identified with. Really affirming time with him, at the end of which, after we meditated together, as usual, I told him how grateful to him I am and that I love him so much.

March 20, 2018

Thanked Jonathan again for being there and supportive with his unquestioning acceptance of my assessment of Vasu's excellence while also advising me that, should I continue to work with him, to keep in mind that there will be, or may be, a concomitant degree of chaos and instability in his world. Contrasted that with my fear of Frank's questioning my early arrival at home and, hearing that Vasu had cancelled on me, responding with anger in defense of me and mistrust of Vasu going forward. Told him about Frank's going to physical therapist and more signs of progress in ways he's learning to care for himself, as well as signs of treating me better too. He shared my happiness in that. He asked me to think about "what I want to create in my life" in next year of working with him. I want more repose and tranquility, and I believe Frank does too. I want to change my posture which now is hunched forward (fearful), with arms behind my torso and bent, reminding me of a turtle. Told him how I love, in the photo of him touching the elephant, his open chest, and likewise Vasu's open chest. When I walk, I want to drop my shoulders, release my arms, and open my chest, which feels undefended as opposed to meek. I became meek, moving through library, after my surgeries, when I lost my "defending the collection" mission. Jonathan said words of encouragement for adjusting my posture, and also advised me to consciously allow myself to go back to the meek posture when I need to protect myself. Good! Also want to create "juice," reacting to observations from Vasu and Tamryn that I'm dry. This is metaphor for discovering juiciness, lubrication, moisture in my life, whatever that means. More to investigate here. Asked his reaction to my observation that, with the exception of Frank, the people I love are my caretakers whom I pay. He feels that, for me at this time of my life, that's appropriate. Good to feel supported about this! Very good hour with him.



March 30, 2018

Vasu began by telling me that he had gone over all my reports and what supplements I take, etc. because he couldn't explain why I was not in the clear. He believes, and I think he's right, that it's the Fosamax, which tends to loosen eliminations. It was around the time that I began taking it that I started suffering from diarrhea! He said he wouldn't want to tell me not to take Fosamax, although he is unsure about its effectiveness, but there are herbs and treatments that we can pursue for bone health. I told him I'm all in for that. He also talked about how emotional expression is very important. He knows that this is an issue with me and Frank. Told him about Jonathan asking me what I want to create in my life in next year and my response about open chest/open heart that I admire in Jonathan's photo with elephant and in Vasu's posture. Also about wanting more tranquility in my life and "juice." He asked what that means for me, and I said I believe it's a metaphor beyond lubrication and moisture in my aging, wrinkled body, and that I need to think about boundaries and safety. We both understood that it means more life, less restriction and control, more excitement. Feel completely trusting of him. He began with reflexology on feet and deep strokes and pressure on my legs. He worked deeply on left hip that has been giving me problems and worked on inner thigh. Went into deep breathing to allow the painful goodness of his work. He penetrated into abdominals and hips with no-fuss unzipping my pants and exposing lower abdomen. Very good oil massage and work on back, neck, head, upper torso. I was not covered by cloth when he raised me to sitting head massage. No need to try to cover myself. He was really glad to hear that Frank is walking 10 minutes a day now, and he said that, before I know it, he'll be coming after me. Sweet of him, but I said that I wasn't expecting that because of diabetes. What I want is touch. And that's what he was giving me. "How are you feeling?" he asked when I was dressing. "Juicy?!" Dear of him. Told him about how I'm introverted, so expressing emotionally to friends, as he advised, was really more like expressing with my caregivers because I have few friends, and those I care for most are my caregivers. Told him about my talking with Jonathan about how I choose those special people in my life whom I pay. So lucky to be in his care.

March 31, 2018

Was thrilled with message exchange with Vasu as orchestra at Disney Hall was warming up. He said he wants me to read The Myth of Osteoporosis by Gill Sanson. I found it and downloaded it to my Kindle immediately and messaged him back that I got it. "You're a prince." He immediately responded, "You're a queen!" Felt cared for.

April 2, 2018

Told Frank I decided not to take Fosamax. He was very forceful about this being unwise. Told him that it means going on to next option Dr. Drange and

I discussed, but he said that I need to check with Dr. Drange first in order to know that it's OK to stop taking it. I conceded to that, but didn't like his initial approach which was rejecting what I'm reading in the book, assuming it to be ayurvedic, unreliable, and not based in statistical analysis. Not the case at all!

April 3, 2018

Wrote detailed message to Dr. Drange, saying that I was about ready to go to our next option, telling her history of the condition since November, seeing Dr. Littenberg finally, and pursuing restricted ayurvedic diet, with Littenberg's approval. Success so far, but still unsatisfactory. Losing weight, interference with work, inability to eat out with Frank for two months. Proposed testing therapy by discontinuing Fosamax before going forward with necessary paperwork required for IV treatment and asked if there was any reason why we should not do this. Was so glad to be able to talk to Jonathan after work. In a state of confusion. After online research, going to next option with Dr. Drange doesn't seem desirable. Should I stay with Fosamax? What I'd like to do is not take Fosamax and see how that affects me and just follow Vasu's advice. Jonathan encouraged me to ask Dr. Drange if there is any reason not to wait six months before starting new treatment. So glad to have his input! Told him how Frank responded when I said I didn't want to take Fosamax. He agreed that it was coming from place of limited knowledge and showed lack of respect for my knowledge of facts and my body. He praised me for expressing my need for tranquility and letting Frank know that agitation he produced Saturday morning was reason I needed to leave to run my errands.

April 5, 2018

Heard from Dr. Drange, with her agreement to my plan to stop Fosamax to see if it's causing problem with my recovery. She said it would take few weeks and to let her know. I was relieved and pleased and sent email trail of my communication with her to Frank. He responded saying that I misinterpreted her response, and that she was, in fact, saying the opposite! Stunned me! Felt like I seriously needed a reality check. Sent that trail to Jonathan and asked him what he thought. He conceded that Dr. Drange's message seemed to have been written in haste, and yet it was clear that she was agreeing with me. He said that he felt Frank was really out of line, and that it's my body, my doctor, and my decision! He agreed that, to be covered, I could send message to Dr. Drange saying "as per your recommendation, I will be stopping Fosamax for a few weeks..." Really gave me sense of safety and calm before heading home. So grateful to him.

April 10, 2018

Frank asked how I was, and I began to tell him about deciding to take Fosamax another week after telling Tamryn the whole story. He interrupted me to ask if I had taken the Fosamax after all. I said that I was telling him the answer, but he persisted in asking me the bottom line. I was firm about him needing to hear me out and made point that Tamryn's listening to the whole account and not attempting to persuade me was helpful to me in gaining clarity. He was confused and thought I was seeing Drange instead of Sheldon tomorrow and wanted me to talk to Drange about continuing with Fosamax. I again was firm, saying I will communicate with her after I see how this week goes, and then she and I will decide how I go forward, remembering Jonathan writing "It's your body, your doctor, and your decision."

April 27, 2018

Talked quite a while with Vasu, relating the events with "gaslighting" response by Frank to Dr. Drange's Fosamax message, Jonathan's weighing in, and then no response from Frank when I got home. Told him about relating events to Tamryn and concluding that I would take Fosamax after all, and Frank's inability to listen to decision making process, my appointment with Dr. Sheldon and her Boniva suggestion, approval by Dr. Drange, and my concurrent improvement and conclusion that I would continue with a break before our road trip. He wondered why, having had doctors' approval of plan to rest from Fosamax, I was continuing. Fear, the biggest source of which, when he asked, is my fear of Frank. "What's the worst that could happen?" I would fall and break something and be faced with Frank's anger. Told him that my fear of Frank's anger is worst thing. He offered me solution that seems so right and wise, should I decide to stop taking Fosamax: don't tell Frank. I need to do what I believe is the best thing for me, and telling Frank will not be the best thing for Frank or for us. He won't be benefitted by knowing, and resulting anger would be bad for both of us. Clarity and relief in hearing this! This is truth. Talked about his recommendation based on Ayurveda for bone health. I will do what he advises. He asked me what my mantra is, and I told him. He would like me to have new mantra that is no longer about Shiva, "god of destruction" and more about nurturance. Juice! Was thrilled to be receiving new mantra by my new teacher. Led me to share with him how shattered I felt about Jonathan's move, but that it led to enriched relationship with him in therapy.

May 1, 2018

Told Jonathan about what Vasu said about not needing to tell Frank and my decision to stop taking Fosamax. Shared the observation that, as soon as I

decided to stop, I no longer had problem with gas. Told him Vasu asked about my meditation and asked what my mantra is. Delighted to share it with him. First time in my life. Jonathan wanted to know, and I told him both TM mantra and the one Charles Bates gave me. Talk about how I understood it to mean destruction of father and told him about how Daddy was tyrannical and angry, yet he could be tender and sweet, as when he gave me the Barbie doll for Christmas. Jonathan showed me his Shiva statue and said Shiva is also considered the god of transformation--not simply destruction, so Vasu's wanting to give me new mantra is good in that the old mantra has seen me through transformation. Talked about "juice" idea coming up in new mantra. Also about how Vasu and I talked about the pain I felt in losing Jonathan when he moved evolving into greater richness in my relationship with him in our coaching sessions while still having "loving touch" from Vasu, Tamryn, and Sean. He made point that I get credit for having acquired knowledge that has come through recognizing Vasu and the opportunity of learning and healing with Ayurveda.

May 4, 2018

Frank said, "So you're not taking Prolia or Fosamax." He had forgotten that the last he knew, I was taking Fosamax! But I wasn't going to deny it. He didn't have an attitude about my not taking it. "So you're not doing anything?" I reminded him that I was taking Ayurvedic approach. He asked whether my doctors know about that, and I reminded him that both Dr. Drange and Dr. Sheldon agreed with me that Fosamax was the cause of my trouble and understood that I would be taking a break from Fosamax. So amazing that he hadn't retained this information! He was really agitated, and I said that I was worried about him and how he isn't able to deal with stress. He read into this hostility, and I objected. I was not being hostile, and in fact, I was doing everything I could to be helpful and sympathetic. He wouldn't hear this and got angry with me. I left room. Really made me think of early Alzheimer's. Scary!

May 10, 2018

Jack was picking fights with Polly and annoying Frank, so he was sequestered in bathroom, and when Frank went to let him out, there was a little feces and urine on floor. That's an emotional problem, and Frank believes it's because he's not getting enough love from Frank. He's been too impatient, yelling at him, and kicking him out of the way. Frank vows that he's not going to do that anymore. So good! I'm sure he's right. Poor little baby!

May 13, 2018



Mom said she wished that I didn't have such resistance to going to Florida. I explained again how hard the trip is for me. She said that she is concerned about how hard our road trip will be then, and I told her that riding in a car, when you can take breaks and walk around, is much different. This made me mad. I said that she keeps suggesting that I should visit her in Florida, although she saw the condition I was in when I arrived last time—in pain all weekend, and using herbal wrap all the time—and that it made me think that she wants me to feel guilty about not visiting her. She said that I need to keep in mind that she's 83 (she's 86!) and, although she's in better shape, in some respects, than I, she's concerned about traveling alone. She asked if we would be at the airport to meet her, and I said of course. I reminded her that I suggested the alternative of meeting at another location if she preferred, or her traveling with Ann. She would rather visit with us alone. I said to let me know what she wants to do. Not pleasant at all. Ended with loving appreciation for her book of poetry. Wonder if there are anxieties Mom has that I don't know about. Does she become disoriented and afraid because she doesn't remember where she is?

May 14, 2018

I sent Nicki message, asking her what she knows about Mom's anxiety about flying alone, even if it's non-stop, and we are at airport to meet her. Nicki said that she doesn't think Mom should fly alone at all. There was something that happened last year where she had trouble getting off the flight(?).

May 15, 2018

I realized (again) how much I benefit from talking with Jonathan. He models behavior that is a useful tool for me so I can see how to reframe my emotional response in a way that is more productive and useful. Sensing that made me emotional, and when I looked back to him, his sweet smile was balm to my soul. Lovely man!

May 25, 2018

In Kansas City, on our road trip. Kip Niven and Frank talked about me, because Kip was surprised at how outgoing and sparkling I was last night and at café today. Frank also commented about this, saying I've changed. Refuted this. I am introverted and prefer being alone than with other people as a rule, but when I like other people, and in a situation where this is an opportunity to be with them, and with motivation that I want to make this as good as possible for Frank, I rise to occasion.



June 1, 2018

[At the Willa Cather Conference in Red Cloud, Nebraska.] When I met Frank there, and when Christie joined us, I didn't know she was talking to me when she asked if I was dehydrated. I thought she was talking to Frank. When she walked away, Frank berated me for ignoring her. She observed to Frank that I had been "brusque" earlier. Frank said I was probably dehydrated as a (bad) way of explaining, and he said that I should "be nice." Made me mad. If I acted "brusque," it is my nature. I'm guarding myself from intrusion, giving signal that I don't want to engage. I was angry with Frank's telling me to "be nice" and hurt that he hadn't been honest with Christie and explained that my behavior shouldn't be interpreted as personal but simply a characteristic of my introverted personality. This dampened my spirit for the rest of the day.

June 2, 2018

Frank is working on poem inspired by Willa Cather's comment "all day long Nebraska," which describes feeling of driving through the seemingly endless country, and also a lovely waitress at Kitchen Table in Omaha, Emily. He reflected on how he seemed to look for "sister/wife" in women and was, in that way, unlike men in general who, in his opinion, really don't like women. He started to say how that impacts, in a negative way, on love relationships. He didn't want to finish the thought, he said. He wanted to think about it. Very interesting.

June 3, 2018

On flight back home from our road trip, I asked Frank if he felt he could do road trip next year. He observed that he had more energy on the trip than he has had at home. He speculated that perhaps that was because he was able to push through his lethargy. I supported that, of course. He doesn't know if he can do the Southwest road trip next Spring. Or if he wants to. Judging by how much it took out of him today, I'm not sure either.

June 5, 2018

Told Jonathan about Frank's sister/wife comment and my thoughts about how that impacts our marriage. More to think about that. I told him about Frank's reaction to Christie saying I was "brusque" and his telling me to "be nice" and later his dismissal of my wanting to leave before crossword puzzle activity at Conference. He wondered why I couldn't say, without anger but evenly, that we need to go. I became emotional and said how hard it is for me not to get a tight throat and upset, which I didn't want to do in front of others. Jonathan said I could start by working on my breathing and acknowledging that I have an opportunity for responding, maybe not now but in future, in a more relaxed, assertive way. Told him about seeing Vasu and starting his advised bone strengthening program. He wanted to know how bodywork with him was, and because I said he stretched me a lot, Jonathan wanted to be sure that he's responsive to my feedback. He wants me, in my delight at his touch, not to be reluctant about saying I need less pressure or gentler touch. I again was emotional because I want touch so much that I am likely to be submissive. Jonathan is so dear and perceptive and knows me so well. It is very moving to me. Love him.

June 18, 2018

Frank was feeding cats when I came in the door and yelled about how he was behind because he needed to eat. He hadn't put Jack into bathroom so he could feed Polly. He asked me to take her food, which I did. Both cats were confused about where they were supposed to go, so it wasn't possible to get Polly to follow me. Chaos! Then Frank told me that I made a mistake in setting up TV to record, and he would send me website so I would know how to record World Series games. I suggested that he could do it himself, but he wants me to do it. At any rate, although I asked him about his day, he had nothing to share. I just watched TV. He was taking pills in his bathroom when I said good night, and he answered "good night" without turning around. I left it at that, feeling more like an intern than his partner, friend, or wife.

June 26, 2018

[From a letter to Gwyneth]: We've been back for 3 weeks now, following our road trip in the Midwest. Frank talked for years about his desire to go to the

Willa Cather Conference. We flew into Kansas City and spent time there visiting museums with which we were unfamiliar, driving around his childhood neighborhoods, and visiting friends and family. I proposed that this was an excellent opportunity to work in a visit to Chrystal Bridges in Bentonville, Arkansas, about 4 ½ hours south of Kansas City, to see the hoard of art works amassed by the wicked Walton family with money they've earned off the backs of their exploited employees at Walmart. As long as we were in the neighborhood of Omaha, we could work in a couple of terrific museums there, and a quilt museum in Lincoln, Nebraska, as we headed to the final destination of Red Cloud, Nebraska for the Conference. Our European trip a few years ago was a wake-up call for Frank, who in the past had always planned our travels for someone with the energy and strength to go non-stop from morning till late at night. We realized that we are no longer young, and Frank especially was unable to sustain the schedule that he set for himself and actually collapsed one morning on the doorstep of our B&B. I proposed this road trip as a less physically demanding yet fulfilling and pleasurable alternative. It was quite wonderful really. When I asked Frank what the best part was for him, he said it was the people. We spent a lovely evening with high school friends of his and another dinner and lunch date with two of them and their partners. Frank's nephew, wife, and two boys now live in Kansas City. We hadn't met the two boys, and we'd only briefly met, and fell in love with, his wife when we went to their wedding in Las Vegas a few years ago. Jim is the son of Frank's younger brother, Jim, who is a train wreck. He's an addict, and still snorts drugs openly, although he restrained himself when he joined us for dinner at Jim and Kate's gorgeous home. Father Jim has skirted death countless times and is a lost cause, but Jim, the son, is a prince. He and his wife relocated to Kansas City, knowing what they were in for, and they've stepped up to the plate to salvage some remnant of a relationship with the father. They attempt to reign him in to not kill other people while he's destroying himself. Somehow, Frank's nephew has emerged as this highly successful, loving father, interesting human being, who is delighted to deepen his connection with us. After spending hours together before, during, and after a dinner that Kate managed to create while, at the same time, herding her two toddlers, Jim cleared his schedule to have breakfast with us the next day and go with us to the Arabia Museum. A steamship sank in the 19<sup>th</sup> century outside of Kansas City, and because of the geology and the weather, its cargo of merchandise survived nearly intact. The museum is astonishing, but was surpassed by the relationship we forged with Jim, Kate, and their two sons. We spent another day investigating the great Negro Leagues Baseball Museum and the Jazz Museum and said good-bye to Kansas City after a couple of hours revisiting the Nelson Atkins Museum and their excellent art galleries. The drive to Bentonville wasn't difficult, although the scenery was unremarkable until shortly before we crossed over into Arkansas. The money the Waltons have poured into this charming and picturesque small town is evident, and the museum they built is stunning. We spent a day exploring the permanent

collection, and discovered an artist we are in love with—Harriet Frishmuth. I hadn't heard of her before, but her sculpture, *The Bubble*, is heavenly, as is her *Fading Flowers*. I explored, in the early morning hours, miles and miles of fantastic trails through the forests surrounding the museum. These are accessible from sunup to sundown and are filled with people and their pets, walking, running, and biking. On one of the mornings, I was delighted to discover a Skyscape by my favorite, James Turrell. The B&B where we stayed was perfect, and the restaurants in the town were terrific, especially the Buttered Biscuit. Soooo delicious! Omaha's Joslyn Art Museum was very good, and the Durham Museum with its railroad history, housed in the gorgeous Union Station were worth the long drive there. I did all the driving on our trip. The International Quilt Study Center and Museum in Lincoln, Nebraska was excellent. We stopped there on our way to the Conference. Red Cloud is very small and couldn't accommodate the 200 attendees, so I found a house about an hour away for us and Frank's high school friend, Christie, and her friend, Ellen, both of whom have been going to the Conference for years. We knew that the house didn't have WiFi, but that wasn't a problem for us since we were connected every day while we were in Red Cloud. What we didn't expect was that we would have no cellular connection in the black hole surrounding the house. We lost all connectivity before we found the house. Our directions from our host on Airbnb gave only the County Road address—no house number, and no crossroads. After panic set in, we went into Republic. It was a crossroads with a few houses, but fortunately, there was a garage that was open, and when I went in and timidly called out "hello," the husband and wife who were working on a car appeared, along with their very friendly cat. They didn't recognize the name of our host, (only the first name is given by AirBnB). They gave me their landline phone to call him, and he spoke to our saviors who told us where the house is located. That was a reality check about how dependent we've become on our connectivity! Every evening until the last, we got lost on the way home from the Conference. Our route involved a one-lane dirt road, a very pot-holed "paved" road, and many turns. It was always at least moderately stressful. The Conference itself was wonderful. The recently refurbished and renovated site which was an Opera House is beautiful. Many of the sessions, all of which were connected to the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the publication of My Antonia, were interesting, especially because of the timeliness of the subject. With the horrors we are involved in at the border with our immigration policies, the theme of immigration in the novel and the contribution of immigrants to the community provided rich material. My happiest time was spent on a self-led 2 ½ hour tour of the countryside surrounding Red Cloud, visiting sites that are mentioned in the book. It's so easy for someone from central Illinois to become numb to the sameness of the geography, but I was able, during this tour, to downshift and begin to see the subtle variations in the prairie landscape and appreciate its nobility and beauty. The final evening was a banquet followed by entertainment with John Reed Torres, who does a one-man-show inspired by the ragtime musician,



John William Boone, aka Blind Boone who features in My Antonia as the character, Blind d'Arnault. He played Blind Boone's music and his own ragtime compositions, and expanded the musical aspect of his show with a lot of history surrounding Blind Boone's life. Excellent. We were lucky to be seated at a table with Jay Yost, who grew up in Red Cloud, is a lawyer in New York, and one of the big supporters of the Willa Cather Foundation. His partner, Wade Leak, is a Senior Vice President and Deputy General Counsel, Chief Compliance, Ethics and Privacy Officer at Sony Entertainment. The two of them are probably the entire openly gay population in Red Cloud where they live when they are not in NYC. They are the most gracious hosts, generous and gregarious, interested in apparently everyone, and deeply charming and kind. We felt so lucky to get to know them that evening. They are avid theatre goers, and Wade was very impressed by Frank's knowledge and background. When he heard about Emily, he wanted to meet her, especially when Frank mentioned that she has written for and toured with "his band," the Chainsmokers. The worst thing was the food. Terrible! Fortunately, I brought along our leftovers from our road trip, and I bought groceries before the prairie absorbed us. There are no grocery stores anywhere, which goes a long way to explain the horrible obesity problem. It was very discouraging--not unlike what happens in poor urban neighborhoods where people survive on food from convenience stores and fast-food businesses. They are growing the grains that feed us, but their own nutrition is atrocious. I was particularly sensitive to the problem because I have been dealing with a digestive problem since the end of November and only recently have emerged. I was plagued with diarrhea, and after a couple of weeks, I tried to make an appointment with my gastroenterologist. Because of the holidays and a trip he made to Antarctica, I couldn't get an appointment until mid-January. The week before the appointment, my symptoms went away, so I cancelled the appointment, only to have the symptoms come back. I couldn't get in to see him until late March. By this time, I was desperate. I felt weak and exhausted, so it was difficult to work. As luck and life would have it, I met a man who is a regular patron at the library who occasionally books the Study Room. I looked him up online out of curiosity because he is someone with whom I felt an affinity, although we never chatted. He is an Ayurveda practitioner. I did some online research, knowing nearly nothing about the subject and immediately felt certain that this was someone who could help me. I made an appointment and began a two-month period of cleansing, eating a very restricted diet of kitchari (mung beans and basmati rice), pomegranate juice, buttermilk, kefir, dates and not much else besides a tonic from India. He was perplexed because, although my symptoms were significantly abated, and I was feeling much stronger, I was not completely rid of my troubles. He went over my history again, and realized that this had to be due to Fosamax. I had been on Prolia for a few years, but I started having painful side effects, and one needs to stop taking Prolia after a couple of years anyway to allow the bones to build again. I had no ill effects when I took Fosamax before, so



it didn't occur to me that this might be the cause. Only about 3% experience these side effects. I consulted with my endocrinologist and my primary care physician, and both agreed that Fosamax must have been the villain. I stopped taking it, and immediately I was out of the woods. I'm now relying on Ayurveda for a program of strengthening bones with herbal supplements and tonics. This will take a while before a bone scan is in order, but I can't imagine going back to Prolia or Fosamax. Meanwhile, I've found a very good friend who is also an evolved soul and gifted healer. What luck! "When the student is ready, the teacher will appear,"

July 14, 2018

Tom [next door neighbor] approached me on sidewalk. We both said hello, as I was checking oil. I switched off headphones and said "Yes?" Tom said "What do you think of that?" pointing to neighbor's fence across street that has been painted with flowers. I said "I love it!" He turned on his heel, saying "I hate it!" And I said "Well, to each his own." He harumphed away. When I told this to Frank, he disapproved. He thinks I should be nice to him. Irritated me, like when he said that I should act nice to Christie at Cather Conference. Attempting to control or regulate my behavior. I said I was going to gym, and he said "Good. I mean, have a nice time." I said "No. You meant 'Good.'" I said I shouldn't have tried to talk to you. You've told me not to (before he's been up awhile and had coffee), although he had been up, was watching TV in living room, and drinking coffee. He was really angry and yelling at me. I went to the gym. Upsetting. Took a while to gather myself.

July 24, 2018

Read article in New York Times that described place in Joshua Tree where Integratron is located. It's a place where you can visit to experience sound therapy with gongs. I've wanted to investigate this therapy, and there is a special event September 9<sup>th</sup> that combines gongs, kundalini yoga, and relaxation. It's a 2 ½ hour drive and a three-hour event, and I want to go! Frank thinks it's a crackpot idea, but I asked Tamryn if she was interested, and she responded, with enthusiasm, that she thinks I definitely should do it. She's been there and thought it was fantastic. The disparity in the two responses tickled me.

July 25, 2018

I asked Jonathan if he knew about the Integratron. Jonathan has been there. He said it was "a trip" and that he thought he had lost consciousness during the sound bath. He was tickled as I was when I shared with him Frank's email followed by Tamryn's message about Integratron. Jonathan encouraged me to spend night to explore Joshua Tree and to save myself

from so much driving. Need to think about this. At first, I dismissed idea because Frank wouldn't want me to. Jonathan gently guided me to question why I need Frank's "permission." Told him about hearing Bessel van der Kolk's interview that Tamryn recommended. Jonathan knows van der Kolk and recommended a book I should read. Great. Talked a bit about how I'm avoiding interactions with Frank until after I've done my practice and errands, by which time Frank has eaten. Also, my observation that Frank is lacking the respite he experiences from music. Ended by telling him that I get "juice" from him, Tamryn, and Vasu. He said I draw juice to me.  
July 27, 2018

Frank commented on lovely letter I received from Ilse today. She said Bärbel's health is worse with her lungs at 10% capacity, and Hilli's husband is dying of cancer. Frank used that as jumping off point, gloomy about his health and with death approaching. He hadn't done anything but read and be at his computer, but without writing. Asked him why he couldn't do something that would make him happy. He said I was "barking" at him. I said I was sorry and asked when was I barking. Really feel unable to affect Frank's depression and anxiety. He bought ice cream and binged this week, knowing it would make him sick. So self-destructive. Just have to do what I need to do for my health and happiness.

August 6, 2018

Asked Frank for my crutches, having fractured my little toe, and my backpack and "buddy tape," but no hurry while Frank had coffee and was waking up. Late afternoon. Finally, Frank brought in my crutches. I had been on my feet with cane too long. Frank was irritable still as I was preparing to go to bed, and I apologized for setting him off unintentionally by asking him to bring an ice pack to bedroom for me when he was doing something else. I said, "Please don't get upset!" Didn't come back out to say good-night. Didn't want to add another trip on crutches, feeling scared already about not being safe on them and needing to get up in night. He came into bedroom and apologized for being short-tempered and feeling like he can't take care of me. I don't know if he can't or he doesn't want to be in position of needing to. He brought Polly in, and we had good healing time with her as our mediator.

August 7, 2018

Told Jonathan about how, reading a segment of The Body Keeps the Score by van der Kolk was a stimulus for thinking that I need to do Integratron. Thinking through issues concerning being online, not disconnected as we were in Nebraska. Working it out by having written directions. I need to do this because I need to know that my future is not limited by Frank's limitations or preferences. I have the ability to do things independently. I

can take care of myself. Then, the next day, I disable myself. Frank tells me Monday night that he can't take care of me, and he hadn't that day. There are stairs at Integratron. I wouldn't be hiking in Joshua Tree, so I wouldn't be going after all. Jonathan stopped me and said that he thinks I should still go. Surprised me and was a relief to hear. He thinks I need to ask Integratron about stairs and mobility issues and see what they say, but that I should not rule it out unless they tell me I should. Just continue to work out all issues one by one. He talked about talking with Frank about how we can handle my time at home so that it's happy and positive for us both. Talked about my feeling that I sabotaged myself, and my disappointment by this setback when I was feeling strong and empowered, making me feel fragile again, and how I can fight back and be stronger. So good to talk to him!

August 11, 2018

Once Frank and I were on our way to Costa Mesa, I dove into subject of Integratron. Said everyone I had spoken to thought it was amazing, but that both Jonathan and Tamryn felt that, especially since I hadn't been to Joshua Tree, I should allow myself an overnight on Saturday and get up early so I would have time to explore before the event begins at 10:30. Told him I'd found a guesthouse, and once event is over, I will have plenty of time to get back for my massage. Frank didn't resist me, although he is concerned about my safety, especially if I'm still on crutches. I said I don't think I will be. So glad he's not attempting to keep me from going. I said he could come too and read or something, but he definitely doesn't want to sleep away from home and having to worry about sleep apnea machine.

August 21, 2018

Told Jonathan about Vasu and Goura's engagement and about Goura's profession and challenges she faced with her ankle. He was amazed at all of that and interested in how glad I am that she's as awesome as Vasu. Worthy partners for each other. Talked about how significant the parallels are with Goura's challenges and my own, and how this toe fracture coming when it did—just as I was preparing to rise to demands posed by going to Integratron without Frank--doesn't seem to be an "accident." But Jonathan pointed out that it isn't self-sabotage when it doesn't work out that way. What a great point! Thanked him for his support and belief in my ability to go anyway. Made such an impact on my recovery, I think.

August 22, 2018

Foot really ached, and it took all my focus and determination to make it through day. Drive home was nasty. Took 90 minutes. Visited with Frank who didn't seem to understand how hard the day had been for me. Was in bed around 9:00 feeling isolated and envious of Vasu and Goura's youth and

delight in their soulmate relationship. That's what we were. So glad to have Polly's affection and tenderness to soothe me!

August 23, 2018

Sent Jonathan Happy Anniversary message. It's been six years since I met him, changing my life. Before Bodywork and After Bodywork. Thanked him and sent my love and best wishes. Thought about how I am happy with bodyworkers providing me with tender touch. I don't want to add to Frank's stress by asking him to fill that gap. I prefer it this way. I can be satisfied with the good that remains in our marriage: sharing music, literature, films, laughter, and appreciation of his intellect. My savings is going to give me freedom to go off on my own adventures without Frank, if he prefers to remain at home. My broken toe and pain I suffered yesterday brought me to these realizations. Another good thing to come of it.

August 30, 2018

Vasu arrived with Goura. I said how happy I was to see them and told Goura that I found the YouTube clip of her speaking about her accident and her dancing. Said I had been profoundly moved. I first watched the post of the two of them performing at Kirtan. Said I observed her wipe away a tear and that I knew then that what had happened (their engagement) was a good thing. She came to me and hugged me, saying that she needed to hear that and that she felt God was speaking to her through me, which touched me. It was an emotional moment as I opened Study Room door, walking with Vasu's arm around me—him saying "sweet." So lovely!

September 3, 2018

When I arrived for my appointment with Vasu, he was on his balcony at work at his computer, and he saw me get out of car. "Do you have an appointment?" My heart sank. He asked if I had just made it, and I said no, it was long ago, and I received the website reminder two days ago. He went to the website which confirmed all this but said he was "slammed," working on the website. I said I drove all the way from Pasadena but said "If you can't, you can't," and returned to car to drive home feeling hurt, disappointed, and disrespected, this being the third time he's cancelled. Tried to remain calm, knowing that Frank would be angry when he found out. Was grateful that, although he was, as well as astonished, he said he knew how important he is to my well-being.

September 4, 2018

Jonathan was astonished when I told him Vasu stood me up yesterday. We talked about how, when Jonathan forced a cancellation in the past, he took blame and offered a booking free of charge. He urged me to write to Vasu

(even if I choose in the end not to send him the message) explaining how, although I don't expect him to be responsible for me, I do need to be able to trust him. Three cancellations makes that difficult. He thinks I should tell him how I need my bodywork appointments for my physical and emotional well-being. He thinks I should definitely ask him to confirm each appointment 24 hours ahead of time in the future. Told him how alone and isolated I felt the day I returned to work from my fractured toe when I went to be with Polly and how that led to realization that, although it's not worth it to me to ask Frank for touch and tenderness I need because of the stress that would put him under, I am OK with that because I have taken steps to provide touch from professional bodyworkers. I need to be able to count on them! He encouraged me to keep looking for other male bodyworkers, so I'm not so dependent on Vasu.

September 11, 2018

[Message to Jonathan about Joshua Tree and Integratron]: Hi, Jonathan. As I reflect upon the 24 hours that I was away, I'm struck by how my plans dissolved and were replaced with better outcomes. I expected the Integratron to be the main draw, but it was Joshua Tree. The little guesthouse had no WiFi, and my plan, when I arrived just before dark on Saturday, was to settle in, watch Yankees baseball on my IPAD, and go to bed early. I couldn't connect, so I wrote in my journal and was asleep around 9:15, which was a lovely beginning. It was better to be in a silent space, reflecting on my day and then covering up with my weighted blanket to sleep. You know that I rarely sleep more than 6 hours, so I expected an early start on Sunday, but unexpectedly, I slept about 8 ½ hours! Maybe it was the desert air or the temperature of the room. I don't know. I realized when I woke up how nice it would be to dance outside in the desert, and I did. That was a sweet start to the day. This wasn't so much an "altered plan" as "serendipity" or just a "bright idea". I got a later start than I planned, after showering, meditating, dancing, playing my autoharp, and singing. I wanted to spend the time I had in Joshua Tree National Park, although my plan had been to go for a walk. I went straight to the park. I was totally unprepared for the glory of the landscape awaiting me. The boulders are creatures, and the Joshua Trees are sentinels. I wanted to spend much more time exploring there, and I can't wait to go back to do just that. My plan was to arrive at the Integratron by 10:15 in order to be at the head of the line going in. I knew that the sweet spot was the center--where the acoustics are perfect, and that's where I wanted to situate myself. I threw that plan to the wind when I was driving in the park, wanting to be there as long as possible instead of waiting to claim a space at the dome. I arrived at 10:50, and as luck would have it, the gongs and bowls were placed in the center area while we were

arranged around the periphery. It would have been foolish to have been there any earlier. I expected that the sound bath would be perhaps an hour or so, with the kundalini yoga following. But after an introduction and explanation of the instruments and the sound bath, we were led in pranayama, chanting, and preparation for the sound bath. The sound bath was two hours or more. I've never meditated, without falling into sleep, for more than maybe 30 minutes. So, this was a deep dive. I wished that the sound was more enveloping and louder in general, and I admit to being somewhat distracted by the woman, whose head was adjacent to mine, who was breathing heavily in her sleep. But we were told to accept this possibility as part of the meditation instead of resisting it. So, I did. It was only 24 hours, but it was really important to me. It was something I knew I wanted to do as soon as I read about it. Frank definitely didn't want to go, although hearing about Joshua Tree, he thinks he may want to go another time. He was generous in his best wishes for me as I left and very interested to hear about my adventure upon my return. Although I encourage him to do things on his own, (movies, dinners with his students, and concerts on nights when I work) I can't remember when I've gone off on my own. I did go to hear Christen Lien that night when you met me to hear her, but originally Frank was going to go. He couldn't because of a kidney stone. Now that he's reluctant to travel at all, it's increasingly important to me that I venture out on my own, happily, fearlessly, lovingly, and with the ability to be open to the experience rather than committed to a plan. These are my thoughts, and I share them with such gratitude and love, Jonathan!

September 18, 2018

Frank asked if I talk about him to Jonathan, and then said “no, don’t answer that,” for which I was grateful. He then enumerated the coaching, which he realizes now is “therapy” really, Ayurveda, and massage, and asked how frequently I’m doing Ayurveda sessions and the cost of Jonathan. I asked if he was questioning my expenditures, and he said no. I think he was, but if it comes up again, I could compare what he spends on his doctors and medications. It was not charged or unpleasant, thank Goodness.

September 23, 2018

Told Tamryn I followed up on her advice about how I need someone as a back-up for Vasu for bone health. That was a good opportunity to talk to her, as Jonathan recommended, about no intimate relationship with Frank for a long time, and how bodywork fills that lack so beautifully when I get the touch I found in Jonathan, Tamryn, and Vasu, and how it makes it easier to forgive Vasu’s “flakiness” because he gives me what I need in other ways. She listened and thanked me for telling her, and she also said, that having that kind of relationship with Vasu also makes it more painful when he blows off an appointment. Right!



October 3, 2018

Shared with Jonathan that I told Tamryn about how important bodywork and male bodywork is to me because Frank and I haven't had an intimate physical relationship in so long. Was emotional as I told him this. Also shared with him how I don't want to feed Frank's fantasizing about what occurs during massage. Wanted confirmation that it's OK to feel that this is private. Jonathan supported me in this, allowing that, if I had a sexual relationship with someone else, and I chose to share that with Frank for his and my pleasure, that could be OK too.

October 8, 2018

Told Vasu about finding back-up ayurvedic practitioner for bone health for my peace-of-mind, and he was glad of that. When he was working on my body, I began emotionally to say that Jonathan recommended that I share about why bodywork is even more important to me, not having physical intimacy with Frank. Vasu already knew this, as I suspected, and he understood completely how much more rocked I felt by his not keeping our last appointment. He said, several times, how sorry he was. After I dressed, he was holding my legs, as he said how important I am to him. Thanked him. Crying and so grateful for that acknowledgement that my feeling of his commitment and benevolence towards me is real. Means so much to me!

October 9, 2018

Shared with Frank what Tom wrote in FB post about the danger of spiders when I shared that we attempt to remove them from the house without hurting them. Tom wouldn't let it drop, continuing to post aggressively and identifying me as a teacher. I was planning to say that I'm not a teacher and that I wasn't going to go further with this, but others could. Frank said I should have written yesterday what he told me to. Not sure how I didn't meet his expectations on that, and he said what I should write now. Felt criticized and not happy about that as I settled in, showered, and got ready for bed. Then felt that, who is Frank to tell me what to write!? I wanted to say what I said. Frank thinks Tom's response would have been better if I had said it the way he advised. Don't really care. Tom would have to deal with it.

October 13, 2018

Much of *Tea with the Dames* was filmed at cottage where Joan Plowright lived with Olivier. Wept seeing footage of Maggie Smith in *Private Lives*, remembering how she went completely limp when kissed when I saw it in Chicago in '60's. Fabulous! Wonderful immediate response from Joan

Plowright when asked what advice would she give her younger self, “Get in touch with yoga and mindfulness at an early age.” This I posted on FB with my recollection of falling in love with her in early 70’s when I listened to recording of production of *Uncle Vania* in which she played Sonya.

October 14, 2018

Frank is in constant adversarial relationship with Jackie about food and treats, and he thinks he can train him by withholding treat if Jack is too insistent in asking to be fed. Seems to me that it’s teasing Jack by repeating his conversation with Jack to me in front of Jack. He’s doing push-ums on his squirrel while looking back and forth between me and Frank, and I think it’s cruel. I don’t think he understands why Frank is doing it. Told Frank it makes me sad when he asked if I object to what he’s doing, and Frank was irritated, saying that he wouldn’t talk about it with me, or he’ll stop doing any overseeing of the feeding. Ugh!

October 20, 2018

Incredibly beautiful, creative, mind-blowing dance and music event by L.A. Dance Project at Disney Hall which uses film and architecture of Hall in glorious way. Romeo danced by an androgenous looking woman, and Juliet by Asian woman. When they fell in love, they, on film, break out into Disney Hall’s garden. Sobbing because it was so beautiful. And when Juliet lies “dead” on her bier, it is in bowels under the building. Romeo dances with her lifeless body, and she comes alive briefly before she lies on ground without life, apparently. Again, I was sobbing. Really extraordinary. One of best things I’ve ever seen, and Frank agreed.

October 22, 2018

I insisted on going back to filling the canned food feeder instead of Frank putting food down on plates. The whole idea is to have food coming from feeders—not us. Jack is focusing his feeding on Frank, and it’s driving Frank crazy. He’s now saying, “I’m going to kill him.” He wouldn’t, but I can’t hear that without feeling sad and upset.

October 24, 2018

I said I was taking care of feeding when he asked from living room how getting a new feeder would solve problem. Said several times that I didn’t want to talk about it now, having explained to him in my email message yesterday. He didn’t reply or question my explanation then. He became irate and shut himself in study. Then, when he came out, we visited a bit. He was agitated and curt with me and went back to the subject. Explained that we should not be directly giving food to cats as the cat psychologist had

taught him in workshop he took at Humane Society. Reiterated that one of us needs to be responsible for overseeing morning feeding to prevent Jack from eating Polly's food, and when he said that he didn't want to do that anymore, I said I would change feeding time so that I would be responsible for doing so. He was unrelenting, and I finally said OK, we would do it his way, giving Jack a smaller dinner and Polly more. Very unpleasant! Felt worn out and sick of having to insulate myself from Frank's ire and high drama.

October 29, 2018

The first thing I heard when I came in the door was "I'm going to kill him!" I put Jack's shirt on him, and he immediately was calm. He patiently waited for his dinner while I visited with Frank, who was exhausted from his day teaching and driving. I was stroking and loving Jack, and he was purring and gazing at me. After cats had eaten, Jack was on Frank's chest, and Frank was loving him. Frank called to me, asking me to shut the living room slider. He was cold, but he didn't want to disturb Jack. Before I could get to the door, he cursed, "God, damn it." I assumed he was cursing me. When I asked why, he said he wasn't cursing me. He was tired and feeling sick. Sad state.

October 30, 2018

Had this message from Frank: *"Sorry about last night. I was past my limit just getting home, and then I kept obsessing about the [insurance] receipts, and I wasn't feeling well. And I had already shifted into dread about your going away for so long (which I absolutely think you should do). And then I realized I was freezing again. Extenuating circumstances, maybe, but taken all together not the slightest excuse for expressing anger and flailing depression to you (you, after all, weren't sitting on my chest, purring, smelling of your dinner, and seeing how much biting my fingers you could get away with): you're such a nice girl, such a good person. I never lose sight of that. I love you."* Meant so much to me, and I told him so.

November 16, 2018

I was guided by Vasu to accept my child and be open to the divine to be open-hearted. I was thrilled to be nearly naked—only panties—and surrendered to his touch. Then I turned over for oil massage—complete, head to toe. Lovely! Then back to massage on chest, with minor coverage. So wonderful—safe and also totally free! When he finished, I thought he had left room when I sat up without sheet. He was still in room and offered me a towel to wipe away excess oil. I felt no need to hide nakedness. He left me to dress. Know he understands what I need and want, and that gives me great joy and comfort. Sense of safety and being cared for.

November 18, 2018

Frank asked me yesterday, as he has before, about how much Vasu can see of me, and how much of my body did he touch. I said he didn't touch my nipples or my crotch. Said that massage therapists are more regulated by certification and professional codes, with draping, etc. Had wondered about what he would ask and what I would say. Frank said that he wants Vasu (and therapists) to know that it's fine with him if they touch and see everything. Good!

November 22, 2018—Thanksgiving

I was petting Polly and said that she was one thing I was thankful for, and before I could say that I was thankful for Frank, he said how stupid he thinks it is to be thankful! I said he sounded like an old curmudgeon and went into the kitchen. Frank said that he was glad, at least, that he wasn't giving thanks to God. He couldn't accept that what I was doing, and what many others are doing on Thanksgiving, is giving thanks to others, expressing how we appreciate them in our lives. Nothing to do with God. Was somewhat comforted by him thanking me for the day we had, but I felt sad and disheartened as I went to bed with Polly.

November 28, 2018

Really glad to be able to tell Jonathan about the basti treatment with Vasu and the surprise of being nearly naked with him in room. Told him how I felt cared for, and was excited by the intimacy of the situation and my perception of Vasu's articulation of the boundaries of the context of care he is giving by talking about Goura after I dressed. Told him that I found in research after the treatment that the heart basti is for sadness, and how I felt that Vasu had offered it as a gift at my previous appointment with him when I told him how important it is to see him, not only for the health of my bones, and digestion, but also for me emotionally through his touch. Then told him how Frank was interested, as usual, in how much of my body Vasu sees during treatments and that he sees/touches everything except my crotch and my nipples. Said that Frank's response was that he wanted Vasu (and other bodyworkers) to know that they "have permission" to see/touch everything. Talked about how Frank saying that is, in part, to fuel his fantasy, but also is "transactionally" his expression of approval and acknowledgment of my freedom. Jonathan affirmed, without reservation, that I shouldn't second guess Frank's intention. He asked if I felt there was a subtext. No. So important to get his perspective. I'm so close to the situation that I need his insight, wisdom, and impartiality to accept the truth and validity of what Frank is telling me. Jonathan was so free and relaxed, and I think, glad about Frank's response, although he questioned why Frank

needs to give me “permission.” Right. Told him satisfaction I felt when Frank said that the weekend affirmed how my retirement (if/when) would be nice relaxed time for us, even if we’re just at home together, reading and watching DVD’s with Jack and Polly.

December 12, 2018

Talked to Jonathan about Frank’s lack of response or acknowledgment of my touch (my hand on his thigh at concert) and also my having to interpret Jack’s requests to be held and loved. That led me to his repeated request to be entirely naked when I see Kieran next so he can see me. Said that’s fine with me, except I know he will quiz me about the session afterwards, and I don’t want to talk about my bodywork in detail with him. Jonathan wanted to know more about this. He understands that I want to keep private what is “soulful” about my bodywork because he knows that, while there is a sensually gratifying aspect, that’s not the point of it. But he is interested in how I could satisfy Frank’s desire for sharing in the fantasy aspect without it infringing on my desire to keep the rest to myself. I was emotional, and it was difficult to express easily how, if I tell him that I didn’t wear underwear, it leads to him asking what he could see, and that goes further to details about touch. I felt very exposed, although Jonathan was relaxed, supportive, and encouraging by voicing how I could reply in an almost playful, or matter-of-fact way. He thinks it could be an opportunity to make a space for a different kind of intimacy between Frank and me. He asked if I think Frank wants me to have an affair. I sometimes think he would, but I’m unsure whether he’s just suggesting the idea as a fantasy for him rather than an actual fact. I felt shaky and was needing time to reflect and digest, and I sensed that Jonathan knew this and backed off so I would feel less dependent on him to provide answers.

December 26, 2018

Was looking forward to talking to Jonathan, and especially excited because I found the Esalen workshop I want to go to. It’s in June and doesn’t conflict with any of our tickets. It’s with East Forest, a musician who has spoken and performed in Ted Talks, which I watched along with videos of him talking and performing his music. I like him and his music and am interested in how his music is influenced by his meditation, spiritual practice, and use of psilocybin. The workshop is *Spirit Dive: Music, Sound, Ceremony, and Meditation*. Found out he’s going to be performing at Yoga at the Raven, a studio in Silverlake, on New Year’s Eve, and working with a yoga instructor there on New Year’s Day. Reserved a spot for that. It will be a good opportunity to see if I like him as much as I do so far before committing myself to the retreat. Told him how unsteady I was after talking to him last time when we talked about how I could playfully answer Frank’s probing questions about my nakedness during massage. Told him that my nude

photos give me pleasure, and I'm happy when Frank has friends who see them or workmen who comment on them, but that I would feel inauthentic to pretend with his fantasizing because I don't desire him. Jonathan was so surprised because he said this was the first he knew that I don't desire Frank sexually. And that surprised me, because I thought I had made that clear several times before! Interesting. Jonathan said, that being the case, he would never have suggested ways of being playful with Frank as an entry point to discovering how we might find new way to be intimate. He totally validated my being uncomfortable with that. Relief to hear that! Told him about dream, after Frank gave me "permission" to show myself or be touched intimately by bodyworkers, in which I married Chris (or one of my bodyworkers, I said-- actually Jonathan!).

December 30, 2018

Called Mom and had nice talk. She was surprised that Ann and I had gotten along so well, and I said we always do when she isn't around, and that we've talked about this before. I have told her that I don't want to visit her when Ann is there. She asked if it was like that growing up, and I said "Yes!" Talked about how she's insecure and competitive with me. But reiterated that last night, even the waitress remarked what a nice family group it was. Pleased Mom.

December 31, 2018

Listened to East Forest podcasts and learned about apps that offer meditation timers, music, and yoga practice music. This, I think is something I should investigate in order to enhance and add value to my practice. Had tease of a smile on my face all day because of general feeling of being loved and cared for by my husband, family, and caregivers. A feeling of being in a right, protected frame in my life.

## **2019 Journal**

January 1, 2019

[Email to Jonathan.] Jonathan, I don't think I could have started the New Year in a better way than by going to Yoga at the Raven. I was welcomed into an overflowing studio at a beautiful cottage in Silverlake. The instructor, Tony G, a former Deadhead, was relaxed, dear, and funny. He guided the



postures which, although thoroughly humbling this creaky, arthritically challenged, and formerly proudly capable yoga student, I gamely attempted. East Forest played his electronic music, enhanced by his field recordings, and was deeply in tune with the instruction and the feeling generated by the students. His beautiful wife, who is the co-instructor at the Esalen retreat, led us in meditation at the end. I love group meditations deeply, but it's been at least 35 years since I've experienced one. I shared with the three of them my delight in having met them, and my intention to attend the Esalen workshop. My enthusiasm and genuine joy were received with obvious delight. I have made my reservation. Mmmmm! Yesterday, I was listening to a podcast on East Forest's website with another electronic musician who makes music for yoga practice. There is an app, Yogitunes, which I've downloaded, inspiring another desire of mine for 2019. I always have the television on, listening to programs I've recorded while I practice my postures. I'm going to listen to this music instead, because I want to deepen my practice and be able to focus more on my postures. All day I was smiling to myself, feeling cared for and supported--feeling as if I was in the right, protected frame for my life. I love you, Jonathan, and wish you again, Happy New Year.

January 16, 2019

Frank still hadn't found time to read my message with Ursula Le Guin's quote about *Become Ocean*. He tells me about his day, and I share with him what I've found or come across that is meaningful to me, but he doesn't have time, energy, or interest to read it, so my sharing is into a void. He was defensive, and I knew it would be counterproductive to pursue subject.

January 17, 2019

Astonished when he told me about two-hour long phone conversation he had and relished with man who has LP shop in New York where Frank used to shop. Mary Ann needs to sell his LPs in her attic, and she located him. Frank is so burdened by all that he needs to do, and yet, obviously, he needs social interaction and conversation more. I don't provide him with that outlet. Glad he found happy outlet, but I am critical about his complaints of lack of time to tackle his projects or time to answer my emails!

January 30, 2019

Went to Carmello's, in Punta Gorda. Mom had been there a few times and knew it was good, and I checked menu before we went to be sure I would be OK. Really lovely renovated house with patio seating outside. Ann couldn't get us inside, and we were afraid it might be too cold, even with the heaters,

but Nicki assured Mom that, if it was uncomfortable, we would go somewhere else. It was better than inside would have been. Much easier to hear outside. Food was terrific, service was excellent, and we got a couple of really good pictures of the 4 of us, which I later posted to Facebook with lots of comments, “likes,” and “loves.” Mom had two glasses of wine, and was very unsteady as we got up to leave. I suggested that Ann bring her car around. When we got up to meet car, Mom was not able to walk, even with her cane, without me holding on to her and telling her she needed to walk more slowly. Then, when we got to ramp with handrails, she would have fallen if I hadn’t held her up. At that point I asked Gary to get on her other side. I had to make them wait at top of ramp till car pulled up. Don’t know why, but Nicki and Gary let go of her while she took last steps to car door, and she lurched forward. She would have fallen, but she was saved by the car. I insisted upon her waiting at condo until I brought her walker down to car. She protested, but she needed it!



January 31, 2019

We were on our way to airport around 12:50. Mom looked apprehensive, probably wondering when/if we would see each other again, saying she hoped it wouldn’t be long. I reminded her that it had only been three months! Ann, Nicki, and I began comparing notes as soon as we got in car, all of us agreeing that she has declined a lot. Ann said she wanted to go over two things. She wanted to be sure that we understand that when Mom dies, within two weeks there will be a funeral in Punta Gorda. Flights and accommodations will be covered by trust for two days. Then, about six months later, during summer or Christmas holidays, to make it possible for those in school or teachers to come, there would be a gathering on Kauai for

about a week. She wants us to be clear that we are only to expect roughly the equivalent of our Christmas gift, payable out of yearly income from farm. We get nothing ever from Trust. That's what I thought I understood from our meeting with Guy, but Frank was sure that I had misunderstood. Really sorry to disappoint him. I must continue to work. I can't retire until I must retire. Ann delegated responsibility for planning Kauai memorial to Nicki, and for me to access family photos for video montage. Neither Nicki nor I resisted, but Nicki brought up issue of Tom's reimbursement for "tiny house." Ann said Mom has to put this in writing so it can be legal change to Trust. Nicki will do this. We all were loving and said fond good-bye.

February 9, 2019

Saw *Buddha Passion* by Tan Dun. An opera with separate stories about Buddha, featuring four solo singers, all of whom were tremendous, supported by LA Philharmonic, conducted by Dudamel, with Master Chorale, an amazing dancer who performed like a goddess, a male throat singer who played an ancient Asian stringed instrument, and another singer. There were wonderful additional instruments, including tubs of water, played with cups. The men of Master Chorale did Tuvan throat singing. Music was outstanding, and at intermission already I was sobbing. Astonishing production! Chatted briefly with Cathie and Peter, a couple whom we see frequently at Da Camara chamber series. Sweet people. We were both transported and glad we had been there.

February 23, 2019

Surprised that Frank was critical of me being open-hearted and happy in Lillian's presence, because he's afraid of being saddled with her! Told him on Sunday that I can't be withholding and insincere in my interactions with her. She was generous and interested, and I was happy to be generous and interested in her! He also criticized me for saying that I was told to use Christmas money from Mom to buy something for me! It makes him look like a freeloader, he said, that Mom would stipulate that I should buy something for myself! I protested that people assume the gift is for me. This is clearly his own insecurity showing.

February 24, 2019

Breakthrough in moving my voice up to resonate in facial mask as Hazel taught me, as I learned listening to Barbara Cook, and having the instruction reiterated at Peter Mark's master class. Listening to my recordings, I recognized that I like the sound of my voice when I sing with autoharp when the sound then is placed more in my head than when I sing arias. Really focused on placement today with resulting more pleasing voice to my ears,

as well as more ease in singing more ornamented, quick passages.  
Excellent!

March 13, 2019

Talked with Jonathan about my research with Peaceful Pill, which came as big surprise to him because we aren't facing immanent suicide. His only concern at end of that discussion was that we wouldn't have Nembutal, for instance, on hand in home. Told him about my appointment with Vasu, being naked, how he worked all over abdomen deeply, including ovaries, how he was so verbally expressive of his affection and esteem for me, and how much I appreciated that! Felt so happy to tell him all that and see that he was clearly pleased and shared my happiness. Showed him the locket that keeps his picture and Vasu's. "Sweet."

March 17, 2019

A lot to tell Tamryn about, including that I believe I'm generally happier than I've ever been, in large part due to caretakers, that Vasu said that March 2<sup>nd</sup> birthday people, Vasu and Tamryn, have "my best friend" holders covered, to which Tamryn said she loves me and that, at her birthday dinner with her "Moms," when Meryl Streep asked if she had next day off, Tamryn replied that she would be seeing her favorite client. They were all stunned hearing about my devotion to my daily practice. Said that, for me, it's a pleasure because I'm in such a sweet atmosphere. Talked about Frank having said that, under no circumstances would it be acceptable for me to give up any of my self-care practices or appointments. She said she just wanted to hug Frank for that. Me too.

April 5, 2019

Frank was, as usual, very interested in hearing details of what Vasu could see, and what he touched when he rubbed me with oils. I've told him again and again that I don't feel sexually aroused by bodywork, and that exposure with Vasu is different than careful "draping" practice with certified massage therapists. He wondered why I didn't want to talk about details he's interested in, when I'm happy to tell him about asking Vasu how he starts from knowledge base of Ayurveda points and then is intuitively informed during treatment, influenced by his knowledge, and the client's responses. I'm uncomfortable feeding his fantasies about me with bodyworkers. Said I understand why he's interested in me and bodyworkers, but I'm uncomfortable to be used for his pleasure because it's not sexual for me. Frank was disappointed and said he wouldn't talk about it again. Made me feel regret, but I will be glad not to talk about it again.

April 6, 2019

Thought about Frank's disappointment and how to resolve situation into something that could bring us closer while I did my practice this morning. Think I could tell him that I haven't felt sexually aroused at all for long time. Couldn't have intercourse if I wanted to because I'm so tight. I've always felt that my bodywork is my blessing. On way to concert, I broached subject of massage and how I don't respond sexually to it. Said that I was sorry to have disappointed Frank, and that I thought about it during my practice. My response was coming from not having sexual connection to bodywork—no sexual response to anyone for years. Frank said, "don't you use your vibrator anymore?" I said yes, but it's a struggle. He was very interested in all this, knowing how happy I had been in discovering my sexuality. He said he wondered if I was withholding or hiding something about massage, when he asked about Vasu touching my breasts. I said definitely not—I had just been impatient at that point with his questions. He said he thought it might be good thing if Vasu did touch me intimately to bring back sexual responsiveness, and I believe he really means this! Really good talk. Frank wants what is best for me, and he isn't threatened by Vasu or Jonathan at all, I don't think. All this was for the best and brought us closer!

April 17, 2019

Told Jonathan about huge development with Frank after seeing Vasu. He was very interested, and I saw a wave of surprise pass across his face when I shared with him how I haven't felt sexually aroused in so many years, and Frank's generous, open-hearted response to that. He asked me if I might be interested in seeking therapy with sexual massage, and I said that it would be another expense. I don't feel lack in my life right now. But I have that possibility open. Also shared with him quote by Haridas Chaudhuri in Esalen: America and the Religion of No Religion by Jeffrey J. Kripal which describes how I feel about his touch in massage: "defined shaktipat as 'the ability to transmit spiritual energy or the power of illuminated existence to others.'" Really lovely sharing with him, and he expressed how glad he was with my happiness.

April 22, 2019

Jonathan said that my message had "given him pause" to learn that my primary purpose in planning a trip to Portland is to see him. He said that it seemed strange, since he had done his best to find bodyworkers for me and said it was something we should talk about. He also said that he might be attending a writers' workshop in West Hollywood in June and could drive to Pasadena for a booking. Glad to hear about that possibility! Responded that, when he told me he was moving, he consoled me saying that most of his clients only see him a couple of times a year, and he expected that he

would be around that much, so for them at least, the frequency would be about the same. I said that one couldn't hope to find better bodyworkers than he had found for me. I referred to the words of Haridas Chaudhuri, "the ability to transmit spiritual energy or the power of illuminated existence to others..." I added, "You do this through your touch, and I've missed that." I wonder if no one else has pointed this out to him and worry that he's not comfortable with my feeling for him. He seems to think it's inappropriate for me to be so eager to see him again.

April 30, 2019

I realized, when driving home last night, about what Frank said to me about my not having felt sexually aroused in years, that it makes sense that I haven't. I wouldn't want to be aroused without feeling love and loved. Have expressed this to Frank many times when he has asked, usually when he's fantasizing about me in sexual situations with others. When I no longer was having sex with Frank, and later, realizing I no longer was desiring sex with Frank, and I didn't want complications of allowing myself an emotional involvement with someone outside of marriage that could lead to an affair, I probably shut down that physical response. I substituted the bodywork as safe with professional boundaries. Look forward to sharing this with Jonathan!

May 1, 2019

Told Jonathan that I realized that I shut down sexually after we no longer had sex, when I no longer desired Frank, finding safety in professional boundaries of bodywork while, at the same time, receiving the pleasure of caring touch. He said he thought it was interesting that I brought this up at end of session when we had no time to talk about why I don't seek outside sexual gratification and why I see that possibility as ruinous (like a hurricane that would make me have to stop working—hyperbole—yes, but completely disruptive of the stable, fulfilling, gratifying life I have. Felt like Jonathan was not giving me sufficient credit for my self-knowledge, and I protested that what I confided in him last time was difficult for me. Said I thought Frank wouldn't mind if I had an affair. Jonathan seemed very surprised at this. Maybe I'm wrong, or maybe Frank has led me to believe that this is what he's implying. Felt unsettled even after our regular brief meditation at the end of our time.

May 13, 2019

Reading How to Change Your Mind by Michael Pollan, I'm clarifying how I feel about the mushroom ceremony, not the micro-dosing. I really want to do this despite trepidation of encountering a scary scene. The guidance is to give in to the situation and follow it. I'm more concerned about the decision not to tell Frank before I do it because he'll be anxious, worried, and



negative. I'm sure that this will be a profound experience. Will Frank notice any change? Will there be negative ramifications for our relationship? I don't think so. It will be important to process what I experience in way that will be positive for me in relationship to Frank and enhance our relationship

May 15, 2019

Started out with Jonathan where we left off—my “hurricane” comment regarding disruption/disaster effect of having an affair. Told him about the disaster dream I had where I escaped, but Mom stayed behind with Daddy, who couldn't leave because he was in a wheelchair. Said that, while I require stability, regularity, and order in my life in order to feel physical, mental, and emotional balance, I believe one of reasons I'm attracted to idea of experimenting with mushrooms is because that experience wouldn't have boundaries. I would like to break through the order and boundaries of my chosen way of living to have opportunity of expanding my consciousness with potentially mystical experience that would enhance my life. Talked about my feeling that I shouldn't tell Frank before the journey because of anxiety and resistance he would feel. Afterwards, perhaps. We talked about importance of having time to prepare myself before and processing time afterward—at least a day before encountering Frank or going to work. Jonathan came back to the “hurricane” beginning. He asked if I had anything more to add about that, and I said that I sensed in Jonathan's response to my description of “hurricane” if I had an affair that he wasn't giving me credit for my knowledge of self. Jonathan said that there could be an “affair” that was a one-night stand and degrees of an “affair” that could be limited and controlled events. He was not advising that, but he wanted me to see other possibilities might exist. Really good hour with him!

May 29, 2019

Glad to connect with Jonathan at 5:00. Told him about going to Kansas City, and Frank's having hard time, despite CBD, his believing we were going to die when we had turbulence, and saying he didn't want to fly again. Connected that to my needing to find ways of living beyond restrictions that Frank's anxiety, stress, and physical problems present to him. Bodywork, yoga, meditation, my music, and now, wanting to micro-dose and journey with mushrooms is all part of that seeking. Asked him about how he regards my wanting to do mushrooms. He wants me to realize that the larger dosage can produce an experience that could be many things, to prepare me. He wants to be sure that, at least at first, I have experienced guides and support during and after. Talked about dosage for micro-dosing. Really good to get his opinion and support.

June 12, 2019

I received copies of last bone density reports. The numbers are even more astonishing. I lost density when I was on Prolia, but I gained .3 density in one year of treatment with Ayurveda! Jonathan shared my joy, and I attributed his support and encouragement to going into treatment. Him saying “It’s your body” when I was afraid of Frank’s response, and his pushing me to give it a year before making any decision. That led me to giving more gratitude to him about Esalen. When I first asked him about his time at Esalen, he said I should go there, but I thought that it was unlikely since Frank wouldn’t be interested in going. Then I thought that maybe I could take Mom there, before I got to point of realizing I could go on my own! Talked about how now going to Burning Man seems a possibility.

[From letter to Ilse.] I’m attaching the photo of my seminar group that East Forest and Radha just sent. It’s been two weeks since I left at dawn to make my pilgrimage there. There was a time when I didn’t know about Esalen, but I only really started learning about it after Mom gave me the holiday gift, insisting that I use part of it for myself. When Jonathan, my massage therapist who trained at Esalen, encouraged me to go there, I couldn’t think how that would ever happen. I hoped that Mom and I might go together sometime, but I knew that it would be impossible now with her concerns connected to travelling such a long way by herself. It’s clear that the terrain one navigates from wherever you are housed to the lodge and on to the baths is too strenuous for Frank or Mom to manage. Some of the roads are unpaved and quite steep. I didn’t think it was a reasonable retreat for me to do on my own—too extravagant and self-indulgent to do alone. But Mom’s gift made it possible and inevitable. I spent nearly 6 months preparing myself to go. I read about the history of Esalen in Esalen: America and the Religion of No Religion by Jeffrey Kripal. I wanted to know as much as I could about the birthplace of the human potential movement in order to feel that my pilgrimage was grounded and contextualized. I listened to the *Voices of Esalen* podcasts—interviews with prominent teachers at Esalen over the years. These podcasts I supplemented with those of East Forest, the musician who takes Krishna as his personal name. I liked him more and more and discovered that the music he composes and performs as East Forest was born out of his psilocybin trip over ten years ago. After having performed with a band in New York, he wanted to pursue another track for his music. He felt Johns Hopkins’ protocol for music to use with psychedelic journeys could be vastly improved to enhance the experience and diminish the chances of a bad trip. Using his own field recordings and compositions on an electronic keyboard with computerized loops of sound and his vocals, he’s created music that has been widely adopted for use in yoga studios. The more I prepared, the more heightened my anticipation and excitement. This would be my second solo venture, not counting my trips without Frank to Florida. Having gone to Joshua Tree and the Integratron last September, I was about to embark on a solo weekend away from home. The drive there is about 5 ½ hours, and with the exception of about an hour of, in my opinion,

boring countryside, ranges from engaging to glorious. I saw elephant seals playing and challenging each other, and before I returned home, there was an otter swimming below the Esalen baths. A bobcat gazed at me from the side of the road. Esalen is one of the few places that lived up to my expectations in every way. The grounds are astonishingly beautiful with magnificent views over the cliffs to the ocean, with deep woods, a spring-fed stream that flows from the mountains above, and trails along the stream that I explored until it became too perilous for me. In the other direction, following the stream towards the ocean, there is a perfect meditation hut where I could escape the energy and society of the common areas. Having read about the Murphy's, whose property this was until Michael, the grandson, and Dick Price turned it into a haven for teachers, students, seekers, and visionaries, I was thrilled to be able to walk into the family house and look out the front windows to the path leading down to the ocean and imagine the earlier incarnation that built upon a site considered holy by the Native American Essalen tribe for its combination of spring water, hot springs, and ocean waters. I had a lovely room located on the far end of the property with a view of the ocean. It was about an eight-minute walk/hike over to the opposite end where the lodge and conference rooms were and beyond which were the famous baths. Each morning began before sunrise at the baths, which I had to myself as the day dawned, the fog rolling over the mountains above into the ocean. The facility housed the silent room with various tubs and massage tables and the quiet area, with a deck of massage tables and numerous tubs and pools where people can be sociable—clothing optional and, for the most part, jettisoned. On the top level was the pool I preferred. Imagine resting your chin on the edge of the bath and looking down on the ocean crashing on the rocks below. Or having a two-hour massage with a dear friend of my massage therapist, both of whom were certified at Esalen, being lifted up to sitting, and having the ocean just ahead and below me. Such heaven! All this before even mentioning the retreat I had chosen: *Spirit Dive: Music, Sound, Ceremony, and Meditation*. We were about 45 participants, with East Forest creating and playing his music, a synthesis of field recordings, keyboard, his falsetto vocals, and loops of percussion structured hypnotically and deliciously. His music provided a context for experiencing the summer solstice, exploring the natural environment of Esalen, and an accompaniment for the yoga practice which his partner, Radha, led on Saturday morning. Our final session on Sunday was a fantastic session where individuals were given an instrument (drum, rattle, gong, etc.). Krishna had a looped percussive beat, and he directed the participants playing their given instrument, adding each element to that loop. All of the elements recorded, he improvised and created a most beautiful composition that was an amalgamation of our group's contributions. It was a lovely summation of the weekend. I lingered a few hours longer, writing in my journal on the lawn between the lodge and the cliffs, enjoying my last soak in the baths followed by one of the best massages ever, before I went up the road to The Bakery, highly

recommended, for my dinner. I found a little cabin a few miles further where I stayed Sunday night in order to squeeze in as much Big Sur time as possible out of the weekend, leaving at dawn to drive back. I sang my arias as I drove back down Highway 1, and listened to Kurt Vonnegut's Timequake and The Photograph by Penelope Lively, both of which I recommend. All the time I was at Esalen I felt elated, soothed, stimulated, and consoled, while at the same time grieving that my time was moving towards the end of the experience. But I realized that, while it took me a long time to get there, having done it, it becomes more likely and more easily achieved in the future. The drive is pleasant, and although it's an expensive indulgence, I can work towards it. Frank is glad for me to have the pleasure, bless him. East Forest shared that he and Radha will be doing the same retreat the end of May next year, and it is my plan to be there. Mmmm!





Using gathering spirituality of daily moments

Saying how much  
he loves my being  
so alive & connected  
to life - so touching because  
of validation of groundedness  
Grace & action.

Frank Dwyer & Mary Stark  
768 Canyon Wash Dr.  
Pasadena, CA 91107  
626 683-9303

Grace + Karma - maintain severity & kindness (Grace)  
balanced with Karma/action in my daily life -  
improving my world by being in state of Grace

Bobcat as symbol of my spirituality - urging me to connect  
w/ my spirituality - Spirituality is human necessity  
whether from mushrooms (yes) or religion (no).

Grow w/ & sustainance from nature & animal kingdom.  
loss of ego in death is OK - world will survive this  
extinction - uniting w/ spirit/ higher consciousness liberates  
me from fear of death & anxiety about state of world

June 25, 2019

At end of day, I started listening to East Forest podcast recorded the day after our retreat in which he talked about me and my journey from listening to his music and his podcast, and Mom's gift to conference. Touched that he chose to share about me! Feel that I mean something to him too. Lovely!

June 26, 2019

Told Jonathan about seeing bobcat, elephant seals, and otter at Esalen. I looked up significance of bobcat. Found that it's a symbol of patience, encouraging me to focus on spirituality—to look inside and reconsider past affections. Another website said bobcats prefer being alone and are significant power for those who want to know themselves and find their own inner power. Said that I don't want to jeopardize my marriage, knowing from experience how it can lead to unhappiness, but that I felt that if I didn't do mushroom journey, I would be jeopardizing my marriage by limiting my growth and deep desires. Jonathan agreed wholeheartedly and said that if

Dear Mary,

You are a free spirit. You can come here anytime. You have the nurture/nation of Esalen, of music with you always. You take it with you. You shine with the music in your soul & radiate it out from your heart to all who come in contact with you.

You can drive down, dipping into your spirit center wherever you are - in whatever situation you find yourself.

When you go within, you can connect with the love & support of those you love & who love you. You send waves of your love to them without qualification.

mushrooms are revealing what is inherent in me, then that's what is important and therefore coming to surface and should be addressed!

July 3, 2019

Started listening to East Forest podcast, auspiciously about therapeutic use of "medicine"-- how this is a way of being able to prepare myself spiritually for death—individually and as species. Planet and life will survive another extinction, even if our conception of life expires.

July 7, 2019

Mom's response to news about Jack's heart condition was in a message she sent this morning about how we need to recognize when it's time to let go and not prolong life. This was even though Frank's email to her (and others) stated that Jack shows no symptoms and is "happy and frisky." I sent her a message saying that I wouldn't be calling today because I don't like to criticize her, but that her message was inappropriate in light of Jack's condition, and that his cardiologist would have been shocked by her response. Said that she knows already that if one of our little loved ones were no longer living a happy life without suffering, we would never prolong that precious life. I didn't need to hear her "lesson." Said that we would talk next weekend, but not about this. Said I knew her message was coming from a loving heart.

July 12, 2019

Told Vasu what I just heard yesterday on podcast from Esalen conference on psychedelics in which Dr. Ben Sessa said that a mystical experience during session is independently valuable, whether it's attributed to "God," religion, or simply the mushrooms. Humans need spirituality experienced from whatever source. Vasu concurred without any hesitation. "It's Humanity 101." He gave me references to help me prepare. Telling him about how enfolded I felt by Esalen group, East Forest, and Radha, he said that one would have to be really unconscious not to love me, and he was impressed by East Forest talking about me on his podcast. Treatment was intense with deep contact overall, especially my abdomen. He seemed to virtually open up my third eye chakra, applying pressure alongside the top of my nose and spreading open. Then he held my focus at third eye, without any kind of verbal instruction—just with his touch and our combined intention. Quite beautiful and transporting. We hugged, and I told him "I love you," and he told me the same. Goura was waiting inside neighbor's unit and came out to hug and greet me. Lovely send-off.

July 24, 2019



Told Jonathan what Ben Sessa said at psychedelic conference at Esalen about how it doesn't matter if mystical experiences with mushrooms is "real" or an effect of mushrooms. Humans need spiritual life wherever it originates: mushrooms, religion, etc. He asked me how my relief hearing that originated, and I told him that I always was drawn to ceremony and "magic" of church, and ritual, but that it didn't feel authentic to me, and that I hoped that my trip would engender a grounding for my spirit life that I can own and live within. Shared with him how Vasu had, in my last time with him, opened my third eye portal, as I experienced it, and how beautiful that felt. Talked about Tamryn and Henry's party on Saturday, and in thinking about what I want to wear, I wondered if, because of its being revealing (a sundress), was it too "young" for me? Imagining Mom's criticism of women who dress too young. Is that even a thing anymore? Looked online and only could find that one should avoid wearing clothing that is dated. Jonathan was pleased to hear that I recognized this as a tape that I can get rid of and enjoy wearing my dress. I connect wearing the dress as part of my New Year's resolution to be "juicy." He agreed.

July 27, 2019

At Tamryn and Henry's wedding reception at Meryl Streep's home, we were among the oldest people there, and although I wore my "young" dress and felt that I looked my best, I felt odd now to be among elders. When I was visiting with Tamryn's uncle, father, and his partner and asked where Tamryn's mother, Karolyn, was, the uncle offered me his arm gallantly, and walked me to her. Sweet and courteous, yet it took me by surprise to be treated sort of ceremoniously as an elder! I was looking for the caterer to compliment her and came face to face with Meryl and a young man. I said that I was Tamryn's two-hour Sunday massage, knowing that she would recognize that reference after Tamryn explained when she had a booking on her birthday, and Meryl referred to that as "work," Tamryn said "Oh, no!" I am her favorite client. Sure enough, Meryl responded, saying "She loves you so much!" I said she is my angel, and her massage prepares me for the week ahead. Explained about Jonathan having trained at Esalen and how Esalen massage is qualitatively different from other massage and, devastated when I lost Jonathan, he connected me with Tamryn. The young man with her said it was evident how I was reflection of that beneficial touch. Really lovely encounter. Lifted my spirits.

August 7, 2019

Told Carson yesterday about having received my mushrooms and having my journey to look forward to. He seemed pleased and interested and asked what I had in mind to discover as my set of intentions. Told him about wanting mystical experience that would be an authentic experience for me, as opposed to religious experience. Glad to tell him after his having

recommended How to Change Your Mind...I clarified my intention for my journey as wanting to act from state of Grace to respond to others and to state of world from that state of Grace...Told Jonathan my thoughts when singing *Brief our Days* from Bach chorale, with idea of singing being my call to “render tribute for the whirling sky where we live and where we die.” And also about reclaiming hymns without the religious lyrics by playing them on harmonium.

# Barbara Kingsolver

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Summer 2019

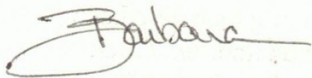
Dear reader,

Thank you for writing, and please forgive me for this form response. I promise I did read your letter; I read every one that comes my way and appreciate each one so personally that I sometimes get kind of choked up. Inevitably I begin writing a response in my mind, while I'm reading. I'm amazed by this conversation we're having. If I didn't make myself do this — send out the form-letter reply you're now holding — I would have launched years ago into a letter-answering marathon that would never have ended. Instead, I've written fifteen books. I hope you understand my choice, and can give it your vote, but all the same I feel a little chagrined for this one-size-fits-all reply: thank you. Readers are my muse, my conscience, and my job security. I'm so glad you let me know what my work has meant to you, and if you write me again in the future, I'll be glad of that too.

I'm excited to report that I've released a new novel, *Unsheltered*, and am even more thrilled that the extensive book tour is now behind me! It's tough work for an introvert — being on stage night after night — but the fellowship I shared with readers all over the country was powerfully gratifying. Where there are readers and literature, a compassionate future will rise. I've come home with renewed hope and faith in my compatriots of all generations. Please keep reading.

I'm now happily at work on several new projects, including a screen adaptation of *The Poisonwood Bible*, and a collection of new poetry — my first in several decades. In the meantime, we will continue to maintain our office website, [www.kingsolver.com](http://www.kingsolver.com), where you can find information about the new novel, among many other things. It contains a list of frequently-asked questions about particular books, so if you've written with a query, your answer may turn up there. On the other hand, if you wrote me simply to say thanks, you are entirely welcome. Your support means the world to me.

Truly yours,



August 29, 2019

1210

Did pranayama breathing. Held crystals, my wishing rock, and Holgar's stone, invoking spirits of Mr. Cat, Bill, Holgar (wishing him comfort, acceptance, and insight into his health issues), and holding little mink tail from Grandma's stole, invoking her spirit—thanking her for loving me and grounding me, holding the photo necklace of Frank, me, and cats and invoking their spirits, holding them in my heart with love. Held Big Sur jade and invoked East Forest's spirit, thanking him for bringing me to this day. My altar, in addition to those things, included the Frishmuth bronze, on which I hung the locket with Jonathan and Vasu's photos, and the bit of Bill's fur, two crystals that came in Krishna's Ceremony Box, along with his essential oils (which I used), and Palo Santo smudge, which I lit and used to scent the area, the little shell that Krishna and Radha gathered from beach and gifted to us at Big Sur, my mushroom netsuke, Mr. Cat and Bill's collars, photos of Krishna, Vasu, and Jonathan, my card with Intentions, copy of Radiance Sutra #72 which is so perfect! The last line always resonated, "To tolerate intolerable ravishment," but now the entire Sutra is what I'm needing with me today:

*The universe is here to reveal  
Unlimited Splendor—  
Infinite diversity of expression  
No one can withstand her allure.*

*Admire the colors and shapes  
Of her enchantment, and know  
The One who permeates it all is a great lover.*

*Deeply relating above and below,  
Immortal and mortal, transient and eternal,  
Perceive the terrifying beauty.  
Be free to suffer and to be thrilled,  
To tolerate intolerable ravishment.*

Reread Intention and Eisenstein's thoughts on ceremony. Ready when PJ arrived at 11:00.

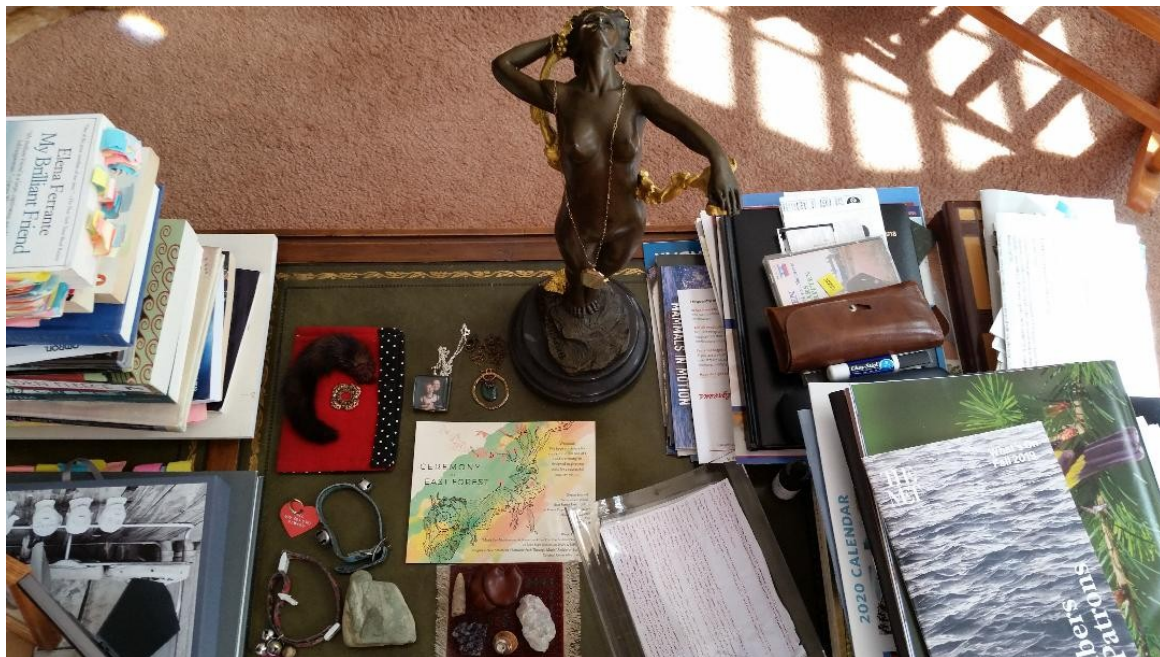
Mindset: Grace with karma. Acting out of state of Grace and maintaining grace and kindness in midst of anxious world, world in crisis, anger, and thoughtlessness without being thrown. Not being a hothouse flower, but resilient in state of Grace.

Losing ego to a Higher consciousness. Connecting more to nature and East Forest's observation that psychedelics is way of understanding and coming to feeling of peace with death. If we are unified in nature and nature has survived previous extinctions, she will survive this one.

Charles Eisenstein: *A ceremony, then, is a special kind of ritual. It is a ritual done in the knowledge that one is in the presence of the sacred, that holy*



beings are watching you, or that God is your witness...In a ceremony, one attends fully to the task at hand, performing each action just as it should be. A ceremony is therefore a practice for all of life, a practice in doing everything just as it should be done. An earnest ceremonial practice is like a magnet that aligns more and more of life to its field; it is a prayer that asks, 'May everything I do be a ceremony. May I do everything with full attention, full care, and full respect for what it serves'...The mindset that calls us to ceremony is the same mindset that calls us to ask, "What does the land want? What does the river want? What does the wolf want? What does the forest want?" and then pays close attention to the clues. It holds land, river, wolf, and forest in a status of beingness – counting them among the holy beings that are always watching, and who have needs and interests entwined with our own. The beings we have excluded from our reality, the beings we have diminished in our perception into non-beings, they are still there waiting for us. Even with all my inherited disbelief (my inner cynic, educated in science, mathematics, and analytic philosophy, is at least as strident as yours), if I allow myself a few moments of attentive quiet, I can feel those beings gathering. Ever hopeful, they draw close to the attentiveness. Can you feel them too? Amid the doubt, maybe, and without wishful thinking, can you feel them? It is the same feeling as being in a forest and suddenly realizing as if for the first time: the forest is alive. The sun is watching me. And I am not alone. ---from Every Act a Ceremony, May, 2019.







August 30, 2019

Thought more about my journey and how it did not directly address my Intentions. That I was not ready for that, but that I can have more trips. I won't be anxious because this one was so beautiful, safe, physically really consoling and snugly, a sensory delight, and thrilling ride. An aural orgasm.

1213



My preparation, setting up logistics, finding a guide, and being so supported by my healers, make me appreciate how strong, sturdy, capable, and resilient I am. I'm not a hot house flower, so I can feel confident that my state of Grace is not threatened, even when I feel shaken by outside forces. It makes me supple enough to be affected--bend & sway--and come back to that sweet home space. Regarding any feeling of regret that mine was not a mystical experience, I can see how elemental for me music is and feel awed by experience of 100% involvement in that orgasm that was five hours long! Having had such a sublime and fearless trip, I am glad to know that I can return to see what my next trip has to offer me at that point of my life. Also, without effort, structure, or authority, aside from the altar idea from Radha and Krishna's invitation with Ceremony Box to hold crystals in meditation before journey, I created a beautiful altar constructed of pieces that are deeply meaningful to me and prepared myself by invoking the spirits of loved ones, and sending my love to them. That felt true and from my soul/spirit that is religion free but spiritually rich and nourishing. My feeling of being held, supported, and physically free of tension—total relaxation—not being able to move and not wanting to move, but when I would move just a bit, it felt perfect, and my body felt perfect—all this makes me feel like, if death is anything like this, it's beautiful and just right. Couldn't write, and had nothing to write. Nothing but music.

[Email to Krishna.] Krishna, you were so instrumental on my path which culminated in my ceremony two days ago. I felt so ready, so carefully prepared, so happy, so safe. I found Akasa's guide, PJ, whom I met last week. (I already told him about you, and he immediately bought your *Music for Mushrooms*.) He shared with me other playlists, which I, in the intervening week, reviewed, creating a backup playlist, in case I needed more music following yours. Radha spoke about traveling with an altar, and I filed that away. I thought about it as my scheduled journey approached and found myself assembling meaningful things, including the shell that you and Radha invited us to take from your altar at the Esalen retreat. I had photos of my spiritual teachers to comfort and ground me during my trip, the collars of dear departed cats, a little mink "tail" (!) from Grandma's fur piece she wore to church. (When I was little, and I went to her country church in southern Illinois. I leaned against her, dozing through the sermon. I loved stroking the tails of that fur piece. I am an animal lover and vegetarian, and the idea of a fur piece is appalling to me now, but the memory this relic evokes of Grandma is dear and strong.) I added a bronze sculpture I recently purchased to give to Frank by Harriet Frishmuth, *The Vine*, an exquisite nude dancer draped with a vine, which celebrated to me the wonder of my upcoming encounter with plant medicine. There were the two crystals that were in my Ceremony Box, a few locket with images of loved ones, my Big Sur jade pendant—all laid out beside me, and as I waited for PJ's arrival, I pondered again my intentions, #72 of the Radiance Sutras, the last line of which I had cherished for years since my teacher recited it in an invocation

to his yoga class: “To tolerate intolerable ravishment...” But in the last hours preceding my trip, the entire sutra became clear to me and was a blessing, launching me benevolently on my way. I held each talisman, as suggested by you on the card in the Ceremony Box, invoking the guidance and spirits connected to them, and sending them my love and gratitude. It wasn’t planned but rather came upon me as what I wanted and needed to create and prepare me for the journey. It was not what I expected but was completely beautiful and briefly described as a five-hour Aural Orgasm. There was nothing but your music. I couldn’t move and didn’t want to move. My body was perfectly contained, supported, and free of any tension, anxiety, or fear. I thought I would want to write, but I couldn’t write. I had nothing to say. It was only the music. This explains my lengthy message to you, I think. Forgive me, but I had to share what your music, you, and Radha were so much a part of and for which I am deeply grateful.

[Krishna’s response.] *I’m honored that you would enter into that space with my music and I’m overjoyed that it brought solace and beauty to the experience. I wanted to offer that album because, as you found out, music sort of becomes the space, and it contains an incredible power to influence and guide the journey. What speaks through the music, what speaks through you and me, is all the same thing I think, and it’s really a celebration of consciousness and love in the end. Blessings, and thanks for sharing.*

[Radha’s response.] *So beautiful, Mary. My heart feels full hearing about your journey and experience. It is wise of you to enter these spaces with care, intentionality and guidance. The love and support you receive is a reflection of that, and of the embodiment of who and what you already are. Thank you for writing. Always love to hear from you. Divine Blessings, Radha*

September 10, 2019

Described to Jonathan how confident and safe I feel after this first beautiful and anxiety-free experience. Talked about how unexpected it was and my regret at not having had a mystical experience was replaced by my satisfaction and sweet happiness in the spiritual experience I created with my altar. Reflected upon my observation that my preparation shows me how strong and resilient I am, and how Grace makes me supple to withstand outside world. Grace makes me capable of positively affecting my world. Talked about the fact that everything was music makes sense because of importance of music in my life. Elemental. Told him how Vasu said that mystical experiences happen every day, how he loved me being so alive and connected to life, and how that resonated with Jonathan’s saying he appreciated my wanting to see how I could connect “Grace” with Karma, action, and the real world. He wondered about how I define a mystical

experience and why it was that I discount the experiences of ecstasy through music or acting, for instance, sort of underscoring what Vasu said.

September 26, 2019

Beautiful message from Frank (& cats) on kitchen counter about how it isn't that he loves me more but that he's learned from me how to love. Touched me.

October 2, 2019

[Jonathan's massage in Portland.] He worked on stretching my hands which are normally more closed because of arthritis. I thought that opening the chest (heart) influences a feeling of generosity and openness, and subsequently feeling undefended. The stretching and opening of my hands does the same thing, and it feels good! He moved my left arm in familiar gesture I had forgotten: he lifts my elbow, and my hand is brought over my heart, so my index finger sort of points to my heart. Always was an emotionally touching moment for me in his massage, and when I told him that I was moved by this gesture, it was emotional for me.

October 3, 2019

Talked about how Nicki and Ann had a very strong confrontation at dinner with Mom when they were at family reunion. Ann said that it's conceivable that, in interest of the trust, Nicki and Tom's farm could be taken from them and returned to trust. Nicki told her, if that ever happened, that would be the end of their relationship. Mom was angry and then crying. Ann has planned Mom's birthday event, without our input, invited local people, and decided it will be at a hall at one of their condo buildings. Really becoming unpleasant.

October 4, 2019

I shared with Nicki my observation that Ann would be in same economic situation as Nicki and me if she hadn't married Gary. She has a moral judgement about money and wealth being attributes of entitlement. Really ugly. Nicki agreed. I proposed that I will research the job of an executor and the limitations to that job. Then I'll share with Nicki what I find and decide about how to share that with Mom and Ann. Ann will only get worse and more controlling. She needs to be curbed and restrained while Mom is still alive.

[Draft of letter to Mom.] While visiting Nicki in Portland, I heard about the terribly distressing argument Nicki and Ann had, with you present. I can only imagine how you felt, and I'm so sorry that happened. It would have deeply affected me too, if I'd been there. I'm writing now because there was something said in the argument that shocked and terrified Nicki, and it shocked and terrified me too. When Ann told Nicki that the trust could take the house away from her, I'm sure Nicki's blood went cold. Mine would have. Although you quickly said that wasn't true and made them stop arguing, the helplessness and fear has not ended for either of your other daughters. If you hadn't been present, what would we have done? Both Nicki and I know that would never have been Daddy's intention, or your intention, but knowing that won't help us feel secure in the future, when we can't turn for help to either of you. Ann, as Executor, is the only one who has seen and has access to the documents. At the very least, Nicki and I should have copies of the trust so we and our husbands, both of whom have made substantial commitments to the lives we share with them, know right away that such a threat is or is not supported by the preserved intentions in the trust. I want to make it clear that I love Ann, as I love Nicki. They are my sisters. But this is not the first time Ann has attempted to dominate, partly based on her many good qualities: her intelligence, her confidence, her life experience, her take-charge, problem-solving efficiency, but also her competitiveness, her determination to get her own way, her very way of dealing with the world. Nicki and I are also intelligent and confident problem-solvers, with our own life-experiences to draw on, not inferior to Ann's. I think all three of us are honest and well-intentioned. Are we all fair? I think Nicki and I are scrupulously fair. I love Ann, but I can't say that about her: mostly she is, I think, but sometimes she is not. We also share concern about the manner in which Ann has been performing in her capacity as Executor of the estate. Does she always act impartially, for example, towards all the grandchildren, or does she routinely privilege her own? I hate writing this, but I'm afraid. Nicki and I will have nothing to protect us when you are gone, except Guy, and we don't know Guy. Guy and Ann seem to be fairly close: she's there. I think he thinks he'll be basically finished with the Stark Trust when you're gone, and all matters concerning it will pass into the hands of the Executor. A crucial part of our lives will be in Ann's hands. Please, please think about this and make other arrangements if you find there is sufficient reason for our anxiety.

October 20, 2019

Had experience with Tamryn, for first time, I think, of seeing bright light over my right shoulder (not left, as with Jonathan!) when I turned over onto my back. No natural source of light was there!

October 21, 2019

Feel relief in knowing that I would be making only \$220 more per month in pension if I were to wait until I'm 70 to retire. I don't feel extra pressure about how long I must work. I'll work until I need to stop working, for whatever reason, and Frank and I will devise a budget that we can live within.

October 24, 2019

I noticed how Jonathan asked, at start of our last appointment, about what I had in mind regarding our work together, or something like that. He confirmed that he asked, in part, because of having just given me massage, and in part, because it's expected that a coach assess progress and plans regarding therapy. I said that I feel like I'm doing really well, and he agreed, saying that he has felt this year that he hasn't coached me much, but has been more of a support for me, which I really appreciate and value, I affirmed. While I don't want to do without that support and access to him, I want to see him perform and to have dinner with him when I'm in Portland. I know that, after stopping the coaching, I will need to wait two years! He said that two years is a kind of guideline, but it doesn't need to be a hard and fast rule. Was pleased that he seemed to be open to a relationship after this coaching is over. I think it's a mutual decision. Perfect!

October 29, 2019

Having received copy of trust Guy sent, flagging worrisome Article 17 which actually gives Ann as Executor the right to take our homes from us or Tom and Nicki! Frank confirmed what I interpreted and is alarmed. Messaged Nicki with our response and said I felt we need to talk to Mom. She agrees.

November 20, 2019

Told Jonathan how my heart sinks when I come home to hear of Frank's miseries and the consequent feeling of guilt and sadness that I'm not more generous and open-hearted with him and his physical complaints. Jonathan suggested that perhaps our conversation needs to be more consensual. "What else happened?" And instead of not talking about my day at library because of Frank's needing to "fix it" when I just want him to listen, I could ask for that. This puts a different light on my feeling of helplessness when Frank dismisses my suggestions. I should try listening better. I don't need to "fix." Perhaps I can't fix. Told him about realization when we were in Las Vegas for Jim and Kate's wedding, when Frank and I went out for a stroll. He was winded by the moderate exercise, and I realized we wouldn't be travelling anymore. It made me very sad. I connected this deep disappointment with my delight and interest in psychedelics, "tripping," "journeys," "travel." My compensation to myself. Shared with him how lovely it is to be in my swing chair and my intention to take more time off to



relax. Crazy to be returning as quickly as possible from Esalen, for instance. I can take extra days! I'm accumulating a stock pile in case I get sick, and I don't want to live preparing for calamity! Told him about how Tamryn and I are beginning to work on my upper back and shoulders. Relaxing, mobilizing, and dropping my shoulder. Looks like I'm defensive, protecting myself, ossified. Don't need to be anxious, fearful, cautious, and afraid of falling. I'm attempting to move with the feeling of earth supporting me.



December 13, 2019

So good to see Vasu, who loves the blanket which he will wear as shawl. He wrapped it first around me. Deep, intense massage of organs and feet. Beautiful, nurturing touch at shoulders, neck, and head. He brings me up to sitting at end, and the sheet falls away. Always before, after I thanked him, he left the room. But he remained, so he was facing me as we continued to talk. Me naked and breasts exposed, relaxed and easy. Told him about my travel plans this year, including with Mom to Bentonville, Esalen, and with Starlight Express to Seattle to be with Ilse. Told him of my sadness when I realized in Las Vegas that Frank and I wouldn't be travelling because of Frank's physical challenges, and how I've determined I can travel without him if he doesn't want to come along.



December 15, 2019

Talked to Mom. She said she decided against Bentonville, giving vague reason that time for traveling is over. Asked her if she is afraid of flying or afraid of getting around safely. At first, she said she hoped that I would still request time off to be with her in Florida. I said I would still come, but I would not be staying for a week to sit around and have the TV on all day. Said that there are better ways for us to spend time together. She finally revealed her anxiety about handling the Atlanta airport alone, not having understood (why?!) that I would be with her all the way to her gate until the Delta attendants take her onto her plane in wheelchair. Told her I would require her to travel with a walker and that, although one can't reserve a wheelchair at Crystal Bridges, we will get there when museum opens to secure a chair for her use, if she prefers that to her walker. When I went over everything again with her, she was happy about plans. Good!

December 16, 2019

Involved message trails started by Ann sending an update about arrangements she's made for Mom's birthday, saying all her kids and their kids will be coming. Feel sure that, despite Ann having told Nicki that she would not be subsidizing her kids' expenses, she undoubtedly has with Chris, Molly and kids. I commented on Nicki's reply that it was sad that Jon and his family and Sarah's family will be hard-pressed to attend. Know that Mom would have wanted trust to pay in order to have all the family there. Ann was defensive, saying she wanted to recognize Mom's birthday in April, although a summer date would have made Jon and Erin more likely to attend. Then had messages back and forth with Sarah about Ann's lack of sensitivity about financial issues of others who don't have resources she has!

December 17, 2019

Anniversary greeting from Frank, who said that my card, which showed two cats sleeping together was nicest yet. It was perfect for us, but he meant what I wrote: "I love you and our family so much. Thank you for sharing and expanding my life. Yours, Mary."

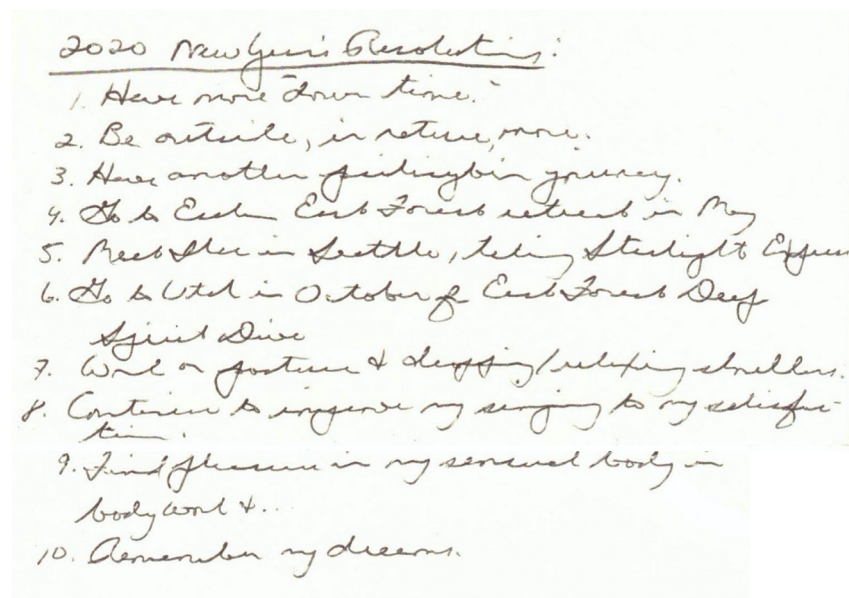
December 18, 2019

Jonathan asked about my goals for next month, and I said I want to give myself more downtime. Ensuring that I get more downtime. He reminded me that was a goal I set for myself this past month. He said he'd written down twice and underlined "more downtime" while I was telling him about being sick. My body was shutting down, he thinks, and I agree, because I needed to rest. If I don't ensure myself enough rest, my body will see that I

do! So interesting! Jonathan urged me to request regular Monday's off to give me some ease. I will! Told him about seeing Vasu and the delight and ease I felt when talking to him uncovered after treatment. Feeling appreciated as a woman when he said he likes making me shiver. Jonathan was quiet and just smiled with love. So grateful that I can share that with him.

December 29, 2019

Told Kieran that I love Tamryn, but when she's out of town, I feel so lucky to have him. Told him how "connected" his massage leaves me feeling. He pointed out that giving me massage is special for him because it's such a dance between giver and receiver of massage. I know that's true. It's what I put on the water bottle I gave him and Tamryn: Quote from Bonnie B. Cohen, *The experience of touch is basic to discovering who we are and who is other and how we dance this life together.* Lovely.



## 2020 Journal

January 8, 2020

Listening again to Melvyn Bragg's interview with Dennis Potter. Loved hearing again the "Will there be, will there be any stars, any stars, in my crown when the evening sun goes down, when I wake with the blessed in the mansion of rest, will there be stars in my crown."

January 9, 2020

Goura posted about her grief concerning animals in Australia yesterday. She said that, in her daily meditations, she envisions rainfall in Australia and the animals rejoicing and dancing. The sound app I use for my meditations at library are rainfall, and I'm thinking of rain over that devastated country, it bringing relief to rejoicing, dancing animals. It's really helpful. The grief I feel is intense and only marginally diminished by the act of donating to relief charities. I can't look at images anymore. Perhaps the calamity may shake up people to climate crisis.

January 10, 2020

[Email to Krishna]: Krishna, I've been thinking of you going to Australia-- more now since listening to your last "Ask me anything" podcast, which I greatly appreciated, especially for what you had to say about holding space. I feel so helpless and so heartsick about the animals' suffering. My minuscule donations are feeble, symbolic, and achieve only faintly and vanishingly any hint of relief from the massive grief that surrounds the subject. I have to scroll past photos now. It's too painful. But knowing that you're going (if you still do go) helps me, and I know it will help everyone who comes into contact with you. You and your music will be a blessing, an ointment, a healing salve. I was given a potent message from a friend/dancer/guiding light two days ago sharing that, in her daily meditations she envisions rainfall and rejoicing animals, happily prancing and dancing. With all my heart, I hope that this inspiration to my meditations will add force and energy to the prayers and goodwill directed to Australia. Love to you and Radha, as always,

January 19, 2020

Talked with Mom about having ordered the Wombat Walkabout print for Tamryn which led to expressions of sadness over Australia's animals and feeling incapable of making a difference with contributions. Told her about Goura's sharing her meditating on rain relief which Mom appreciated. She wanted me to send her places I have sent money to. I said I posted the organizations to Facebook, saying she could go to my Facebook page. She said she wondered about whether money going to charities was actually going for animals' relief and doing any good. I said that, before ordering the Wombat print, I checked the charities, and that, if she is moved to send money, she can spend a little time checking out the charities. Also pointed out that it's a two-way street—I do what I can because it makes me feel better so I can work, live my life, and not feel so powerless. If your heart moves you to do something, do it. Mom seemed to get it. Surprised that she hasn't done anything yet. She's got enough money to give a little and enough time to figure out how if she wants to.

January 22, 2020

Talked with Jonathan about Tamryn's pregnancy and my gift, Wombat Walkabout, which led to sharing my deep sadness about animals in Australia. I was weeping as I talked, and I asked how he deals with it. First time he's looked down instead of at me. He was silent a long time. Then he said that what works for him may not help me, but that, in cycle of life, there have been many extinguishments, and life continues. We created the situation, so he asks himself what is he doing that contributes to the situation. Talked about Robert and Frank's pact to do two things every day for their work and share with each other. Said I really think Frank's and my marriage relationship has gotten markedly better in past few years. Thanked Jonathan, and he said "You did it." Then talked about my intentions for New Year, including more downtime. He asked how I might get more downtime by asking Rosa to do more for me. I could consider if part-time employment might be an option before fall retirement. Hmm! Maybe. Told him, with difficulty, about wanting to find more sensual satisfaction from bodywork (& what else...) and described the relaxation of muscles around vagina, but not vagina exactly, when Kieran did stroke at top of my thigh over and over. He was glad that I'll be seeing more of Kieran while Tamryn takes her maternity leave.

January 23, 2020

Frank shared his finished (he thinks) poem, "Glacier," which is sad and wonderful about saying goodbye to a glacier that vanished last year--as if it was a neighbor one didn't know. Frank said it occurred to him that he was

also writing about his father. His eyes kept watering while he was writing. So glad he's written another poem—not only haikus.

January 26, 2020

Frank wrote Robert message with this wonderful quote from Archibald MacLeish's JB:

*I heard upon his dry dung heap  
That man cry out who cannot sleep:  
'If God is God He is not good;  
If God is Good He is not God;  
Take the even, take the odd,  
I would not sleep here if I could  
Except for the little green leaves in the wood  
And the wind in the water.*

And Frank added "If Irishmen find joy in life, it could be the wind and water, but it's more likely the words, the laughter."

February 9, 2020

Was so glad to be with Kieran for my massage. Warm welcome. Visited a bit before massage, but was silent otherwise, which is what he and I both prefer. Explained, after I was dressed, how his massage is like a meditation—completely focusing on massage. He agreed. So interesting that, light over my left shoulder is yellow light with Jonathan, over my right shoulder with Tamryn, and amber light over my right shoulder with Kieran.

February 11, 2020

Frank was glum and depressed, having been unable to accomplish anything all day. He had not received my latest edit of letter regarding executor, because I needed to add exact quote from trust that I added this evening. But he said that it needed changes that reflected his comments. I said I made all changes he suggested. He thought it needed to be shorter and that I needed to say...I said that, in that case, he needed to do the edit himself. Not willing discuss, then make changes, and then have to make further changes. This exchange was upsetting to both of us. Really hate this! Feel like I'm the field upon which he directs his stress and depression unnecessarily.

February 19, 2020

Finally found explanation of how retirement accounts work and how 85% formula works. Realized that one uses income from pension and Social

Security, and what that doesn't cover, one gets from retirement accounts which are set up to support me for 25 years following retirement. That means I can retire! Just so wonderful. Suddenly filled with excitement, feeling of achievement, and possibilities! Glad to be able to share news with Jonathan. Jonathan was so happy for me and congratulated me. He asked me when I will retire, and we talked about what will I do in retirement: read, make music, sleep, travel. Really happy talk. Shared joy with him and thanked him because he got me started thinking about retirement.

February 23, 2020

Frank and I talked about *White Ashes* and possibility of me writing show/or memoirs when I retire. That got me to decision to order another swing chair that is upright so I can write and use computer. Found one and ordered it. It will live outside bedroom slider. Wonderful idea!

March 1, 2020

Irritated when Mom asked, as she has many times before, if there is anything we go to that isn't wonderful? I responded sharply, as I have before, that we are judicious about what we choose to see, we live in LA where our selections are excellent, and LA Philharmonic is judged to be best orchestra in America, if not the world, and I wouldn't lie to her. Irritates me, because it is as if we couldn't possibly have only great things to go to, so I must be exaggerating. We choose to live in place where the offerings are world class, like New York and Los Angeles, and not Punta Gorda!

March 8, 2020

Frank and I talked about using hand sanitizer and how to make habit of using it. He's really consumed with coronavirus news and is spending a lot of time entering dates of death for people he's known. He said that he puts his name on yearly list of people who have died so it's there if he does die and then, if he doesn't, he removes his name! My response was "That's sick," but he sees it as Irish humor.

March 14, 2020

Ann posted two pictures of her and Gary on their boat with caption about how they were "social distancing." Appalling lack of sensitivity and tone deafness. Shocking and yet not surprising. That set Frank off, issuing dictum that I should, as advised by CDC article he read, stay away from public places like grocery stores and gyms. He was aggressive (not having eaten), and I said I would make decisions for myself in light of balancing what is right for me and wise with what is safe for Frank. He wouldn't accept that, and I capitulated, asking him what he wants me not to do: gym, yoga,



Florida? It was very unpleasant with him, at one point, saying I was stupid and disrespecting my “new age” beliefs that my practice of yoga, etc. strengthens my immune system.

March 23, 2020

[Email to Radha]: Hi, Radha. You and Krishna have been on my mind. Having been a professional actress for half of my professional life, I’m extremely concerned about the effect of this crisis on independent workers and artists. I’m so glad that you both have inner resources to guide and sustain you. On Tuesday, everyone over 65 or in a high- risk category, was offered the option of telecommuting from the library. Since Thursday, I’ve been at home, theoretically working the Covid19 hotline and Tel Ref desk. My time has been used to gather, print, and organize documents, share information with the other three librarians and my supervisor, who were told Thursday, at the end of the work day, that they too would be working from home. We are to be paid till the end of the month, the message from the City Manager stated, without further information. Layoffs are feared. So be it. Frank will teach those seniors who have managed to figure out how to connect via Zoom. He’s been in a higher than usual state of anxiety, setting himself up with Zoom, given no tech support from Santa Monica Community College, while doing what he can to reassure and offer assistance to his completely computer illiterate students who desperately want to continue attending his classes. Much of my time at home is devoted to foraging for online grocery deliveries. We’ve finally acquired some fresh fruit and vegetables, as well as staples in drips and drabs as delivery windows and supplies emerge. Some necessities, like lactose free milk, are promised, but we just received an order intended for someone else! I’ve done the cooking required to get me to next weekend, cleaned and disinfected the house, and done the laundry. No more gym, so I walk every day. The sacrifices of the yoga class, gym, housekeeping (it’s appalling to hear how many of Rosa’s employers aren’t continuing to pay her during the crisis), Osteostrong, and haircut and color appointments, are nothing compared to the loss of my bodywork massages. I need the touch. I fear that Esalen, a scheduled and highly anticipated reunion with my German sister (I was an exchange student for a year before college) in Seattle before flying to Illinois for my 50th high school reunion, my mother’s surprise 90th birthday celebration in Florida, and even the Spirit Dive in Utah may all fall back to the necessity of staying home and clinging to safer boundaries. Yet all of this combined loss is less than a speck in the global picture. My daily meditation, yoga, dancing, walking outside, journal writing, and music making with autoharp, cornamuse, alto recorder, and most recently, harmonium, with weekly singing my arias in the bathroom to my favorite recorded divas keep me balanced. Providentially, I was moved to splurge on a swing chair and swing reclining chair which are my retreats in the outside world of our back patio where I drift, listen to the parrots flying to and from their wanderings, watch

the lizards and hummingbirds, and gaze at the mountains, the clouds, and the sky. Not a sorry quarantine at all! I wish you both much love and good health and the materializing of concrete wealth to support you through this trial. Give my love to Krishna please, and if you have a resource you can recommend for learning your harmonium's intricacies, I would appreciate it.

[Her reply]: *Dear Mary, A delight to hear from you. I said to Krishna just yesterday, "I think Mary Stark is my #1 fan." To which he replied, "She's the best #1 fan to have." :)*

*Our lives have been upended in many ways, yet I find that I am grateful for the slower pace. I've enjoyed the time with my children so much, even with the challenges of homeschool which include trying to get my 16-year-old daughter to get out of bed while working online (I swear she would spend 20 hours a day in bed if I let her) and finding ways to keep my 8-year-old actively engaged. He is a steady stream of questions, but I adore him to no end, he's a trickster and a bright light. Krishna has been greatly concerned about the virus since before we went on tour in Australia. As soon as we returned home, we began prep-shopping, so have a comforting supply of food and TP. He's the worrier and planner, and is diligently staying home. I still make trips to the studio to film classes and check on its needs. I've enjoyed the live streaming of classes more than I thought I would, mainly because I can reach such a broader audience than those who can practice with me in person. The global community, including yourself, have been very loving. I'm being mindful to not fill this time with more things "to-do" and have caught up on many lingering tasks. I want this pace to remain and am already having flashes of my future self, saying wistfully "Remember when we were quarantined..." I had a training planned in mid-April to Hudson, NY to become a provider of Ketamine-Assisted Therapy. It has been postponed to a future unknown date, which is disappointing. It will happen when the time is right. I was looking forward to guiding this inner journey for others who were seeking access to the psychedelic states in a safe, contained and gentle setting. Speaking of which, Krishna's ceremony on Saturday was a beautiful, light filled, soulful gift to many. Wow. We are planning more now. He is sitting at the computer in his studio at this moment putting the final touches on an announcement for tomorrow. Another ceremony will be held this Saturday. I journeyed to a deeply clearing, expanded state, witnessing shadow aspects of myself with love and forgiveness. Since the late fall I had been planning on painting the exterior of the house, the start date ended up being last Monday. It was quite the week with that going on as well, but the result of which leaves me feeling such joy. Our home was built in 1909, the previous coat of paint must have been 40 years old. This fresh coat, an amethyst plum color, fills me with delight, a skip in my step. I've said it's like an old woman who got a perky new boob job. "Look how sexy I still am!" My harmonium I purchased last spring (or was it 2 years ago now?), and I have been learning simply via YouTube videos. A chant comes to me that I want to learn to play along to, and I simply search for the easiest to learn. It is my*

*solo sadhana, a meditation, a devotional act that comes from the pure desire to honor the unseen within me and all around. To say I am self-conscious is an understatement, but I am leaning into not resisting what is naturally wanting to arise from within, and the chants bring me such peace. Krishna sends his love right back. We are doing well. Very grateful to have each other, for the balance we provide and the home we have created together. Enjoy your swing chair. Listen to the parrots and smile. Love, Radha*

March 29, 2020

Talked to Mom. She seemed fine, except she's still going out to buy groceries. She thinks she's being safe enough. Tried my best to impress upon her that she needs to think of others she could be infecting. Talked about how we're sacrificing very little in comparison to nurses and those who are dying. We have books, music, movies, and the ability to move around outside without going grocery shopping. Talked about how we are now in cages, and it's time to turn it back over to the animals, who will take care of the world more responsibly, by far, than we have. This can be a time of discovery and wonder, citing the geese and parrots flying over, and the hummingbird hovering in front of my face. She listened, but I don't know if she was persuaded.

April 8, 2020

When I said how everything had changed for me, Jonathan asked me to explain, and I said how what is meaningful and of most importance was meditation, yoga, breathing, and nutrition. This foundation is what I rely on and what sustains me.

April 12, 2020

Mom said that she still goes grocery shopping once a week because she likes to get out and wants to get good produce. I was very strong with her about how she can't do that anymore. Told her that shoppers won't get bad produce because they want to keep their jobs! She can "get out" just going for a walk. She said she would consider what I was saying, and I said that was just her way of getting out of it. Said she was being stubborn, and that, if this is her not caring if she lives or dies, she needed to do it for others. Should have said this is a bad way to die!

April 13, 2020

Called Nicki, responding to her message saying she needed to talk with me about Ann and Mom. She called Ann yesterday, after Mom asked her if she had talked to her. Nicki has only spoken to Ann once since I received her letter. Erin asked Nicki about what would be happening for Mom's 90<sup>th</sup>

birthday because they want to connect with her with Zoom. Nicki asked Ann, and Ann exploded! Mom's condo is infested with fleas. It's worse now that Kittikai is gone. Mom can't give Bully the medicine, she says, because she can't use one arm due to shoulder pain. Even so, the condo needs to be "bombed," and she doesn't have what she needs. Ann said that she would kill the cat if she goes in and catches it! So hateful! Unbelievable! Apparently, the birthday 'celebration' will only be for Mom, Joe, Ann, and maybe Gary, although I don't see how this could be managed while Gary is still seeing patients...But it wouldn't happen at Mom's with the flea problem! Nicki wanted to know how this can be fixed without Ann's knowledge and participation. I can order the bomb and medicine with Instacart. Bully can be treated and kept out on lanai while house is treated, and Joe can get Mom away for hours until it's safe to go back. Nicki is going to call Mom today, and see if we can go into action. Ann is out of control, and of course, she's using all this as evidence that Mom is "losing it" to gain more power. So upsetting! Nicki called and said Mom was very grateful to be taken care of regarding the flea situation and was comfortable with me setting up an Instacart delivery. Joe will get her out of condo while it's being bombed. Nicki talked with Mom about Ann's increasing volatility and overbearingness, especially in the last year. Mom said she felt it too! Nicki told her that she's even thought about talking to Gary, to express her concern about Ann's emotional health. Mom encouraged her to do so! Very interesting. We agree that I should send Mom the letter about letting me act as Executor now. I'll send Nicki a draft for her approval and send it on to Mom. It's apparent that this is the time to act.

April 19, 2020

When I was on floor cracking out my hip, as I discovered how to do in my self-care, Frank observed that it didn't appear that I've been suffering since not having my massages. I said that it's true because of what I've been learning. I said that, really, what I miss is the touch. This is the second time we've had this exchange. He acknowledged my response and said he misses my having touch. He believes that Sean is the only bodyworker I've had who enjoys touching me. Interesting.

April 22, 2020

Decided, while I was doing my postures that the approach I will take to writing once I'm retired is to take up my journals where I left off transcribing what is important. I'll go through all my scrapbooks and take out everything to keep and file it all in archival boxes, throwing out the wallpaper books. That will be an activity really rewarding in itself, but will also produce the material and the "bones" for the writing I'll do. Great!

Ann sent, with no message, the 25-minute slideshow she gave Mom at birthday dinner. The last 10 minutes is entirely pictures of Ann, Gary, sons,

and their families. I thanked her and asked if she hadn't given Mom the slideshow Ann asked me to create for the surprise party, which was of our family, relations, and her friends—photos Joe sent me for this purpose. No response from her. Shortly after 5:00, Ann sent text saying that she hoped she hadn't spoiled my plans. She referred to a message from me last year which she hadn't read completely about doing the slide show. It was in January. She said she couldn't figure out how to add music to it, so she just did her own. Can't tell if she's just that forgetful and careless or if she's lying.

Letter sent to Mom: I am concerned about the manner in which Ann has been performing in her capacity as executor of the estate. I feel indebted to her for taking on this job. I recognized the economy for the estate of Ann as executor when I was first consulted about my willingness for her to assume the responsibility. However, Ann has, on several occasions, overstepped her duties as executor, expressing her will to command a more powerful but unfair advantage over us. She warned Nicki in St. Louis that it was conceivable that Nicki's house could be taken away from her by the trust, basing her warning on the language of the trust, Article 17: "The Settlor grants to the Trustee full power to deal freely with any property in the Trust. The Trustee may exercise these powers independently and without the approval of any court." Ann was right, and having made the threat gives unarguable proof that she is not always fair, and she absolutely should not be the executor. It's clear that she considered this eventuality. Nicki perceived the warning as a threat, which was naturally quite upsetting to her, casting a very unpleasant shadow on what was otherwise a memorable family reunion. I was shocked when I heard that Ann expressed her concern to Nicki recently about having to go into their house to clean all their stuff out when Nicki and Tom are gone. Nicki protested that, of course, her children would be the ones who would do that. Ann maintained that there is no assurance that they would do so. When Frank and I die, our possessions will be distributed among those we have selected as our beneficiaries. Ann has no right to decide what to keep and what to throw away. I believe that, as much as you wish to make sure that the estate is distributed among your heirs as you and Daddy envisioned, you want there to be harmony among your children and grandchildren. It would be a shame if the way in which the trust is interpreted by the executor were to engender animosity because of an attitude of supremacy and power rather than a feeling of responsibility to oversee the intentions of the two who were so generous and loving in the establishment of the estate. I read this about executors overstepping their job description: "The general rule is that a probate or surrogate's court may revoke letters of administration that were granted to an executor or personal representative if there is demonstrated friction, hostility or antagonism between the appointed fiduciary and beneficiaries of a decedent's estate, but only if the enmity between the fiduciary and the beneficiaries threatens to interfere with the administration of the estate." I am no longer

comfortable with Ann as executor. I ask you urgently that the power to bully, disrespect, and even harm our lives and our interests be taken out of her hands. I'm also wondering why it is that the Harborview condo is no longer in the trust? The amount invested by Ann and Gary after the hurricane to increase the value of the condo is different only by degree to the improvements that Nicki and Tom have made on their property. Can this be explained? If not, it seems to me that the investment Tom made in labor and the cost of the tiny house should be theirs and not be enfolded into the property of the trust. If I'm missing something, please let me know.

April 23, 2020.

Mom sent a message saying that she wasn't surprised about the letter advising a different executor, and that she was sorry "things are as they are." She's going to ask Guy for advice about getting a neutral, outside person as executor. Frank thought I should say that, because Guy is also Ann and Gary's lawyer, it should be someone else. I wrote Mom words to that effect, without being specific about "Guy"—just someone unknown to any of us. Frank responded saying *And now I know what the new thing about you is, in one word, the change that came at the foot reconstruction/instrument milestone: confidence. You know now you can do anything. Before, there were many things you thought you couldn't do. If we knew what caused this stepping forward (maybe repaired feet?), if we knew what caused this mastery of things invisible (the cornamuse embouchure?) we could -uh, you could—write another book and truly help young women all over the world. #ThemToo. You might call it Our Road to Damascus: Women: the Greatest Natural Resource. Nice!*

April 24, 2020

Message from Mom forwarded to Nicki and me telling Ann that she had been replaced as executor, saying Nicki was in agreement. She has scheduled meeting with Guy on Monday. Drama ensues!

April 25, 2020

Ann wrote me about how she feels blindsided and wonders why I hadn't talked to her, as if Nicki's side of the story needed cross-examination. She said she wouldn't feel like she would be able to trust us. It was upsetting at first until I thought it through, seeing that Ann is defenseless. Went for a walk which calmed me.

May 9, 2020

Called Mom. Another frustrating call. She questioned me about cleaning delivered food, and I realized that she isn't taking any precautions that I can



tell! I was sharp with her, saying that yes, everyone I know except for Mom is being cautious and following rules. Told her about a recent outbreak of virus in Pasadena because of a woman who was sneezing and coughing at a party, joking that she probably had virus, and infecting all who were there. After I said all I could say without overkill, I said I thought we shouldn't talk about this anymore because it has no effect on her, and I don't know why. Changed subject abruptly.

May 27, 2020

[David Drury's post regarding the 50-year high school class reunion.] *I say, "Damn the torpedoes.....full speed ahead". I say let's have that reunion in September come Hell or high water. Those that feel comfortable attend. Those that do not...do not attend. Any thoughts ?*

[My comment.] I hesitated to comment, because this was presented in such a way that would necessarily be polarizing. No, I won't be there, although I already booked my flights and reserved a room at a hotel. I haven't been in Charleston since my husband and I moved from New York to Los Angeles in 1988. I was really looking forward to being back in my hometown and going to my first reunion of any kind. I would have been flying from Seattle where I was planning to spend a few days with my German AFS sister and her daughter. To get to Seattle, I had booked a long-anticipated Starlight Express train with a sleeping compartment traveling along the coast. None of this will happen. We are all in the high-risk group of those over 65. None of us know the ramifications of the staged reopening of our country, with irresponsible or uninformed people ignoring social distancing, not wearing masks, with the predicted return of the virus in unknown permutations. When spring break enthusiasts in Florida returned to their hometowns, they took the virus with them. Please be thoughtful and patient before deciding when it's safe to go out, whether it's to a reunion, a beach, a place of business, anywhere—safe not only for you, but for everyone with whom you will come in contact there and thereafter.

My comment on FB about the reunion got one "like" and some follow-up comments from dyed-in-the-wool Republican, Jim Anderson, who cautioned being careful not to make the discussion political since he was sure that those on both sides would be making their decisions being sensitive to safety of others. [Photos from reunion showed about seven or eight men shoulder to shoulder—none with masks.] David expressed his gratitude to Jim. Someone else said to "lighten up." Those who want to attend will, and others don't have to come. Felt rebuffed, but not sorry. Wish the few liberals from class would weigh in, but they may not even be aware of the thread.

May 31, 2020

Called Mom. She said she just didn't understand all the rioting. I said that when people are so oppressed for so long, and when these murders of African Americans happen so frequently and yet no progress is made, people feel helpless, and must act more violently in order to change the status quo. I don't condone the violence, but I understand it. She listened. Told her the library may require reservations for limited time in the library when it reopens, saying some patrons are in library all day. She asked if these were "homeless" (although she used some other word for them) or people who had a real reason for being there. I answered that I would say both should be considered equally justified in being at the library since our country doesn't provide alternative safe spaces for under-privileged. She agreed that this is true.

June 8, 2020

Masturbated. Realization that, whereas my fantasies before Covid 19 had the thrill of future possibility, now they are pure fantasy.

June 10, 2020

Talked with Jonathan about my message to Charleston High School class regarding reunion. Sorry not to be revisiting Charleston—walking on sidewalks, etc.—but not sorry to be skipping reunion. He affirmed how I can still re-visit Charleston someday and keep connection with Melissa and anyone else I wish to. Yes. Talked about feeling sadness connected to isolating and lockdown, especially regarding Disney Hall and LA Philharmonic, bodywork, and not being able to do mushrooms again. He was surprised that I seemed to be saying I might never have bodywork and said that professional organizations in each state are looking to specific protocols which will provide safe conditions for bodywork, including facemasks, and a limited number of clients. Given that my health is excellent, and I can expect to live for many years, I should be able to expect to go back to regular appointments sometime. Talked about how pessimistic Frank is about his health and how he's not exercising at all. Jonathan was amazed by this, wondering at his exhaustion and high anxiety. Told him how much time he listens to news, and he was amazed. No wonder! We agree how bad that is for him. Told him that Frank has told me not to encourage him to go for a walk anymore—how that just increases his anxiety. Jonathan said, as soon as I signed on tonight, he observed me to seem more depressed than he ever remembers me being. I don't feel depressed, but I have faced sadness straight on connected with virus shutdown. He wanted to be sure that, while I feel helpless about influencing Frank's not taking care of himself, that I am taking care of myself. He also said there are things I can do regarding Frank. I could cut wires to TV making his point, and perhaps urging me to look for real ways I could find to influence him.

July 5, 2020

Told Mom about Class of 1970 posts and how I have no intention now of going to reunion. She said she hoped I would change my mind, and I said I have no desire to be around those people, and how I was reminded of why I wanted to escape Charleston after I graduated. She was pleased when I told her I would still like to go back to Charleston someday. Then she said she hoped I would come to Florida. Told her I can't imagine ever flying again. The call sort of unbalanced me. Good to go back outside.

August 1, 2020

Appreciated so much Frank's offer to rub my back. It wasn't hurting, so he gave me "little tickles." First time in a decade or more, although he knows I love them and used to ask for them when we were in bed together. Think it must be because I've said many times that the main reason I miss massages is the touch, not the pain management. So good of him!

August 18, 2020

Watched *Fantastic Fungi*, documentary I've been wanting to watch for months. Beautiful photography and absolutely vital to my understanding of life and death. Really opened my eyes to wisdom and eternal life connection of mycelium. Makes me feel exponentially increased reverence for mushrooms and serenity about my death in knowledge of ongoing life of natural world. Really great. So glad to see it before my second journey!

August 19, 2020

Went out for walk and listened to Radha's podcast. Discussion about pandemic lesson in "being" rather than "doing" and delighting in realizing "presence." That's what I discovered in my swing chair! Ability to delight in not doing anything!

August 27, 2020

Nicki said she called Ann a couple of months ago to see if they could move on. Ann wanted to get into it and said again that she feels we had gone behind her back and never let on that we had any problem with how she was behaving as executor. Nicki reminded her that she brought up subject of last summer's family reunion and Ann's threat about taking away Nicki's house four times. Ann kept interrupting and shouting. Neither of us are surprised. Nicki said how glad she is to have me. Good. I feel the same for her.

August 29, 2020

Frank asked me what I want for my birthday since he knows I don't want more clothes or jewelry. Told him only thing I want is for him to get back to an exercise program. He's too anxious to have Jacquie come here and train him in back of house, and doesn't think he could do it with mask. He knows that he can walk on his own, and that's all I want from him.

September 6, 2020

They arrived shortly after 6:00, and for next 4 hours we had a really wonderful visit. Brett and Casey are so tender, wise, interested, and loving. Sydney is really impressive. She loves books and clearly is smitten with Frank, wanting, really, to be in his class. She shares his passion for literature. Frank was in his element—happily telling stories, sharing memories, digressing with examples and illustrations from history and literature. His audience was captivated and in the palm of his hand. Lovely! What a family! Casey said several times how he will be keeping in touch and will be seeing us often in future. So dear. Really touching! Many "I love you's" as they made their way out the door. Frank was happy to have been able to have my naked photos seen. Me too, I must admit. Felt their admiration and warmth all evening.



September 16, 2020

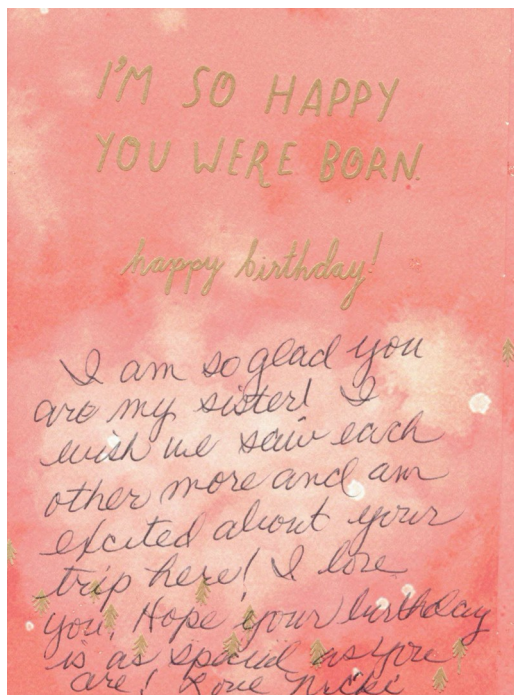
Cried when I told Jonathan about sobbing when I had hip pain and remembered his touch. Cried when I told him about Casey, Brett, Sydney, and Amanda visiting and how Casey repeatedly said they will be visiting us often. Talked about wanting to name him as beneficiary. He accepted. He said, if he were my therapist, there would be professional restriction. But he's not. He was touched and grateful. Really wonderful call.

September 21, 2020

Frank and I continued reviewing the call with financial advisor, during which time he asked me outright, if I was arranging my accounts to go to my support people, if he and Mary Ann are gone. He suspected this, and I said yes. He's worried about Joe and Betsy, but Susie, Emily, and others will have to solve that. I said I wanted to give to those who have supported me, including Gwyneth, who doesn't have wealthy relatives. We agreed that we could set up an amount to go to Betsy and Joe out of his accounts, and/or separately out of our savings assets. He didn't resist or try to convince me, and I appreciated that. Good to get it out in open!

September 22, 2020

In bed with Polly ~9:15. She's so affectionate and intimate in connecting with me on deep level. So lucky/blessed that she's in my life. She cares for me, and I for her.



Dearest Mary!

Happy Birthday for last week!

You are a true treasure in my life  
& the 3 of us wish you every  
happiness & beyond. Thank you  
for all your support.

We love you!

Lammyr, Henry & Nelson.

x x x

RENÉ MAGRITTE  
LA CLEF DE VERRE, 1959  
De glazen sleutel - The Glass Key  
Oil on canvas, 130 x 162 cm  
The Menil Collection, Houston



My dearest Mary,

September 2018

Happy Birthday! I wish for you good health, quiet moments of pleasure and connection with Frank, Jack, Polly, family and friends, one and all, deep equanimity through yoga, dance and music, through reflecting and writing in your journal, fascinating discoveries through journeys of all kind, like your road trip in the Midwest, where your families are both rooted, through peace and solitude and so much more. May all your dreams and hopes come true!

Thank you so much for your fascinating letter - I loved reading about each stop and family member along the way and am so glad your careful planning to conserve energy and strength was successful. I also hope that your Ayurveda healing continues to strengthen you in mind, body, spirit and soul. I pray for that.

Our family is well and had a lovely summer: Gabriel and Thuy-Lan's beautiful wedding on June 9<sup>th</sup> in St. Louis (Google their names in NYTimes for more of their story), my mother-in-law's successful hip replacement surgery and rehab, and Rick managing on his own while I followed a dream to sojourn for 20 days among the Buddhist temples, Shinto shrines and elaborate formal gardens of Kyoto, where I walked and walked to absorb as much of the aesthetic spirit and cultural values of the area. So much solitude and peace to travel inside as well.

School resumed two weeks ago and I am enthusiastic about my new 130+ high-schoolers. Aaron began a two-year MAT program this semester to become a high school history teacher.

Enjoy your special day, dear Mary!

Much love, Carol

P.S. I hope to see you soon!

Dear Mary,  
happy birthday and my  
best wishes for your next  
year of life.  
Health (in our age so important),  
contentment, dear human  
relationships, I hope you will  
have all that.  
I am gladly looking forward  
to see you next September!  
Love, Ilse

Happy Birthday Me, the lucky one.

It's not that our love has changed:  
it's that I've learned what the word really  
means:  
from being married to you.

Happy Birthday You, Too. \_\_\_\_\_

*Ilse*

(I told the cats this year they'd have to  
write their own cards, so good luck.)

October 8, 2020

I sent out a good-bye message to library community. Many wonderful  
responses, admiring me, my clothes!, and my librarianship ("best art  
librarian in the world!"). Quite touching!

October 9, 2020

Another lovely, cool day for my last day of work. Reference meeting was a  
"party" for my retirement with all managers and Children's librarians, in  
addition to Adult staff. Very dear. People brought their pets to cameras.

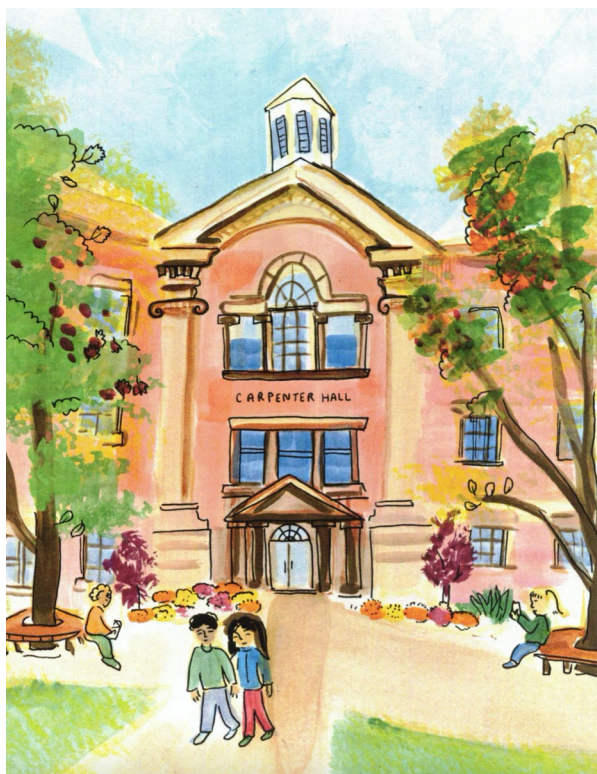
Very sweet of them to make this day a special, memorable event, while we are remote from each other. Thoughtful and affectionate of them! Took time to reflect on significance of day. A milestone that I wanted to fully appreciate. No regrets. Thank goodness we arrived here and have our health to appreciate this next chapter. Sweet farewells from librarian staff at end of day.

October 15, 2020

Thanked Jonathan for facilitating connection with Michael, who was intermediary in gaining supply of mushrooms for my journey. Jonathan said that he and I are his oldest coaching clients. Asked him if he had any guidance for me as I approach my next journey. He asked what my intention is. Told him I want to deepen my connection with nature. Reflected upon my feeling sorry, after first journey, that I had not had “mystical” experience. In explaining my description of it being a five hour “aural orgasm,” and “just music,” Jonathan asked me about my not seeing that as “mystical.” He proposed that I pray, before and during journey, to be shown whatever I want to experience. The everlastingness of nature, or the divinity to be found in nature, perhaps. This is excellent guidance! Told him how Frank and I talked about changing my will to include Jonathan as beneficiary after Frank’s death, and how Frank accepted that.

October 18, 2020

Nice, brief chat with Mom before going back to memorial of professors and students from Earlham in Zoom call for my 50<sup>th</sup> reunion. Emotional for me, seeing such esteemed and loved professors. Arthur Little especially and Connie, of course, and seeing how many are gone! My former roommate, Melissa Graf-Evans touched me with her comment about how, although we may not know these individuals we’ve shared the reunion with, and we may die before the next reunion, we will be remembered. Beautiful thought. I really underestimated her! Mom said again how wonderful my acting and writing are in *White Ashes*. She said she felt sorry that, as talented as I am, I couldn’t have had more of a career. I really appreciated her saying that, but I said that I was lucky to have had 20 years as a professional actress. I feel sorry for those who are unable to work because of the virus. At least I had what I did, with some excellent work.



October 22, 2020

Visited with Frank. Talked about how treatment of virus is altering his decision not to go into hospital, if he needs to. I respect what he decides to do, but I was firm about how my decision will be mine. I may decide that I've had enough, and I don't want to risk life with damaged brain and body that has survived the virus. Talked a lot about whether I can hire help to come into our house when/if I can't care for him by myself. He was defensive at first, but calmed down to discuss the possibility. I needed to. He would have no problem with that, he said. But he said that a decision to kill myself with ReBreather, for instance, could put him in jail for possible responsibility in my death. I said, if I kill myself in the car in garage while he's sleeping, he wouldn't be held responsible. I felt he was attempting to take the choice away from me, but it's my decision to make. All in all, it was a good talk to have.

November 9, 2020

Visited with Frank. Had prepared him for my day, saying I was going to do an all-day retreat with Radha—meditation and breathwork --with East Forest music that I would be listening to with earphones, so I wouldn't be able to visit with him till after his afternoon class was over, around 4:00. No problem there. Good! I set myself up outside with an altar of Grandma's mink tail, my gold locket with Frank's and my picture and Bill's fur, crystal

locket with our family pictures, Big Sur jade, candle, mushroom netsuke, gold tree globe, and pictures of East Forest, Vasu, and Jonathan. Read Charles Eisenstein's piece about ceremonies, and East Forest's piece about ceremonies, Radiance Sutra #78, and my intentions. Mixed 4 grams into yogurt. Texted Radha that I was "about to embark," and while Krishna introduced his *Spores* ceremony, invoking North, East, South, and West, I took my mushrooms. Such perfection. Perhaps half hour before I was tripping. Much more visual this time. Beautiful and enveloping. Saw intricate network-like mycelium—connecting everything, and when I took off eyeshades to see gorgeous tree branches above me against autumn sky—the connecting network was evident on fence and other nonliving things. Everything was alive with spirit. Beautiful! Music was so wonderful. Really perfect support and gorgeous. Felt completely safe and carried through to conclusion of ceremony, about 3 ½ hours later. Relaxed in my pod, reading and taking in how beautiful my surroundings are and how exceptional my journey had been.

November 14, 2020

Went into attic to get more journals and weed out scrapbook stuff. Threw away journals from which I've transcribed passages. Big action that Jonathan, upon hearing my intention to do this, called "powerful." When I acknowledged that he was right, he said something like "you're finished with them." A small gesture of completion or integration.

November 24, 2020

Frank finished poem he started years ago at Getty Villa. He was so happy and energized. Unable to sleep till 4:00. He said haikus had been keeping the flame going in past few years. So pleased for him! This is what he needs to be doing!

December 1, 2020

Worked on transcribing while Frank ate dinner. Another nine pages for this journal. Lots of really interesting stuff about how I was in terrible pain nearly every day from the day after Jonathan told me he was moving to Portland. How I read books he recommended, discovering that pain was surely emotionally based. Also really alarming details about Mom's last visit here when she fell, discussions with her about how she needed to work with occupational therapist on her gait and balance issues, wear "sensible" shoes that support her and have backs to them! How she went home and didn't eat for 36 hours, fell twice, didn't answer nine calls from Ann or my emails and was found to have pneumonia! Horrible memories! Glad to record it all.

December 3, 2020

Thinking about my fear of falling in past three days, I wonder if it has anything to do with the journal material I've been reading and transcribing this week? Perhaps it's another example of me manifesting empathically my pain experienced following Jonathan's move. A lot of processing still to be done, judging by my surprise remembering the severity of impact of his loss.

December 10, 2020

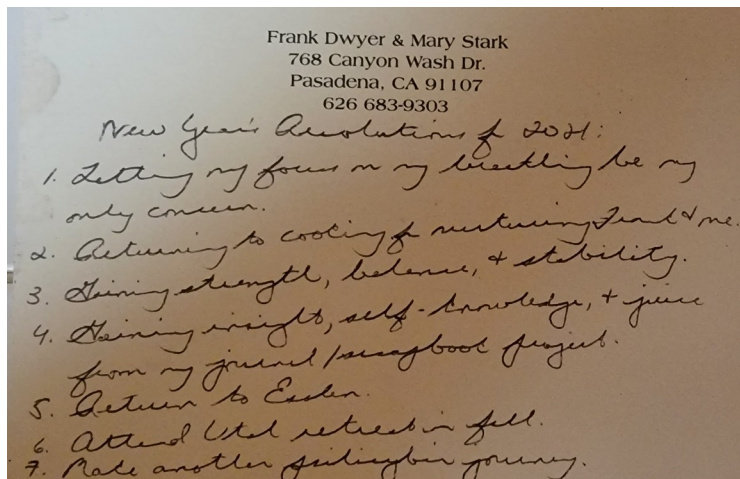
Discovered today that I already was suffering daily from intestinal distress before I started taking Fosamax again. There were a few days when I had no problems just before I saw Dr. Drange, which misled me when I checked my journal previously. Clearly, my distress before adding Fosamax to the mix, was due to strife between Frank and me, as well as added stresses at library. That's how my body responded. Underscores my perception that this fear of falling, and not feeling strong and grounded now is result of re-reading my journals.



## 2021 Journal

January 7, 2021

Shared with Jonathan my "New Year's Resolutions", including focusing on breath as it enters and exits nostrils during meditation, rather than with intention or desire to achieve some level of consciousness. Just breathing. That led to sharing with him my journal passage about being initiated by Charles Bates with new mantra and meaning of mantra for me. Told him about reading Falling Is Not an Option, by George Locker and resolution about gaining stability, strength, and balance aided by what I learned in that book. Shared about cooking good, favorite recipes again, wanting to return to Esalen, planning for Utah with East Forest and Radha in Fall, as well as desire to do mushrooms again while I'm there. Talked about resolve to continue growth and insights from my journal project. Had said all I wanted to say with time to spare. He said I'm his "most contented client." Yes, but I affirmed that it is an active contentment, expressing my joy and feeling of great luck in having found such wonderful place of respite and renewal in my "sanctuary." He was really happy with me and received with gratitude the credit I gave him for my state of mind.



January 10, 2021

While meditating this morning, thought about how this isolation period, where I haven't been able to have any bodywork, has been like a field remaining fallow, during which time the soil stores up nutrients, so next crop can be more fruitful. I discovered ways of caring for my body so that I have avoided prolonged pain episodes, for instance.

January 14, 2021

Posted in FB my photo with new glasses with explanation about how “my colors” were done on afternoon I realized that Frank was in my future. Said I found out I was an “Autumn,” but, safe to say, I’m “Winter” now. Really lovely, big response saying how beautiful I look. So nice to hear!

February 7, 2021

[Frank’s email to me with subject line “Lenkus photo (for your book)”.]

*Look at her body!  
Wait, look! A landscape, charged. Moon!  
The void is alive!*

February 14, 2021









March 6, 2021

Dear Ilse, I'm thinking of you as I sit in my swing-pod and feeling blessed by this beautiful day and the comfort of my animal sanctuary that has provided me with such support, solace, and inspiration for over a year now. My life has changed so much in obvious ways—being retired and being isolated at home. But I feel a sense of sinking deeply into the elements that formed the foundation of my life over the past decades that I built to protect and strengthen me, that returned me to calm, centered sweetness. In re-reading my journals, I am surprised at how long it took me to arrive at the point where I could, without apology or a feeling of selfishness, take time in private, without intrusion or feeling a need to rush in order to return to Frank, houseguests, Mom, household responsibilities, or perceived duties to do my daily practice of meditation, yoga, music making, exercise, and journal writing. I'm so glad that I had enough self-confidence, strength of character, or perhaps was so introverted that I ignored social acceptance, parental approval, whatever, and gave myself permission to guard the time and space necessary for my survival and happiness. Frank and I went to Dodger Stadium last Saturday for our second vaccines. I feel so lucky to be living through all of this! To be a witness to this past year! To see the endlessly long line of cars—two lanes, bumper to bumper, taking baby steps through the park and up the entrance, threading through the maze in the parking lot that required all the traffic cones in Los Angeles to enforce, and to arrive finally at one of the stations, staffed by sweet young medical



students and healthcare professionals. Then, being released and becoming aware that we had made it safely to now, where we feel the promise of emerging to a changed world. We made a date, after two weeks pass following our second vaccines, to finally share dinner here with Robert, Frank's dear friend since college days. He was going to come the Sunday before the lockdown one year ago. We wondered if it was unwise that morning to keep our date, and a few hours later, Robert confirmed he felt the same. We'll finally make good on that plan. I made an appointment this morning with our dentist. I've missed two regular dates. Now it's possible. When will I be able to schedule the cancelled carpet cleaning? What about getting the plumber, handyman, and electrician to fix everything that has broken down since last spring? When will we feel safe to get the house painted? And most importantly—when may I schedule Tamryn, Jonathan, Kieran, and Vasu for two hours of bodywork? Those will be glorious days! I don't dare wonder when we'll be in Disney Hall, hearing our beloved Philharmonic, seeing their faces, and murmuring joyfully, "There's Thomas, Martin, Andrew, Burt, Dale, Robert!!!" Realistically, when could that possibly happen safely? When can I go back to Esalen, (after the highway is rebuilt, which may or may not be before another portion of the Pacific Coast Highway collapses into the ocean)? Will I make the postponed retreat with East Forest and Radha in southwest Utah? I can't imagine it, but living through this time, pondering these questions makes life so rich, deep, and meaningful! To be retired and therefore with the time and freedom to slow down! I'm well along with my big project involving the digitization of all the interesting and important portions from my journals, with illustrations from my wallpaper scrapbooks and archival boxes since sometime in the late 60's. Because of the excavation involved in getting to all this treasure in the loft of the garage, I'm working backwards through time and have covered the past ten years. From 1971 until the end of 1988 has been edited and typed, but not digitized. I haven't looked at it yet. The work is unbelievably interesting to me. I'm astonished at how much I've changed in the past ten years and how incredibly different my life is now! It's engaging me much more than I expected. This is not just an intellectual endeavor or even the important task of a librarian. It's necessary and unavoidable to "process" as I read, digitize, and to some extent, integrate the growth that has occurred and the life that has been enriched.

Frank Zoom teaches his seniors every Monday, reading The Iliad in one class, and Mrs. Gaskell's Wives and Daughters in the other. The energy he infuses in his teaching leaves him exhausted but happy. He is so loved by his students. I know that the classes have been a life line for many of them who may be living alone and isolating through the pandemic. It's profoundly important in their lives and his. He still spends many hours every day on his IPAD, scrolling and reading news while the TV is on to fill in the gaps with the same, distressing news feeding his anxiety and stoking his anger. He doesn't exercise, having had private coaching at the gym every week that was challenging for him and productive before the lockdown. I hope that he

can return to this safely soon! Every evening we enjoy catching up with exceptional television we've missed over the last decades like *The Wire*, *Justified*, *Homeland*, *West Wing*, *Boardwalk Empire*, *A French Village*, and *Call My Agent*—these last two in French. After years, hoping that the National Theatre Live in HD would offer an encore showing of the sublime *London Assurance*, I found it online and ordered it immediately. It was evident from the packaging that it was a bootleg copy, but the quality of recording was not bad, and to watch the delicious performances again was an enormous treat! The books I've read lately include The Cazaulet Chronicles by Elizabeth Jane Howell, Angel and A Game of Hide and Seek by Elizabeth Taylor (both writers recommended by Hilary Mantel), Overstory by Richard Powers, and The Lying Life of Adults by Elena Ferrante. I'm still counting on a Southwest road trip. Till then, stay well, fit, and happily engaged with all this. I love you, Ilse.



June 8, 2021

[Message to Ann.] Good morning, Ann. My intention in writing the message to Mom last summer was not to hurt you. I'm sorry for the suffering you've experienced as a result of my effort to serve Mom's best interests and those of the Trust. I understood that, in appointing you, the Trust would be spared the added expense of a corporate executor. In the message, I offered to take over the responsibilities that you have shouldered over the years. Thank you for all your work, time, and dedication in service to our family. When Mom told me that she would be appointing a neutral outside professional, I immediately agreed that this was the right move to make. I have no desire to discuss what has transpired regarding the Trust over the past two years. We need to start now in nourishing our relationship with each other with a spirit of mutual support, respect, and love. My love to you all,



June 9, 2021

[Message to Jonathan.] Florida was quite a success. I may have mentioned that Mom just recently found out that the owner of her condo wants to move in, having lost his wife and feeling that he no longer wants to live in the house they shared. Mom had three months to relocate, but the real estate market for rentals is fierce there. Don't ask me why! Nicki and I arrived on the same flight we caught in Dallas on Saturday late afternoon, and arrived in Punta Gorda by 8:30 or so. We left on Thursday--Nicki in the early hours and I in the afternoon, having toured the condo Thursday morning, not yet listed, that Mom will be moving into. This is an enormous relief to her, enduring the badgering of Ann, who cannot temper her irrepressible need to manage and control. We didn't see her until the night before we left. This may have been intentional on her part. She and her husband left town the day before we arrived in order to see a new grandchild that they had seen for only a few hours just after her birth. They returned to town on Monday evening, but Gary had to have two teeth extracted on Tuesday, so Ann was unavailable until Wednesday evening when we all went out to eat. Ann was already seated at the table and didn't rise when I went up to hug her. I sat next to her, with Nicki on the other side, and we had a very pleasant time, talking about family, beliefs and lack thereof in heaven and God. When we left, I hugged her again and said that I was sorry that Gary couldn't join us. Nicki told me that, when they have spoken on the phone in the past year, although Nicki always says "I love you, Ann," Ann says only "Bye." As she crossed the parking lot, she tossed off "Love ya, Joe" to Mom's partner, but no expression of love to me. We felt on the whole, that things had gone well. I told Mom that, if Ann brought up the Trust business, I would tell her that I wasn't going to discuss it and that I hoped that we could move on from the present. Sooooo, two days ago, after returning last Thursday, Ann sent a letter to Nicki and me, cc'ing Mom and all the heirs, ten pages, single-spaced, describing how hurt she was by the letter I sent to Mom, saying that Nicki and I felt that Ann should no longer be the executor of the Trust and describing her behavior as "increasingly strident, emotional, and volatile." She wanted me to explain when I started feeling that way and why, given the history of our involvement with her as the executor, which she described in the letter, although, as Nicki noted, with inaccuracy. She left out important facts regarding the way she handled the foiled plans for the observance of Mom's 90th birthday in April, 2020. I responded, after troubled dreams the following night in which I was being hunted down in the Holocaust, saying that I wasn't going to engage in further discussion about the Trust and the change in executors. I said that I hoped that we could start now with good intentions of nurturing our relationship with mutual support, respect, and love. No response from her or any of the heirs except Nicki. Nicki and I had a wonderful visit. We love and appreciate each other and really enjoy each other's company. I loved doing the cooking for Mom and Nicki, and it

pleased me to serve Mom by doing the shopping, taking the Toyota in to check a warning light, and spending a LONG time with Mom to set up her fire-stick, not ever having even internet connection on any previous trips because she doesn't know her password. At any rate, having set it all up, and getting her to write down all the passwords and usernames that she saved in a little spiral pad over the years into a book she uses now, and having drilled her each night in using the fire-stick, she now can watch movies without going out to the cinema! (We watched *Promising Young Woman*, *My Octopus Teacher*, and *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom* while we were there.) I taught her some balance and shoulder exercises, for which she was grateful. Nicki will be going back in September, and although I offered to come back to help her in the move, she says that Ann is stepping up with helping her, so it isn't necessary. Given Ann's letter, I think it's best that I'm not there in the mix. Now you know how it went in Florida. I loved being on the plane with your book and finishing it in my swing cradle in my sanctuary at home. I will be writing my "review" for Amazon and wherever else you want it to go. I love you Jonathan and will be thrilled to see you next weekend.



August 5, 2021

[Email exchange with Jonathan.] Jonathan, I thought that I might approach the subject of Utah with Frank, asking him to ponder for a couple of days before answering. Could he trust me to go to the retreat knowing that I will

have an isolated private yurt, will be outdoors otherwise, wearing a N95 mask whenever others are around, and will be tested before I return home? If not, I would not go. What do you think? Thanks for your input which will help me prepare.

*Hi Mary, I'm just going to give you my unfiltered personal opinion and let you do what you will with it. It's not reasonable for Frank to ask you to forego all social activities in the years ahead. Unfortunately, what we are experiencing now may be the new normal—most Americans are vaccinated, but not enough to provide true herd immunity, and that means the virus will continue to spread and new variants will continue to emerge. There are ways to mitigate the risks, as you well know. Unless you want to spend the rest of your life cloistered in that house, you are going to have to assert your right to live your life as you see fit. So I would suggest not framing it as a question at all. Tell Frank that attending this event is very important to you, but it is also import to you that you do it in a way that makes him feel safe and comfortable, and that you are open to his input about how to keep things safe. That's my two cents. Happy to discuss further on Sunday.*  
*Jonathan*

October 7, 2021

[Letter to Ilse.] Dear Ilse, I'm sitting on the back deck at the Bryce Canyon Lodge, having taken the morning to hike along the rim trail—the portion that is paved. Glorious! Not too many people to distract from the grandeur of the sight. Utah is extraordinary. I drove 8 ½ hours on Thursday, arriving at the Boulder Mountain Guest Ranch about 4:00. I listened to Hillary Mantel's The Mirror and the Light as I drove, and about the time when I might have felt fatigued, I was approaching Zion, and from there on, the views and landscape were so spectacular that I was vibrating, literally vibrating constantly, until Friday evening. There were 42 people gathered there through Sunday afternoon for a retreat with East Forest, a musician, and his partner Radha, who is a yoga instructor and therapist. I had a yurt as my home, with welcoming, beautiful sibling cats who were at my threshold when I woke up. Radha led yoga at 7:30, and breakfast was served thereafter, far too late for me, waking before 5:00 and needing food as soon as I meditated. But the group breakfast meant that I could return to my yurt and feel comfortable playing my autoharp and singing for 30 minutes while everyone else ate. (I was so happy when everyone was saying goodbye to each other on Sunday, when a man, who was celebrating his anniversary with his wife at the retreat and who was staying in the yurt next to mine, came up to me and said he was sorry that we hadn't had time during the retreat to connect except briefly. He said how much he had loved hearing me sing in the morning.) There were hikes offered every day. I have been walking every morning but always on a paved surface, and when one of the local guides asked me after dinner the first night which hike I would be taking, I said I was

unsure. I told him about my hesitancy regarding unpaved surfaces, the inability to climb, tender knees, and fear of falling with osteoporosis. He said that Dave, the guide who was leading the only hike that wasn't at least seven miles, would be happy to accommodate my needs. The next morning, I introduced myself to Dave, a white haired, long bearded 65-year-old mountain man who lives off the grid. He said to the group that he was modifying his plan for our day in a way that would satisfy those who wanted to hike as well as those (me) who needed something less challenging. From the parked cars we descended an incline with very loose earth and sand with Dave showing me where to plant my feet, and another strapping man who had my arm, (who, having worked for a corporation for many years, found himself losing his memory due to stress and experiencing thereafter suicidal ideation. He's been recovering and finding himself again over the past couple of years.). My seat stick supported me on the other side. The entire time we were at our gathering place, unconnected to any trails and away from the sounds of traffic, surrounded by the natural landscape, Dave led us on exercises of exploration of listening to the environment, as opposed to imposing ourselves upon nature. Always, I was the axis, remaining where I was, with the others gathered around me, going out to find a plant to describe to the group through words, dance, or free-styling by a rap artist, one of two African Americans in the group. At the end of the time, before loading up in the cars, Dave asked each of us to talk about the person who had impacted us most. Dave turned to me and said how, in his tribe, children and elders are honored. What I was not expecting AT ALL from the retreat was to experience how sweet it is to be assisted, supported, and respected because of my physical limitations, my age, and showing up. In the past I've been so self-sufficient, introverted, happily solitary, proud of my fitness and physical ability. It was a joy to be protected and nourished by the generosity of the others. East Forest played his music, having invited others to bring their musical instruments to the second night's ceremony gathering. He has a collection of percussive instruments—rattles, bells, and drums. One woman in the group played her violin, improvising with East Forest, one of the guides played the digeridoo, and another man brought his hand drum and tomba drums. The group music making was ecstasy. Bliss. The next morning, I noticed that the constant vibration that I had been experiencing since my arrival, and that others could feel during the tour with Dave when our hands touched, had stopped. I can only attribute the vibrating as a result of the energy center, vortex, that this part of the country is known for. In the music sharing of the night before, I released that energy that I absorbed from the land. I loved feeling the vibration and was sorry to not feel it, but I thought I want to live with the intention of soaking up the vibrations from nature, animals, music, art, and soulful people, and be open-hearted enough to release it back. The food was delicious with omnivore, vegetarian, and vegan options. Instead of joining a group tour on the second day, I went off alone, out of the ranch in the other direction, toward Boulder, a town of about 200 people, and over the summit of Boulder

Mountain, knowing that this was the only time I would have the opportunity of seeing the beautiful vistas Dave had described the day before. The aspen trees were bright yellow, brilliant in the sunshine, and the clouds in the blue sky were as stunning as the broad vistas into the valley below and across to the mountain ranges beyond. It was challenging to pay attention to driving and the deer crossing the road before me. I had a few hours when I returned to the ranch that day before dinner time. I picked out a lovely lounge area overlooking a patio and Utah's mountains beyond. I put my laptop in my backpack with the intention of beginning to write about the retreat and had just opened it when two other participants came into the room. I hadn't talked to them yet, and I felt disappointed that my time to write my impressions was being robbed, hoping they wouldn't stay long. We talked for nearly two hours, sharing about what brought us to this point of our lives, the retreat, our connection to East Forest, Radha, yoga, bodywork, and meditation. These encounters happened all weekend, whereas, when I was at the retreat at Esalen, I was with the group when there was a group event, but otherwise I did my best to keep to myself. I met and shared with some lovely people there, but I protected myself from exposure, as I often do. This time it was connecting non-stop, no holds barred, listening and sharing. So unlike me and extremely rich and rewarding. I keep learning and evolving. I don't criticize myself for my nature as I've aged, but I wonder at how I've changed over the years. This is apparent as I read my old journals. I will join a two-hour tour of Bryce this afternoon and then head towards Zion tomorrow. Then, on Wednesday morning, I return to Pasadena. Frank and I had our booster shots the week before I left, and step by step, Frank has become more sure that we are protected against the virus. We timidly stepped out to our first concert event about two weeks before that. Everyone there had to be vaccinated and show proof before entering the church. Everyone wore masks, but the social distancing that the organization had promised was not enforced in the seating. Frank was calm, and as we returned home from what had been a fantastic concert, Frank said that he had studied the data and felt confident that we would not be getting sick. We have purchased our season tickets for the Philharmonic. Frank maintained for a long time that he couldn't envision feeling comfortable enough to go back to Walt Disney Hall, climbing over people to get to our seats and listening to the orchestra. After looking forward to going to the retreat for about two years, I felt that I could go without endangering Frank's health or causing him more anxiety. He never expressed any reservations about my attending the retreat, although he was concerned about the drive. I reassured him that I would take as many breaks as I needed, and that I would be fine. I'm so grateful for his trust and support in my going off alone on this pilgrimage that was so important to me. I hope you are well and happily occupied with your family and loved ones nearby. I'm already planning to go on another adventure to Esalen, other parks in the Southwest, or to the northwest part of the US that I haven't seen. I wish you love always



and look forward to hearing about your life since your last letter, when you have the time to write.







December 17, 2021

[To Frank.]. On this anniversary, we're adding snow leopards to our menagerie in my sanctuary for the ones in a Nebraska zoo that died last month because of Covid. As I read my journals, I'm profoundly aware of how different our marriage is now after 31 years. I am radically different, so this should not be surprising. I must keep in mind that, instead of feeling critical of the person I was, I should cultivate a feeling of respect for what I've become. I feel the same way about our marriage. The following reflections on the value of a long and dedicated marriage resonate with me.

*"If you want endless repetition, see a lot of different people. If you want infinite variety, stay with one." What happens when you date is you run all your best moves and tell all your best stories — and in a way, that routine is a method for falling in love with yourself over and over. You can't do that with a longtime mate because he knows all that old material. With a long relationship, things die then are rekindled, and that shared process of rebirth deepens the love. It's hard work, though, and a lot of people run at the first sign of trouble. You're with this person, and suddenly you look like an asshole to them or they look like an asshole to you — it's unpleasant, but if you can get through it, you get closer and you learn a way of loving that's different from the neurotic love enshrined in movies. It's warmer and has more padding to it. ~ Joni Mitchell*

I love you so much, Frank. Thank you for this marriage and this life we share.

[From Frank.] *Thank you. Yes, you have changed, but only in experience, in increased wisdom; and the marriage has changed -- but only, for me, in incidental ways. I can say truly that I'd be very happy if all the succeeding years were exactly like any one of the preceding ones: it never became at all dull for me, not for a minute. It's interesting that your journal and Joni Mitchell stimulated these thoughts. It is exactly the theme D. H. Lawrence is trying to understand and articulate in The Rainbow, and that Somerset Maugham illuminated in the last story I read my Novel Class: The Colonel's Lady. You are and will always be my darling girl.*  
Love,

## 2022 Journal

January 2, 2022

Mom and Joe both tested positive for Covid four days ago. Joe had not been feeling well for a while before that, but they didn't have a home test until then. His test was a strong positive, while hers was "barely pink." They will test again today, and she felt sure she would test negative. I asked how she's getting groceries, and she answered that she had put a mask on and went to the store. When I asked when this was, she waffled a bit before saying it would have been before she was positive, but I wonder if she was lying. When I said she must get her groceries delivered, that she's contagious and can't infect others by going out with a mask, she said "I hear you"—her way of sliding around conceding to me. She doesn't feel very badly—just napping more, itchy eyes, and a slight headache, thank goodness! She thought they had probably gotten infected the week before, when they had gone to four concerts, although they had worn masks. Inevitable that they got it.

January 3, 2022

Watched very good but disturbing *Scenes from a Marriage* which Emily and Philip both praised. Frank said, at one point, that it was depressing. It was making him remember the affair he had with Gigi while he was married to Allison. But when he said our story was similar, I protested that I left my marriage as soon as we fell in love. Quite different. We also talked about how he was in love with Robin, which he denies, but he was. When I said that he arranged an appointment for her to meet Robert Egan and Oscar Eustis, he didn't remember. He was doing more to help her career than he was for mine. Just fact.

January 20, 2022

Finished adding entries from my red journals! I've been wanting to mark this milestone in my journal project with a symbol I'm identifying with: chrysalis. Found interesting brass one with a curious skull face that is a tiny vial or pill holder. Mysterious and perfect, I think.

January 27, 2022

I dance with netsuke turtle who is sheltering another turtle under a cover, which reminds me of Jonathan and me. He told me early on that he loves

turtles. I was reminded, while doing my postures, of when I saw my reflection in a store window. I noticed how I was bent forward resembling a turtle. I felt, I remember, as a library student and librarian, like a turtle, retreating from social interactions into my “shell.” I had the impulse to get a turtle for my sanctuary for our Valentine’s Day, representing part of my metamorphosis over time, like the chrysalis...Susie mentioned how much she was enjoying listening to Gone with the Wind. This launched Frank into writing an email slamming the book and the author because it is based on a society of white supremacy, which is taken for granted. I said that one could read the book from inside that world and appreciate the characters, story, and emotions. But Frank insisted that, if so, one would thereby be excusing the immorality of that society. He was passionate, and I would not argue with him, but I realized that he was right and told him so shortly thereafter. We talked about how I read it as a teenager and had no conscience about slavery being a prerequisite for any appreciation of the novel. But Frank couldn’t let go of his fury. When I came in towards the end of the afternoon, he said he was in the aftermath of a breakdown, having dealt with paying property taxes...He explained how he is attempting to do too much. His writing demands his complete focus. When he has an idea, he has to grab it and go with that inspiration to the neglect of anything else. When I suggested I could reduce impediments, he resisted me, saying I already do the housework, and shopping. He feels he should pay the bills. I see his point, and said that’s fine, but the bills need to be paid. I need to feel confident that he will do that. There are bills for Jack and Polly that should have been reimbursed by their insurance, but Frank hasn’t done the paperwork, so we may have lost that money. He promised to get that done by the end of next week, and we left it that way after he went on at length, fulminating about Nazis, white suprematism, and his need to express his rage. This left me feeling limp and gloomy, as well as worried about Frank’s emotional health. Realized while I was dancing that it was frogs that Jonathan said he loved years ago, prompting the purchase of my netsuke, which depicts frogs, not turtles! So my switching specifics is completely my substitution for the truth that I am identifying in myself in an earlier time!

February 8, 2022

Brett, Sydney, and the twins arrived around 6:00. Almost immediately, Frank and I were each given one of the babies, and we managed pretty well, keeping them happy while offering Brett and Sydney a break. Really wonderful visit with talk about parenthood adjustments, books, and films. Like them both so much! And they, obviously, love us as well. Amazing time when I had Lenox, and he was absolutely delighted with my face. Falling in love. They left around 7:45, all of us declaring our love for each other.



February 17, 2022

Felt like I made a little progress in my journal project. Reached the end of 1977—interesting times. Working at Foothills. The end of the affair with Alan, the relationship with George and my time at the Only Child with too much drinking and drugs. Not finding work in NYC, needing money, and Mom and Dad’s understandable unwillingness to continue supporting me. On my own.

February 28, 2022

My journal work took me to the day John and I married. This is not easy emotionally! What might have been different had I not married John? I was not blind to our problems and had misgivings about marrying him, but I thought it might be the best step for me. And I think he needed me.

March 1, 2022

Reflected on what I’m revisiting in my journals. Had wondered how much I was to blame for not having more success in my theatre career. But I find that I worked consistently hard while in NYC. Read about studying at the Lion Theatre Company, and each time I presented scenes and monologues, Gene Nye’s response was “Excellent” or “Great,” and he never offered any criticism. I found a way into a company I respected that did very good work with a director who would have cast me. I was a good, supportive, nurturing wife, working to make our marriage better. Told Frank all about my



reflections on my journal concerning marrying John, being so in love with Chris and so loved by him, yet being responsible at least as much as he for limiting the relationship to not sexual, my having been assiduous in pursuing my theatre career, and being consistently excellent and praised for my talent. Frank was very interested and agreed that this is a very important reality check for me.

March 6, 2022

Was so glad to be able to share with Jonathan my recent insights into 1980-1981 life: my decision to marry John, sharing with Chris my misgivings, loving and being loved by him while feeling mutually the wisdom of not pursuing a sexual relationship, my valiant pursuit of an acting career, and consistent feedback that my work was exceptional, the start of my one-woman-show, my unwilling move to Rochester with insistence that NYC would be my home, and the necessity of keeping the apartment, the regard of Gene Nye, and the future promise of a place in his company, meeting Charles Bates, and connecting to East West Books and the Himalayan Institute. Think Jonathan fully appreciated the importance of my sharpened evaluation of this period of my life and my description of myself then as “valiant” and “firing on all cylinders.” Fantastic, nurturing massage.

March 25, 2022

Gave Vasu the brass chrysalis identical to mine, which he loved, understanding and honoring the significance of the metamorphosing pupa to butterfly in relationship to my journal project. Told him about the entry I sent him of Charles Bates initiating me into the Himalayan Institute’s tradition, giving me my new mantra and explaining to me the meaning of the Sanskrit words. That led to telling him that the same journal entry contained news of Linda’s cancer, her subsequent surgery and final year of life with our Mendelssohn duet. We spent quite a while talking, but he gave me full treatment time, which is very generous of him. He gave intense care, inviting me to really focus with my breath and meditative awareness on each point, inviting visions and memories to provide insight into pain so that the muscles can release the pain as no longer necessary as I integrate associations. Thought of how I’ve felt that my shoulder issue is a way of protecting myself from being asked to care too much for others at my expense, which has come up in my journals concerning Georgia, Monica, John, etc. But now, I’m caring for myself, so I can release that physical defensiveness. Also thought about how, with Twirler, the baton was held with my right hand. The gesture that crystalized her was throwing the “tons” up in a beautiful arc, which I can’t do now because of my shoulder. I didn’t have arthritis in my hand then, so I twisted my fingers to form the disability. “Spirit Fire.” I offered the baton to a person in the audience, inviting them to experience the Spirit Fire too, with generosity and an open heart. That’s



what I can do now without defending myself. Very intimate sharing and wonderful bodywork. Love him very much!

April 2, 2022

Delighted when Jonathan noticed the chrysalis I was wearing around my neck. I copied new photos of Jonathan and Vasu and put them in the tiny locket where I had their photos before. I wore the locket on my wrist until it broke. Now I'm keeping it inside the chrysalis. Jonathan loved it too, as did Vasu. Told him about my journal experiences, including Linda's last year, successes and revelations connected to acting. Included Sister Bessie in *Tobacco Road*. I said I had no idea what I was doing, but whatever it was, I was praised in a review for the physical expressiveness of the characterization of a sexually exuberant evangelical widow of a preacher whose sexuality was not fulfilled by fucking. Told him about the way I identify myself with a character, not using traditional acting techniques I was taught, but finding the physical expression and the sound of the voice in me. Explained about the vanished Twirler recording, and my sadness, turning the situation into an opportunity of recording it to see how I'm affected by Twirler now. Lots of sharing, but also quiet time while he worked on me. Told him I love him, as I expressed my appreciation for his massage before I left.

April 22, 2022

Mom said, very grimly, that this could be the last time we're together. She said it was sad. I agreed that, yes, it could be the last time I would be able to come, and that yes, it is sad and that, therefore, we need to be as connected as possible with each other. She said then that I'm so strong and "controlling," with an angry look on her face and her hand like a claw in front of her. I felt unfairly criticized and said that, what I've done this visit has been entirely motivated by my wish to facilitate life for her. At no time had she given me any indication that I was interfering or encroaching on her. She acknowledged this was true. She knew she had hurt me. Really bad. I said let's just move on. After we kissed goodnight and said "I love you," she went to bed. Talked to Frank, who was very consoling and attributed Mom's unkindness as a sign of dementia. I have to let it go. I may not be able to return unless I/we stay in an Airbnb. Very difficult to sleep. Felt Mom had been attempting to manipulate me, unwilling to give me credit for being good, almost as if she's jealous of me.

April 23, 2022

Sat on lanai with Mom, writing in my journal, checking online news, sharing Twirler recording with her. She had very little to say about my performance.

Nothing really. Weird! Played her the recording of a bit of *Old Maid and the Thief*. She seemed surprised at my singing and said “That’s good, right?” more or less. Mom attempted to suck me into a maudlin space. Twice she asked me to promise I would return. I said it depends on Frank’s health and my not jeopardizing his health by travel. I would do my best.

May 21, 2022

Got into the Lighthouse immersive space for East Forest’s ceremony event and secured my mat in the front row—the best place to watch the musicians! I saved the mat next to me for Jonathan. I told him I would, but he said he was sure he would find a mat. Disappointed that he didn’t find me or say hello, but not surprised. Spent time before the concert preparing for my ceremony, setting up photos of Charles Bates and JFR, reading my intentions and inspirational readings, placing the crystal East Forest gave me with the order of his music, etc. Drank my mushroom tea slowly. Didn’t really feel any effect, but was glad to have that support, making it more special. Krishna introduced the ceremony and led us in guided breathing. Superposition musicians took over. Loved their mysterious music, which I closely observed but couldn’t figure out how it was produced. Visual effects were beautiful. Then East Forest played. Radha came over to me and hugged me with warmth and affection. Really moved me. The first time I’ve seen him with access to a grand piano live. Loved giving him my full attention. Then Jon Hopkins’ new album played (without visuals). Heavenly music, capped by him at the piano improvising. Really fantastic 3 ½ hours. Hugged, praised, and thanked Krishna, who was delighted by my enthusiasm. Krishna asked if he would be seeing me soon, and when I asked about another Esalen retreat later in the year, he said yes, in December. Want to be there. Told Jon Hopkins how wonderful his music is.

May 23, 2022

Jonathan sent a message saying that it was a lovely evening but said that he was uncomfortable because he anticipated some inexpensive event at a yoga studio, even though I told him when I offered him the gift that it would be at the Lighthouse, where the recent Van Gogh immersive event has been. He chided me because we’ve talked about his professional boundaries, and although other therapists, being more extroverted perhaps, may relax those boundaries, he can’t. He referred to being wounded. This was rather disturbing, and I felt hurt. I thought I should not respond, not wishing to defend myself. But finally, I explained my “pure” motive in offering him the ticket and the yoga mat next to me because I would be early and have great seats, thinking that, under those circumstances, he might loosen his boundaries. But I respect his wishes, and will abide by them. Very glad to get a response from Jonathan appreciating the clarification of my motive. Good. Let that rest.

June 8, 2022

Frank had what may have been a critically important talk with a young, cocky kid who picked us up at the train station. Frank always engages in conversation, but in answer to his initial question of "What are you studying?" he answered "Nothing." Frank kept encouraging him to tell him what he would like to study if he went back to school, praised his imagination and his being "well spoken," which he was not, producing the outcome of pliability and openness. Really amazing turnaround achieved which might lead to some valuable progression for this kid!...Went on to Gwyneth's. She looks really good, having taken control of her health, losing a lot of weight, and exercising vigorously. So proud of her! She's learning to tap dance, has bought an electric keyboard, still is weaving, is happy in her job, and will be teaching classes at an MFA program this summer! Arthur hid from us most of the evening, but Malcolm, one year old, was very sociable, and charmed by Frank. Overflowing personality. Ordered Thai food and was happy to eat!

June 9, 2022

Picked up Gwyneth and visited a bit before heading for restaurant Grateful Bread in Pacific City. Grey day, but only rained while we were in the restaurant, just intermittently otherwise. Not bad. Beautiful drive. Had such a lovely time talking about Gwyneth's arrival at sobriety, a story I had never heard, and also her emerging from depression while in grad school and out of money. (We sent her two checks to help her buy prescriptions she needed and couldn't afford.) Talked about literature, and family, really happy to be together.





June 10, 2022

Left for Sarah's about 3:00. Jonathon and family were there already, and Nicki arrived shortly thereafter. Children and the dog, Sunny, were in and out of the living room where Jerod prepared and served us various teas, explaining the names and history of each. Tea and ceremony have become for him during the pandemic a mindfulness practice. Really lovely insight into him. He and Sarah have been very involved in community activism, especially during Black Lives Matter. I admire them so much. Jonathon gave us the book, Kipuka: Finding Refuge in Times of Change, which contains his poetry, and in which he inscribed

*Mary and Frank—*

*"These six words  
are a poem"*

*Mahalo for all the conversation over the years and for encouraging such thoughtful ways of being in this world. Love to you both. Jon*

So lovely of him! Sarah set out finger sandwiches and crudité. Talked about politics, our trip, teaching, etc. till about 6:30. Affectionate good-byes. Really wonderful time. Touched by their goodness, intelligence, incredible parenting, wit, and warmth. Felt so lucky to have this family and have had this trip to spend time together. Frank felt the same. So glad!





June 11, 2022

Arrived at Nicki and Tom's about 2:15. Really good visit with both of them. Talked about estrangement between Tom and Jon. Frank, after gaining Tom's confidence and admiration, advised Tom about how he needs to offer Jonathon a "window" for rebuilding a relationship where Tom can give Jon room to be the authority in his own life and in being a parent to his daughters. Talked about Mom and Dad and our relationships to them. Stayed till nearly 7:00. Both Tom and Nicki urged us to find a way of seeing each other more than once a year. Really valuable visit. Called Mom, who was eager to hear all about the trip. She also wonders if something might have happened (abuse?) between Tom and Sarah, ending their formerly exceptionally close relationship, which might explain why Tom isn't allowed to hug Ramona. She was really grateful to Frank for his making such a good connection with Tom and advising him about how he might be able to repair his relationship with Jonathon. And she was really happy to hear that Nicki and I are close, and that Tom and Nicki both are committed to visiting with us more regularly.

July 2, 2022

Nicki called Mom today and found out she fell again, hurting her bad arm that she hurt in the last fall and hitting her head on the shower. This is alarming. Ann and Gary are in North Carolina for July, installing book shelves. Nicki's plan is to fly to Florida on July 20, staying for a week, but she's ready to change her plans if Mom needs her. Told her that I can go there if we determine that Mom needs me to fill in instead of Nicki or Ann changing their plans. Good to be on the same page. She said Mom hasn't

seen her doctor. Her appointment isn't for a week and a half! Serious thoughts about what this month will hold for Mom and us.

July 3, 2022

Mom was clear that she doesn't care what may have caused her to fall. It wouldn't change the fact that she doesn't want to treat any condition. I said I understand. I stressed that she needs to tell me if she falls or anything happens which I should know about in order to make arrangements to go to Florida. At first, she said that Joe could let me know, along with Ann, who had asked him to communicate with her regarding Mom. I said that's fine for Ann, but I want Mom to let me know, not Joe. She said OK.

July 26, 2022

Took my wedding ring that was cut off my finger when I had surgery. The jeweler will use it to make a wedding band with a ruby inlaid in the band. I want it as a symbol of me in my life now, built on a foundation of my past. My gift to myself as I am about to be 70. Nice.

August 5, 2022

Vasu was late coming from another appointment, but it was a nice chance for me to spend time with Goura. She commented about how wonderful it is that I make my selfcare a priority. This is an issue which has confronted me in a big way in the last days, spending two hours with postures and physical therapy each morning, plus walks, and work with free weight and resistance band. But I tell myself, "It takes as long as it takes," and I know that this is the most important thing I should be doing. Told her about preparing for knee surgery and how I feel about that mountain to climb (twice!). She knows all about it, having faced a potentially career ending accident and resulting feet surgery. Perfect person to share my challenge ahead. She left, and I shared more with Vasu, before and after his exceptional treatment. Total surrender to his hands and pressure. Such deep connection in his touch around my head and third eye. When he had finished, (I am sitting and not covered above the hips), he said how glad he is that I'm in his life. I echoed that, having already said how grateful I am for feeling supported in his care and massage. So special.

August 16, 2022

Frank sent a message asking if I was OK. Seemed odd. He's not been emailing me, preferring to call. Answered saying I was fine and asking if he was OK. Said I was going for a walk and would call him when I got back. He knew that I had Osteostrom and physical therapy this morning, and I knew that he needed to be bathed twice, four hours apart, preparing for his



pacemaker. I didn't plan to talk to him this morning unless he needed me. It was 7:20 then, and the last I heard, the second bath was going to be at 6:00, so I didn't want to wake him...Called him. He said he didn't know where he was, that he had been told he could go home. He wouldn't be getting the pacemaker, all the people had changed and weren't doing what they regularly do. I told him I needed to talk to a nurse, which he was reluctant to allow. He said I needed to come with a policeman and take him home. Quite alarming. I attempted to calm him down and reassure him that he needed to get the pacemaker and finally convinced him that I needed to talk to his nurse. The nurse said that he was still getting the pacemaker today and said that Frank's delusions might require my consent to the procedure. Told Frank I was canceling my appointments and would come right away. Nurse said that his delusions were probably caused by the whole Ambien he requested last night. (He never took a whole Ambien before.). He was still sure that things were wrong, but he had gotten to a place where he agreed that we needed to play along with the "alien" nurses so that he could get the pacemaker and then leave the hospital. Unnerving. I calmed him by my presence, but he continued to warn me to be watchful of their proceedings and not cause the staff to believe we were on to their trickery. He had refused drugs, blood tests, and I think was responsible for his IV's having been removed, as well as his ID bracelet. Consequently, there was a lot of activity now that he was not being obstreperous, getting him back online, medicated, and tested. Several nurses said he was now "a different person" than the patient they had been dealing with. He finally relaxed and fell asleep. When he woke up after a couple of hours, he was feeling more normal, and we talked about how he had reasoned himself into understanding that it wasn't a conspiracy—that the hospital and staff had nothing to gain by taking him over. He realized that I was not part of it from the beginning. Very odd and interesting. Frank sent me a message saying that it looks like the "ric drive" for the IV will happen tomorrow, with the hope of coming home. *You're still here as a very bright, clear vision. Make sure June knows that's the only reality enhancement I'll be having, and in fact, thank her. And in another fact, ask her the next time she's in touch with Dale to thank him too.*

August 31, 2022

Jack was next to me as I ate, and I loved him and cared for him closely as I did my physical therapy and postures, listening to my music. Our instructions and online resources both say that balance and lethargy are side effects of his phenobarbital, but he seems vulnerable and in need of loving attention. Glad when he relaxed and napped in his sunlight patch. I was aware, while I did my postures, that I'm going to be hindered by the knee replacements in most of them. Found some solace in *Ten Laws* podcast I listened to yesterday, a conversation between Radha and Krishna. She talked about how postures were the result (originally) of the body's response

to prana, forming the postures informed by the breath in union with the body. I hope I'll be able to find new postures that are in response to my 'new' body that are as nurturing as these have been for me for so long.

September 1, 2022

Jack had a very mild seizure and another seizure 30 minutes later. Consoled and loved him. Worries me so much. Want to do what is best for him. Tried to open my heart to understand what that is...Jackie came over to me, sitting in the bedroom rocking chair. He got in my lap, which is rare, and then sank into a deep, heavy sleep. I loved him and read The New Yorker. Felt like I needed to be his support and secure that space with care, love, and nurture. Really felt like we could be losing him...When we were watching our movie, Jack was sleeping on Frank's chest. Then Frank knew what I had described to him because Jack's sleep was so heavy, and it was clear that he needed to be with Frank.

September 5, 2022

Jack roused himself from sleeping in the basket on the kitchen table, following Polly into the bedroom, where I was working. I took him on my lap, but he didn't try to right himself from where I had him with his tummy up, as he normally would do. I loved and petted him as he was, and after a time, he did move to settle on my lap. His foot went between my legs, instead of underneath him, and he didn't correct that either. But he wasn't uncomfortable, and he wanted to stay with me. Dear boy. My heart is heavy. I am filled with wanting him to have the feeling that he's safe, loved, and cared for. Without distress.

September 14, 2022

Left with Frank for the hospital at 9:15. On the way, he reminded me of his life insurance policy for \$100,000. He told me about the stack of poems on the printer—his latest "finished" poems, and said I should contact the journal publisher, Boris, and tell him that their brief email correspondence was a big incentive for his burst of poetic output, and ask if he has any advice about publication. At the hospital he asked about my plans for the day, having made clear that there was no need for me to be at the hospital today for his valve replacement. I told him that I would come if it would make things easier for him—if he just wanted me to be there. He said he wished he could be home with me, covering my body with kisses. Deeply important exchange.

September 15, 2022

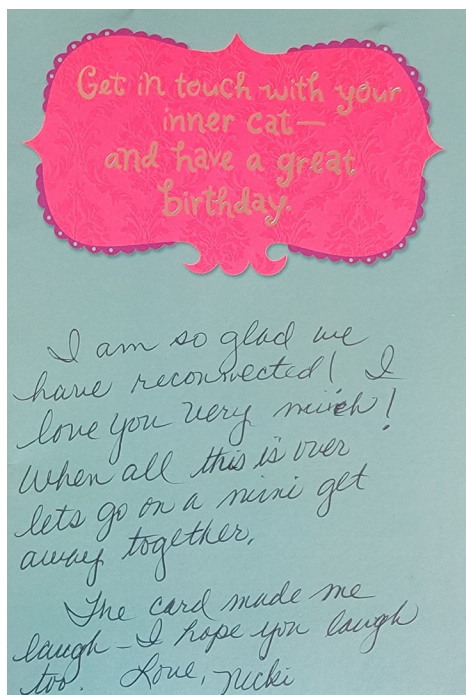
Jack came to him in the night and gently woke him with his bell. Frank opened the comforter to him, and he nestled in his arm. Darling boy. He had a mild but prolonged seizure while we were talking. I comforted and “held space” for him with love and reassurance. Thought a lot about whether we are right to wait for a sign from him that it is time for us to let him go, or if it would be better to let him go before he reaches that stage. Tried to communicate with him as he rested by me while I did my postures.

September 25, 2022



September 26, 2022

Vasu and Goura called and sang Happy Birthday to me. He said on Friday, when I told him my birthday was today, that he would have to do something about that. All day I was hoping to hear from him, and when he called, I was really touched. I was, at that moment, preparing to insert in my journal project the photo of me in the tutu Mom made for me, standing in front of the Christmas tree, in a ballerina pose. He asked how I had spent the day, and I described the photo. Sent it to him later. He said, in response, *“OMG love that pic of you as a child. Soo cute!!...You are a dancer! An artist by heart.”*



October 8, 2022

Jonathan sent me a message that he moved to Tucson. It's too expensive here. That's a blow! Thank goodness I have Tamryn, Rachel, and Vasu who are excellent in different ways which greatly benefit me. Realize that what I want from Jonathan is connection. Not massage or coaching anymore. This, I hope, will lead to a friendship, free from professional codes. Told him about all the news regarding Frank's health, and my decision to get my wedding ring back as a symbol of my marriage to me.

[From my letter to Jonathan]: My heart sank when I read the subject line, Jonathan. I want to know that you're nearby, even though it's been so long since I've seen you. Perhaps you remember the netsuke I showed you that represents you and me. I attach a photo of the two frogs. The little one is me, of course, under a leaf (?), and the larger frog is you giving massage. I hold this in my hand every day when I dance for 15 minutes. You suggested that I might jump-start my healing after some surgery, by adding dance to my practice. I kiss the netsuke and whisper to it, sending my love to you. A decade. You've given me such care, physically and emotionally, in your bodywork and coaching. I wanted to book you the day you were leaving for two weeks in Tucson. In retrospect, your unavailability was less disappointing when I thought of it as not interrupting the withdrawal from you professionally. This was not my intention. Circumstances were such that I was getting my regular weekly massage with Tamryn, Rachel, or Vasu. This will continue, I trust. They each are extraordinarily good for me, in quite different ways. I thought, as the weeks passed, that perhaps I had had my

last massage with you, in which case, I would be able to attribute the time away towards the years required before any non-professional contact is allowed. Like abstaining from alcohol or cigarettes! I dug deeper into how I felt about this. I discovered that, as long as I have such wonderful bodyworkers supporting me, I don't suffer from the lack of your "body healing hands." I don't take this state of affairs for granted. Vasu is, for instance, going to India for a month or two with Goura, who is producing extravaganzas there. Rachel, who gives me Rolf-influenced massage, is reducing her client total, but she says that I will be one of the five or so that she retains. And Tamryn is, for now, a constant refuge and resource. All are my friends as well as therapists. What I want most from you is connection. That must be virtual, at least for a while. I hope that, in the fullness of time, a friendship that is not limited by professional codes of behavior, will be allowed. I will continue to draw inspiration, nurturance, and support knowing that you're there--ever present, although geographically distanced.

October 14, 2022

Finished 1988 journal. Glad I did. I think it may have been the most difficult year for us, not getting work, in part, because of the writer's strike, having moved to LA with such high hopes. Discouraging lack of support from Mom and Dad for our endeavor and relationship overall, Frank's anger, and my depression. Heavy!...Happy to be with Vasu. Told him about Jonathan moving to Tucson, and how I evaluated what I want from my relationship with him. Not feeling a necessity for his bodywork now, but wanting "connection." Vasu said he felt that's what I wanted from Jonathan all along, and he's right! With the season change, Vasu gives me a special oil marma treatment, which uses a lot of oil and massage. I was exposed most of the time, with only a bit of sheet to cover my patch, which he would occasionally secure. But the massage included my breasts, as just a part of my body needing oil and massage. Love the feeling of being entirely and safely in his hands. Afterwards, he brought me a towel to wipe away the excess oil before dressing, and he was in the room as I used the towel. He offered to help and did. Really trust him and want his intimacy with my nakedness and relaxed exposure. Dressed while he remained in the room—the first time—and then visited a bit before I left with a warm hug and expressions of love and gratitude. So lucky to have him!

October 26, 2022

Message to call Ann. Had to be bad news. She and Gary were at the hospital. Mom had had a severe stroke. Joe found her unable to move or talk and called 911. They managed to get her into a local hospital across the street from Gary's office, resisting her being taken to the ICU because she won't be intubated. No force feeding, etc. She can move her leg and one arm. She can't talk but can respond to questions by squeezing your hand.



She will be evaluated tomorrow as to whether she can eat or drink. There is no hope for her recovery, Ann says. I asked if she looks scared, and Ann said she looks pissed. They will talk to Hospice tomorrow. Awful! Talked to Nicki. She says she will get a flight there tomorrow. I told Ann and Nicki about my melanoma cancer surgery today. I am not allowed to use my arm and my upcoming appointment is in 8 days to see if all the cancer was removed from my shoulder. I can't go there, all agree. Can't imagine trying to do a flight without heavy assistance and without jeopardizing my health. Know that Mom would want to see me, but nothing to be done about it. Really hope the end comes soon and without pain or fear. Difficult to know what to hope for.

October 28, 2022

Ann sent out long text saying that Mom isn't getting an IV. Hospice will not come in if the patient is on an IV. Mom very explicitly said she didn't want that. Ann said she still can't swallow; she'll never be out of bed. She's in grave danger of aspiration on fluids. *She will likely pass in a few days and thankfully will be in a much better place. I'm sure Dad and Rebecca are waiting for her. I know this is difficult for all of us. I can't tell how difficult it is for me...* So that seems unequivocal. Soon she will die. Made me sob to think of her being in pain or scared. Frank and I talked about the finality of this event.

October 29, 2022

Sent Nicki a request to play link to my singing *I'll Fly Away* for Mom. She heard it a few years ago and responded "Perfect. I'll remember." Even if she's already gone, her spirit remains in the room for a while. When I told Frank this, wanting to share what was a comforting way of being with her, he scoffed at that belief and charged it as a description of religion. I rejected that but asked him, several times, to stop, that I am not interested in what he thinks about that. At all! ...Joe sent photos of Mom. She looks engaged and happy with interactions with Ann and Nicki, although in one of the photos she looks lost. No change reported.

October 30, 2022

Sarah asked me, in a text message, how I am doing. I said I feel badly about not being in Florida and feel disconnected. Told her I sent many files that I thought would be comforting to Mom, but "radio silence" was difficult to deal with. She is experiencing the same feelings. Nicki offered to Zoom with her in the hospital room, but Sarah declined. I understood her reluctance, and offered my experience when Daddy died, and both Frank and I were clear about not wanting to see him in the casket, so we waited in the foyer of the funeral home. But later, when I was with Mom, she showed me pictures that



were taken of him. I was horrified. Perhaps Mom forgot. Have no idea. I told her that Joe had sent photos of Mom with Ann and Nicki, and she looks like herself. Told her you can see that she's engaged and happy with connecting with Ann and Nicki. She asked me to send the photos, and I did. She was comforted by the photos, seeing that Mom's face is not contorted from her stroke. Good. Not having heard from Florida, I wondered if they were all sitting in vigil with Mom's death eminent. So hard.

October 31, 2022

Had a very good talk with Nicki. She apologized for not having been in touch, and I said she shouldn't feel badly. I know she's focused on Mom, and at the end of the day, she's exhausted. She said Mom recognized her when she arrived at the hospital yesterday. But later, didn't seem to recognize her—looking beyond her. She says she doesn't look scared or in pain. She was obviously very happy when Joe arrived. (He said in an email, that if there are no objections, he will take Bully with him. That's a relief!) She said that Mom was crying at one point yesterday. They called the nurse, and she was given something, maybe morphine, through a port. She's sleeping. Still planning to bring her home today. Still unable to swallow...Both Nicki and Ann said she's much weaker today, and they aren't sure that she recognized them or was able to focus on them. She didn't seem to be aware that she was home, although Ann and Nicki verbalized that she was at home in hopes that she would perceive it. Ann and I talked about deciding if I want to be at the Florida memorial service, in which case, they would wait till I can travel. No pressure because of the Kauai memorial to come, probably in the summer. Frank doesn't want me to go to Florida, and I really don't want to go either. It wouldn't be for Mom's sake.

November 1, 2022

Nicki called. She didn't know whether she had called yesterday or not. This morning Mom recognized no one, not even responding to Joe. He, of course, was upset. Bully has been in bed with Mom. Good...I told Nicki about my experience with Linda, lying in bed with her and letting her know that her friends and family would be all right after she died. It was OK for her to leave us. Nicki said she and Ann would express this to Mom. When asked about my plans, I said that Frank and I talked about it. If I were to go to Florida, it wouldn't be for Mom. It would be because I wouldn't want people there to ask why wasn't I there. But that's not important. I want to just go to Kauai and be with the family. Both Ann and Nicki are entirely in agreement. Good. Glad that decision is made! I was crying and Nicki told me to go to Frank. I needed to be hugged. Sweet of her.

November 2, 2022

Nicki called and said Mom was unresponsive...On to my massage with Tamryn. She was waiting for her previous client to dress and checked in with me. I told her about Mom's lack of responsiveness, and was restricting emotion when she went back in to her client. While she was winding it up with him, Nicki called to say that Mom had died. I couldn't have been at a better place. Tamryn took care of me, and I was able to be quiet and tended. Frank said Mom was safe in harbor. Yes... At home I got to work to find the slide show I made for Mom for her funeral. Added a few photos to it and sent it to Ann and Nicki. Then went through my Grief file and selected two quotes, including the wonderful quote by Millicent Rogers, the woman we discovered with Mom when we were in Santa Fe for the operas. We went to her museum only to find it closed for a party. But they let us in, and we were amazed at someone we had known nothing about.

*Darling Paulie,*

*Did I ever tell you about the feeling I had a little while ago? Suddenly passing Taos Mountain I felt that I was part of the Earth, so that I felt the Sun on my Surface and the rain. I felt the Stars and the growth of the Moon, under me, rivers ran. And against me were the tides. The waters of rain sank into me. And I thought if I stretched out my hands they would be Earth and green would grow from me. And I knew that there was no reason to be lonely that one was everything, and Death was as easy as the rising sun and as calm and natural--that to be enfolded in Earth was not an end but part of oneself, part of every day and night that we lived, so that Being part of the Earth one was never alone. And all fear went out of me--with a great, good stillness and strength. If anything should happen to me now, ever, just remember all this. I want to be buried in Taos with the wide sky--Life has been marvelous, all the experiences good and bad I have enjoyed, even pain and illness because out of it so many things were discovered. One has so little time to be still, to lie still and look at the Earth and the changing colours and the Forest--and the voices of people and clouds and light on water, smells and sound and music and the taste of wood smoke in the air. Life is absolutely beautiful if one will dissociate oneself from noise and talk and live it according to one's inner light. Don't fool yourself more than you can help. Do what you want--do what you want knowingly. Anger is a curtain that people pull down over life so that they only see through it dimly--missing all the savor, the instincts--the delight--they feel safe only when they can down someone. And if one does that they end by being to many, more than one person, and life is dimmed--blotted and blurred!--I've had a most lovely life to myself--I've enjoyed it as thoroughly as it could be enjoyed. And when my time comes, no one is to feel that I have lost anything of it--or be too sorry--I've been in all of you--and will go on Being. So remember it peacefully--take all the good things that your life put there in your eyes--and they, your family, children, will see through your eyes. My love to all of you.--Millicent Rogers died on January 1, 1953, at 6:30 AM in Albuquerque, New Mexico. In a letter to her youngest son, Paul Peralta-Ramos.*

Frank found several of Mom's poems that are really great. Sent it all to Ann and Nicki to include in the service. Posted the butterfly photo of Mom with *When I die, Halleluja, by and by, O, I'll fly away* on FB and Instagram.



November 4, 2022

Sent Spotify link to Ann, Joe, and Nicki with music to *Somewhere Over the Rainbow* with Hawaiian Israel Kamakawiwo singing, Barber's *Adagio* that was played for Daddy's service, *Spiegel im Spiegel*, and East Forest's *Undying*...Dr. Lee replaced temporary stitches with permanent stitches. I still have very limited range of motion and should not carry weight or exercise my arm until after the stitches are removed two weeks from now.

November 9, 2022

When Frank asked about what had happened in dealing with the generator, Levon, and Manny, the Generac contractor, he was impatient and patronizing. Couldn't take it. Protested that if he didn't want to hear, I didn't need to tell him! That made him mad. Enough! Frank knew he had acted badly, but I was slammed. Comforted by Vasu asking how I was. Told him his massage was what I needed. Really need to be petted and cared for, but as Polly did her push-ums, comforting me, I cried and realized again, that I must care for myself.

November 25, 2022

We met Cathie Gum and Peter in Disney Hall café before the concert. Really nice to be with them again. Unfortunate disagreement with Frank over what he said when he was paranoid and under the influence of Ambien. He denied having told me that

he had been released from the hospital, asking me to come and get him. He was adamant about my not remembering accurately, and although he went on with the conversation, he lashed out at me as we were settling in our seats before the concert. Really angry with me for not capitulating to his version of events. I suspect that his memory is unreliable due to Ambien. He told me never to maintain my account again if he's present. I agreed that I won't, and we both said we didn't want to talk about it anymore. But he was hostile in body language. Really affected the appreciation of the music. Still, I was glad to be absorbing the music and making way through a very unpleasant scene with Frank.

December 9, 2022

Krishna invited each of us at the first event of our Esalen retreat to express, very briefly, what we're here for. For me, recognizing in myself sufficiency. Krishna's music and guidance, made me aware that I need to be receptive and welcoming, to the recognition of sufficiency. Opening my heart, mind, and soul to receive support, embrace, and sustenance.

December 10, 2022

Raining hard and strong so the walk down to the baths at about 6:15 was an adventure. The ocean was beautiful. Surprised that it wasn't hard to be naked when it was so cold out. A number of people were already there in the tubs. The last time I was here, I was the only one before sunrise both days. Lucky I wasn't alone! My tub, overlooking the ocean was very hot, but I was comfortable with the cold air and enchanted by the view. I thought I would spend about 45 minutes in the tub before going to my massage with Tim. I'm told I was in the tub about an hour. I passed out. The woman in the tub with me noticed my head drop to the side. She touched me, and I was unresponsive. I'm told my pulse was very weak. I was carried out of the tub and taken in to the dressing area, and it was ten minutes or so before I regained consciousness attended by Tim and a few others. Joseph, who works at the gate house, was called, and took my vital signs, while Tim gave me water and electrolytes. An ambulance from 40 miles away arrived after a while with five or six medics to take vital signs and determine whether or not I should be taken to the hospital. I felt tingly and weak, but otherwise OK, although I had some difficulty remembering our phone number and saying my birthdate. They wanted me to go to the hospital, but I definitely did not want to! I promised to rest and to call 911 if I had any signs of nausea, headache, or dizziness. Glad to get dressed and to see that I could walk and stand with steadiness. Sorry that I missed my massage! Very grateful for the care I received and sorry for the scene I caused. Joseph took me to the dining hall in the golf cart, which I needed. I needed to eat! Could tell a lot of people there knew what had happened, and I received sweet comments from several. Krishna and Radha had heard, and Krishna hugged me with concern and relief that I was OK.

December 11, 2022

Lovely visit with Krishna, Radha, Maia, Teddy, and Loretta, Radha's friend since college, who is my next-door neighbor. She asked me if I am an opera singer. The bathroom door is always closed when I'm singing, and my bedroom is between it



and her room, so I was surprised that she could hear me. I was so grateful when she said, several times, how beautiful my voice is, especially because it was in front of Radha and Krishna. They want me to sing and play for them, but I said I really can't. However, Krishna wants very much to see the autoharp, and they both persuaded me to bring it tomorrow morning when we are all invited to play instruments together. Lovely.



December 12, 2022

Showed Krishna my autoharp, and he figured out which fret to use in the group music making. He passed out various chimes, rattles, and drums. Some others brought their instruments. Krishna "directed" us in the rhythm he wanted and dynamics, and we "rocked out." Sensational! I had a view of the mountainside in the sunshine and saw monarch butterflies, that stop over at Esalen on their way to their winter home in Mexico. Holy experience. The retreat ended with an invitation to share any thoughts before we headed home. The woman next to me, who recognized that I was unconscious in the hot tub and pulled me out, ended her comments saying that she appreciated the fact that I was still alive. I explained to everyone what had happened, which astonished the group and resulted in many statements of what an inspiration I had been to them over the weekend. Couldn't believe it. I was weeping and expressing my deep gratitude for their support and loving admiration. Radha and Krishna said how much I've meant to them for a long time. Really moving! Such a profound lesson for me that, much as I want to be alone, if I had been alone in the baths like last time, I could have died. Took it all in. A woman came up to me as I was packing up my autoharp and, her eyes filled with tears, said "You are enough," responding to my statement of intention of wanting to recognize my sufficiency. Remarkable of her to remember and share that with me! Gorgeous drive towards home. Dazzling sunlit ocean views. Sang arias.



## Appendix



From the Germany book of memories, recorded in 1970:

First memories are all pain filled—being spanked at the bottom of the stairs; Mom and Dad having a fight, and Mom slamming the French doors together; sleeping in a crib in the same room with Ann and Nicki and thinking that ghosts and goblins lived down at the bottom of the darkness where the wall made an indentation by my crib.

Recurring dream when we lived in Champaign—going outside and having to jump off the side of the front stoop to avoid the softball game in our front yard. The ground gave way beneath me, and I found myself in a chair descending into the earth. At the bottom of the shaft lived a family which welcomed me and adopted me.

Ants under the sink—discovering them and crying, knowing that Mom would kill them as soon as she woke up.

Being taught to make a fist when about four years old to defend myself from Patty, who was the little bully who lived down the street.

Getting the Stark Bar recipe when I was four or five from a neighbor across the street. Mom prompted me to ask for the recipe when I said how good the cookies were.

Mom teaching me to ride a bike, learning how to skip, and teaching Ann to snap her fingers.

The poddy chair next door and my first experience of “sexual” pleasure when I used it myself around 4 or 5 years old.

Walking in a rainstorm with Mom and Ann, looking for the end of the rainbow.

Going to Gunion Church with Grandma and leaning on her shoulder, stroking the little pink tails of her fur stole.

Mom plucking Grandma’s eyebrows and brushing her hair.

The huge doll on the wall at Grandma Stark’s house.

Playing in Grandma’s weeping willow tree.

Picking up a cigarette which Grandma had thrown into the yard and taking a puff.

Braiding the fringe on the footstool at Aunt Delores' house.

Giving Mom a box at Christmas time into which Daddy had put a diamond ring.

The plant room at Grandma's. Going upstairs and turning on the fan. Playing "store" with all the salt and pepper shakers.

Watching Grandma use the clothes wringer washer and the smell of the laundry room.

Seeing the chicken running around, still alive, after Grandma had wrung its neck.

Ma Garrison shelling beans. Every time she leaned over to drop the handful of beans in the pan, seeing her enormous wrinkled cleavage.

Margie, Grandma's dog, digging in our heads when we lay on the floor and someone said "Wake her up."

The store. Getting the end of the sausage and a Choc-Ola every day. Playing "store" with the sales pad. Playing on the tire changer. The smell of the milk room.

The big fight at Grandma's. (Because Daddy Herb had been unfaithful?)

Going to the Elks Club with Daddy Herb when he was drunk.

The first time I realized that someday I would die when we were driving to Grandma's house.

The pleasure when we drove home, and I'd get in the back of the station wagon and watch the lights and shadows reflecting on the ceiling of the car.

1<sup>st</sup> grade: My embarrassment taking a philodendra plant instead of flowers for the flower show.

My Christmas ornament getting stepped on.

Being kept after school because I cleaned up my scraps after art class. The teacher had instructed us to clean up, but we were to stay in our seats. I ran home so Mom wouldn't know I had been detained, but I confessed later. I was compelled to confess every night before I could go to sleep. Mom said that I had to be able to love myself before I could love other people.

Arlene singing the solo after I was supposed to because I wasn't loud enough.

Making "sawdust" pies for Mom while she worked on the Charleston house.

The click of Mom's ring when she turned the wheel of the car.

Picking up ginkgo leaves because we were told they were good luck and coming home with bags full of them.

Making a playhouse of the place between the trees behind the Hog Farm Road Charleston house—the post with the eye, and the chimney in the ground, pulling weeds, watering the wildflowers, and making a path to the town branch. Finding a tree overlooking the golf course in which we could have a secret lookout. Hiding a letter in a knot of a tree on the golf course, hoping a secret pal would find it. Finding that it was gone.

Making a playhouse under the picnic table with a blanket covering it and then taking off all our clothes.

Making my own special place behind the easy chair where I could read and be alone.

The house in my dream with staircases leading to the toy room. Huge furniture with beautiful legs among which I would hide. Then going to a concert at Harvard with Chris and seeing the staircase exactly as I had pictured it in my dream.

2<sup>nd</sup> grade: breakfast game and eating too much in order to win extra points.

Hiding hickory nuts in a knot at the base of a tree on the playground.

Finding out about Santa Claus and crying in Mom's lap.

Picking up the magnet on the floor in the store and feeling so guilty because I had "stolen" it.

Getting the small room in the Charleston house. The room I wanted.

Mom's favorite color being green, so it was then my favorite color too.

Walking with Daddy; how he would put his hand around the back of my neck.

Getting into bed with Daddy.

Tickling Daddy and him protesting that he wasn't ticklish. The way he would pretend to trip over us on the floor.

Being on Mom's lap, the smell of coffee on her breath, the sound of her breathing, and the gurgling sounds inside her. How I loved to lie on the couch with my head in her lap.

Fibbing on the eye test so I would be sure to get glasses.

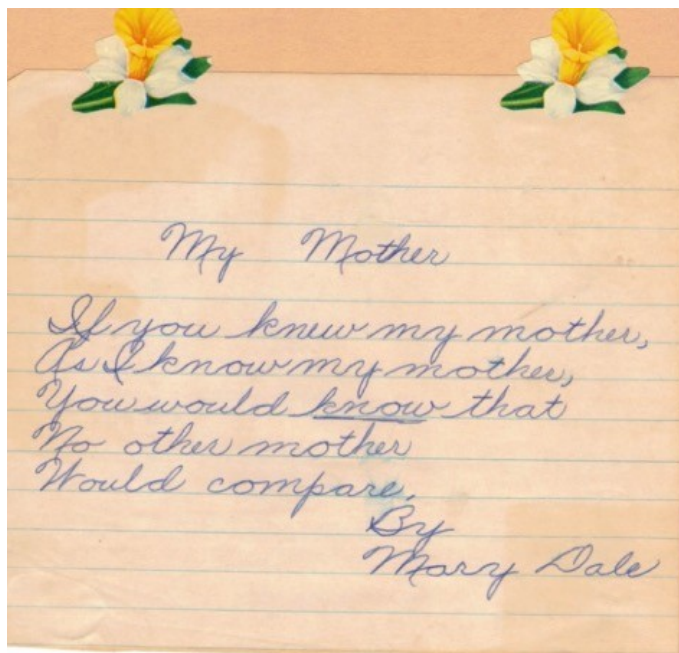
Mike stepping on my Roy Rogers lunch box.

4<sup>th</sup> grade: Being the narrator in the Christmas program because I read the best.

Mary Lou Dawson moving to town from Chicago. Sophistication. Wearing tan Susie Long Legs that looked like nylons. She and Greg Simpson being boyfriend and girlfriend, Mary Lou standing behind his desk, and putting her arms around him.

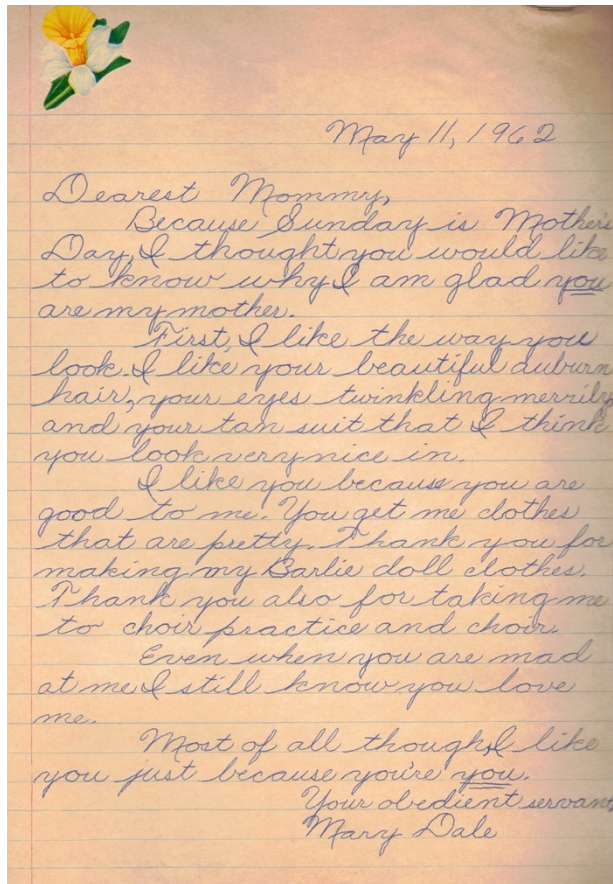
The Peppermint Club formed after the sensation of the Peppermint Twist song.

Jack Chaplin, Mrs. Chaplin's actor son, coming to school, and Mary Lou kissing his coat.



Choosing the saxophone to play because the case was the most beautiful, getting cousin Larry's to play, and finding gum stuck inside.

Playing jacks in the hallway.



5<sup>th</sup> grade: The day uptown Charleston caught fire and I thought the world would end.

6<sup>th</sup> grade: The day Kennedy was killed. Cathie Reed stayed all night, and when we got home, Mom had been crying.

November 25, 1964—"Thirty-seven Neighborhood youngsters gathered at the Dale Stark home on University Drive Sunday afternoon to watch a talent show and program presented to raise funds for the Kennedy Memorial Library. More than \$6 was collected from the 5 cents admission charge and donations." (Charleston Courier)

1965 vacation to NYC and Cape Cod: keeping my first diary and writing "Don't worry about tomorrow, tomorrow never comes." Signing my name "Mari."

Going to Shartlesville, Pennsylvania (Pennsylvania Dutch country) and running out of gas. Ann spilling her milk and the woman at the restaurant remembering us because of that the next year.

The House of Seven Gables with its hidden stairway and location right on the ocean.

Seeing a moose go through our campsite. Ann missed seeing it because she couldn't find her glasses.

Daddy throwing us into the surf.

Voting against myself for student council president and losing by my own vote.

Dan McGurran giving me the sapphire ring. At first, Mom wanted me to give it back, but she relented after consulting with Dan's mother.

Someone commenting about me in a store in Florida that I was "uglier than sin."

Setting the table so I would get the crystal glass with the big bubble in it. Always eating with a certain mismatched spoon which I still use exclusively today.

Walking in on Nicki and Rick necking in the basement.

The night the basement flooded and Cindy, our boxer, woke us up. Old Mama Cat had managed to bring two of her kittens to the top stairs. We saved the others still in the soaked box by turning on the oven and rubbing them warm again.





The little altar I made myself in my closet.

Losing Cathie Reed as my best friend because I believed in evolution. Not feeling like I had a best friend again until Nancy moved to town years later. Really not fitting into a group. Not popular like the cheerleaders and Trojets (pompom girls). Not interested in the same things. Didn't really fit into the football game, pep rally, dating scene. Desperately wishing I had a boyfriend who would call me—someone to hold hands with, whose ring I could wear with angora wrapped around it. Only being asked to one Homecoming dance with Charles Middleton, who was more like a best friend to me, even though I longed for him to take me parking and to the drive-in. (He was gay, I later realized.) Going on one date to the bowling alley and hating it. Always making up lists of things I could talk about with boys. Having the feeling that I would never be popular with boys because I was too good a student.

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1 CHARLES		8	8	4	3	2	7	1	3	1	7	89
2 MARY		8	17	30	35	52	60	70	77	89	89	61
3 DAN		8	1	1	1	3	52	33	39	50	61	120
4 OAKLEY		8	1	6	1	8	1	1	1	1	1	61
5 Charles		8	1	6	1	8	1	1	1	1	1	107
6 Mary (gay)		8	1	6	1	8	1	1	1	1	1	78
7 Dan		8	1	6	1	8	1	1	1	1	1	88
8 Cheryl		8	1	6	1	8	1	1	1	1	1	81
9												
10												
11												

July 20, 1967

Full Moon

First Goodnight Kiss  
First Date

CHARLES

All fondest dreams  
& hopes came  
true

CHARLES  
MIDDLETON

Driving around in the VW with the top down. Laurel and Bev and Jane sitting on the back like homecoming queens. The drive around town, down Lincoln, in Pagliai's parking lot, out to the lake or Fox Ridge, around the Square downtown, up 6<sup>th</sup> street, and back out Lincoln.

Mushroom hunting out at the farm.

Happiest in high school when I was singing with Madrigals or performing in the musicals.

When Terry was killed in Vietnam, getting the telephone call and calling Mom. Going to church with Daddy.

Realizing at some point that I could have anything I really wanted more than anything else. I had to have the courage to really know that I wanted it. Would use this ability for the biggest achievements: Allstate choir, leads in the musicals, etc.

The blue velvet dress, wearing Chantilly perfume, and accompanying *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*.

Wanting to be a nurse, then a missionary, then an archeologist after seeing Pompeii.



Written for Mr. & Mrs.  
Decker

## An Attempt

Is it possible to express gratitude  
For the love, understanding, guidance,  
consolation, and wisdom that has  
unselfishly been given to you from  
your childhood through your youth?

I stagger at the attempt and cry when  
I realize its hopelessness. (for you are never  
The two of you, ~~(and that is always how I will~~  
~~think of you: a single being incomplete when~~  
~~separated)~~ <sup>singular but always an entity</sup> have shown me the most perfect  
love I have ever known. It is with total  
sincerity that I say that I have seen surround  
ing you an aura or halo. Perhaps it is wrong  
of me but I think that I have worshipped  
you since you have reflected Godliness to me  
~~daily~~ daily. I know that especially this last  
year you have preserved my sanity and  
perhaps my life. I do not exaggerate; there  
is no need. You showed me kindness when there  
was only hatred around. You showed me sanity  
when there was only madness. You showed me  
confidence when there was only insecurity.  
You believed in me when I had no faith in myself.  
You showed me enthusiasm when everything was



dull. You gave me fulfillment when I was  
lonely. You picked me up when I had no goal.  
And though you find the word "love" terribly over  
used, you loved me... And I love you. Oh the  
tears... uncontrollable. You have been my teachers,  
my parents, my best friends. You have awakened  
in me the gift of song and the magic of the  
stage. I will always recall you singing "Let us Break  
Bread Together ~~in Our Kitchens~~" "Sanctus," "Were You  
There." And I will recall you directing us, urging  
us to make our voices become glorious in our choir  
in the Synagogue, or in our school. It makes me  
quiver to remember. And I will remember the  
glow of the lights, but not only the lights, of me  
under the lights. Thank you. You have become a  
second set of parents for me, helping me with  
an objective eye to make important decisions,  
affecting my future. And now I look forward to  
my future hoping that I will make you feel  
proud to have had a hand in it. More importantly  
perhaps you gave me a refuge where I could run  
with my problems and where I knew I would receive  
comfort, support, and advice. There was always an  
outstretched hand and a twinkling eye. And  
I had achieved some success. ↑ I think that  
to be called someone's best friend is perhaps  
the highest compliment that can be paid. For  
~~the~~ many uncountable and inexpressable reasons  
I think of the Deckers as my very best friends.  
The attempt has been made. Thank you.

Shalom



Don and Barbara Decker.

July 26, 1968

Grenoble--It's so great an experience to meet new people and to get acquainted with them. I think the whole trip is worth it, to learn how to get along with people whom you have never known before and to learn how to live with no one around telling you what to do.

Program from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a combined production of Yale Schools of Drama and Music, in Spring of 1975. I was flown to Sturbridge Village for a costume fitting, having been hired for the summer Drama Project. My director, Margaret Piatt, took me to see the production with Meryl Streep as Helena. Years later, when I was working at Marimekko in NYC, I waited on her. She had recently become famous to the general public in *Kramer vs. Kramer*. I said I had seen her in the wonderful Yale production when she was a student. She said how much she loved doing it. Her daughter-in-law, Tamryn, became my regular massage and acupuncture therapist and dear friend over 40 years later.



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in association with the Yale School of Music  
presents

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**

by William Shakespeare

Music from The Fairy Queen by Henry Purcell



Directed by Alvin Epstein

Music Adapted and Conducted

by Otto-Werner Mueller

Scenery designed by Tony Straiges

Costumes designed by Zack Brown

Lighting designed by William B. Warfel

Associate Music Director and Conductor

Gary Fagin

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Cast (in order of appearance)

<b>THESEUS</b> , Duke of Athens	<b>Jeremy Geidt</b>
<b>HIPPOLYTA</b> , Queen of the Amazons betrothed to Theseus	<b>Franchelle Stewart Dorn</b>
<b>PHILOSTRATE</b> , Master of the Revels to Theseus	<b>Robert Nersesian</b>
<b>EGEUS</b> , Father to Hermia	<b>Ralph Drischell</b>
<b>HERMIA</b> , Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander	<b>Kate McGregor-Stewart</b>
<b>DEMETRIUS</b> , in love with Hermia	<b>Stephen Rowe</b>
<b>LYSANDER</b> , in love with Hermia	<b>Peter Schifter</b>
<b>HELENA</b> , in love with Demetrius	<b>Meryl Streep</b>
<b>PETER QUINCE</b> , a carpenter; Prologue in the play	<b>Jerome Dempsey</b>
<b>NICK BOTTOM</b> , a weaver; Pyramus in the play	<b>Charles Levin</b>
<b>FRANCIS FLUTE</b> , a bellows-mender; Thisby in the play	<b>Joe Grifasi</b>
<b>ROBIN STARVELING</b> , a tailor; Moonshine in the play	<b>Frederic Warriner</b>
<b>TOM SNOT</b> , a tinker; Wall in the play	<b>Paul Schierhorn</b>
<b>SNUG</b> , a joiner; Lion in the play	<b>Ralph Redpath</b>
<b>PUCK</b> , or Robin Goodfellow	<b>Linda Atkinson</b>
<b>MOTH</b>	<b>Joseph Capone</b>
<b>PEASEBLOSSOM</b> } Fairies in	<b>Lizbeth Mackay</b>
<b>COBWEB</b> } Titania's Train	<b>John Rothman</b>
<b>MUSTARDSEED</b> }	<b>Michael Lassell</b>
<b>OBERON</b> , King of the Fairies	<b>Christopher Lloyd</b>
<b>TITANIA</b> , Queen of the Fairies	<b>Carmen de Lavallade</b>
<b>FAIRIES</b> in Oberon's train	<b>Danny Brustein</b>
	<b>Brian Drutman</b>
	<b>Evan Drutman</b>
	<b>Chris Erikson</b>

Scene: Athens, and a wood nearby.

There will be two ten-minute intermissions.

*Understudies*

List I made to describe my "type"—straightforward, direct, honest, classic, generous, transmitter of energy, home important, upper middle class—upper class, "good", strong, mature, knowing from experience, serene, charming, amusing, hostess, the woman the man should have married, Mary Tyler Moore, been around before, Elizabethan, queen, doesn't realize she's beautiful, articulate, emotional, wants to describe it right, effervescent, warm, from the heart, heavy weight, Shavian, sexy but doesn't need to try, Liv Ullmann, Lily Tomlin, Blythe Danner, Jane Fonda, Sally Bowles, Diane Keaton, extreme, Nora, Saint Joan, Major Barbara, Sonia, Tennessee Williams' old maids, expressive.

